MARVELOUS CAREER OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

the STORY of his AFRICAN TRIP

DUKE
UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

https://archive.org/details/marvelouscareero01morr

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE MARVELOUS CAREER OF

Theodore Roosevelt

INCLUDING

What He Has Done and Stands For;
His Early Life and Public Services;
The Story of His African Trip;
His Memorable Journey through Europe;
And His Enthusiastic Welcome Home.

By

CHARLES MORRIS

Author of "Our Presidents," "The Life of William McKinley,"
"History of the United States," etc.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

Copyright, 1910, by
The John C. Winston Co.

923.173
R781MI

TABLE OF CONTENTS

BOOK ONE

Early Life and Public Career

"No man has lived more fully than he the life of his time"

CHAPTER I. PAGE
REMARKABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT 19

CHAPTER II.
BOYHOOD AND EARLY LIFE 25

CHAPTER III.
EXPOSING GRAFT IN NEW YORK STATE 31

CHAPTER IV.
AMONG THE COWBOYS AND ON THE HUNTING FIELD 37

CHAPTER V.
FIGHTING THE SPOILS HUNTERS AND RASCALS 44

CHAPTER VI.
NAVAL SECRETARY AND ROUGH RIDER 51

CHAPTER VII.
GOVERNOR AND VICE-PRESIDENT 57

CHAPTER VIII.
IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR 63

PAGE

CHAPTER IX.
REFORMER AND PEACEMAKER 69

BOOK TWO

The Roosevelt Policies

What Theodore Roosevelt Has Done and Stands For

CHAPTER X.
GOOD CITIZENSHIP AND A SQUARE DEAL FOR ALL MEN 77

CHAPTER XI.
CONTROLLING THE CORPORATIONS AND ADVANCING THE REIGN OF LAW OVER THAT OF FORCE AND FRAUD 84

CHAPTER XII.
RELATIONS OF CAPITAL AND LABOR AND ARBITRATION OF LABOR DISPUTES 91

CHAPTER XIII.
THE LARGER GOOD AS CONTRASTED WITH THE DEMANDS OF EXPEDIENCY 97

CHAPTER XIV.
THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS 103

CHAPTER XV.
NATIONAL DEFENCE AND THE NEED OF A STRONG ARMY AND NAVY 111

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.
THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE PANAMA CANAL 117

CHAPTER XVII.
ADVOCATE OF INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND WORLD PEACE. 124

CHAPTER XVIII.
HUNTER, RANCHER, AND LOVER OF NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE. 131

CHAPTER XIX.
ROOSEVELT AS SCHOLAR, AUTHOR AND ORATOR 138

CHAPTER XX.
THE MOST SKILFUL POLITICIAN OF THE CENTURY 145

BOOK THREE

The African Trip and Big Game

CHAPTER XXI.
FROM NEW YORK TO MOMBASA 157

CHAPTER XXII.
THE EAST AFRICAN RAILROAD 168

CHAPTER XXIII.
IN THE WILDS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA 184

CHAPTER XXIV.
HUNTING THE GIANT ANIMALS OF THE DARK CONTINENT 199

PAGE

CHAPTER XXV.
In the Sotik Wilderness and on Lake Naivasha 206

CHAPTER XXVI.
On the Victoria Nyanza 216

CHAPTER XXVII.
Beautiful Uganda and the Nile 225

CHAPTER XXVIII.
The Successful End of the African Hunt 237

CHAPTER XXIX.
The Great Game Animals of Africa 245

CHAPTER XXX.
The Giraffe, Buffalo and Zebra 254

CHAPTER XXXI.
Graceful African Antelopes 260

CHAPTER XXXII.
The Lion and Other Beasts of Prey 267

BOOK FOUR

Receptions in the Old World and Return to America

CHAPTER XXXIII.
Down the Nile to Khartum 277

PAGE

CHAPTER XXXIV.
Roosevelt in the Valley of the Nile 285

CHAPTER XXXV.
Our Ex-President in the Land of the Caesars 295

CHAPTER XXXVI.
A Week in the Austrian Empire 307

CHAPTER XXXVII.
Our "Most Distinguished Citizen" Visits the Republic of France 313

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
Roosevelt in Holland, the Home of His Ancestors 320

CHAPTER XXXIX.
Roosevelt Welcomed by the Scandinavians 327

CHAPTER XL.
Emperor William of Germany Greets Ex-President Roosevelt 336

CHAPTER XLI.
England, in Mourning, Receives Its Guest of Honor 347

CHAPTER XLII.
Return to America and Enthusiastic Welcome 353

Appendix 361

Photographed by Paul Thompson, New York.

THE ROOSEVELT BIG GAME SPECIMENS SENT TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

These numerous cases, which were photographed on their arrival in New York, show the results of Roosevelt's African Trip in tangible form on American soil. The world famous initials "T R" were conspicuously painted on every piece before shipment and it will be noticed that some boxes were, perhaps with pardonable pride, twice branded with the brush.

Copyright, 1910, by Underwood & Underwood

MR. ROOSEVELT AND GENERAL SLATIN ON CAMELS AT KERRERI, EGYPT

Photo by Paul Thompson

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE ROMAN FORUM

BOOK ONE

EARLY LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER

CHAPTER I

Remarkable Characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt

IN the opening years of the nineteenth century a man of remarkable character and ability stood in the center of the historic stage, with the world's eyes fixed upon him. This was Napoleon Bonaparte, the most famous of soldiers. In the opening years of the twentieth century a man equally remarkable in character and ability stood in like manner before the world, with all eyes upon him. This was Theodore Roosevelt, the most famous advocate of peace and progress.

The careers of these men were strikingly unlike, their fame strikingly similar. It was the blare of trumpets and roll of drums, the charge of cavalry and the cannon's roar, "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," to which Napoleon owed his fame. There was none of this in Roosevelt's career. Aside from his few days of fighting in Cuba, with his picturesque charge up San Juan Hill, his life has been one of a struggle against graft and dishonesty; a battle with politicians and law-making bodies for reform; a demand of equal rights for all men, a square deal for high and low, for rich and poor alike.

Others before Theodore Roosevelt have fought the same fight and yet not been heard of beyond the boundaries of their countries. What is it in this man that has set the world agape, put his name into every mouth, opened every ear to hear his least utterance, made his proposed quiet journey through Europe a phenomenal ovation, in which multitudes crowd to see him and cheer him as he passes, and the greatest monarchs are eager to greet him as a favored visitor, a man their equal in rank? Do the world's people hail him as their friend, the man who stands for the masses against the classes? Do the kings hail him as a great ruler of men, a modern Cæsar or Charlemagne? Whatever the cause, this simple American citizen, without rank or power, stands in the limelight of the world's applause, the Halley comet of the political skies.

At home he has won the acclaim of all parties, and we find Henry Watterson, one of the leaders of his political opponents, offering this involuntary tribute to his greatness and fame: "The time has come for the people of the United States to consider Theodore Roosevelt as they have never considered him before, to take him more seriously than they have ever taken him, to realize that he is altogether the most startling figure who has appeared in the world since Napoleon Bonaparte, a circumstance not without significance and portent. . . . If the government of the United States under our written constitution of checks and balances be a failure, as many think, and if there be need for its executive head of a strong man having the courage to take all the bulls of corruption by the horns and, regardless of obsolete legal restraints, to shake the life out of them, then, indeed, Theodore Roosevelt would seem one fitted by temperament, education and training for the work."

Mr. Watterson does not think that any such man is wanted, and that "the blaze of light which casts an aureole about our wandering Ulysses is rather a glare of threat than a beacon light of hope." But however that be, and many may differ from him in opinion, his tribute to Roosevelt's character and standing is highly significant, and we cannot but ask, What is there in the man or his career that has, lifted him to such a high repute? Only a man of inborn genius, of unsurpassed capacity for affairs, of extraordinary insight, and of wonderful power for "doing things," could have risen in a few years of rule to such a height. But it is not this alone that the people see and admire in him. It is his outspoken honesty of purpose, his hatred of fraud, his daring in taking "the bulls of corruption by the horns," his bold defiance of the army of corrupt finance intrenched behind the ramparts of Wall Street, his resistance to the cohorts of party politics, his stern integrity and individualism, his attitude of determined and forceful rebellion against the creeping hordes of expediency, his advocacy of good citizenship and a square deal, that have made him the favorite of the great multitude of his fellow citizens and won him the admiration of the nations abroad. As for the monarchs, he appeals to them as a man for them to study, a man whose career is a lesson it will pay them to learn.

Photo by Geo. Grantham Bain

IN YOUTHFUL HUNTING COSTUME

Photograph of Theodore Roosevelt taken at the time of his earlier American hunting trips.

Photo by Geo. Grantham Bain

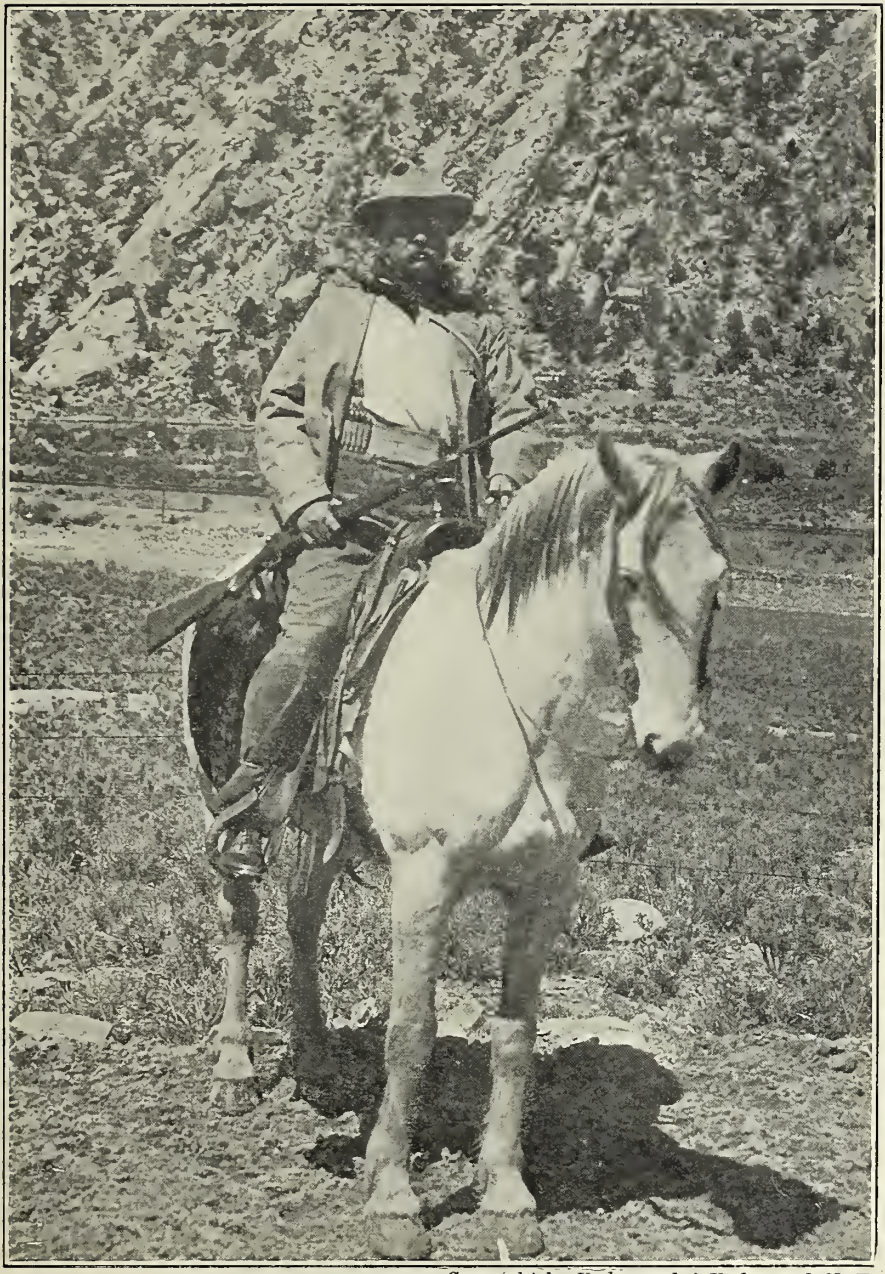
DRESSED AS A RANCHER

The future President owned and managed a ranch in the West for some time before his real public life began.

Photo by Wm. H. Rau

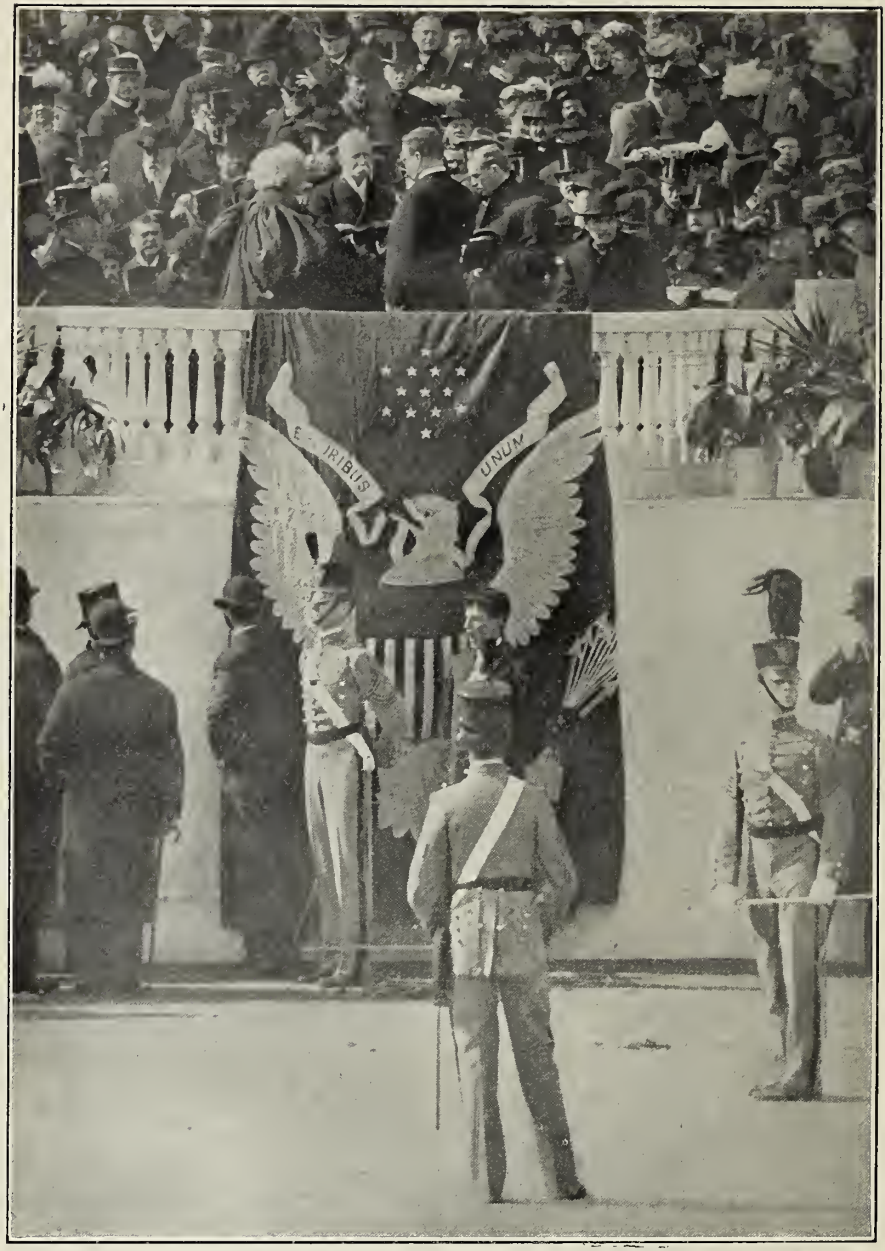
COLONEL ROOSEVELT DURING THE SPANISH WAR

The intrepid New Yorker organized his famous Rough Riders and led them through the campaign in Cuba, with signal credit to himself and them.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE HUNTER



Copyright 1905, by W. H. Rau

TAKING THE INAUGURAL OATH AS PRESIDENT

The impressive ceremony took place March 4, 1905, when Theodore Roosevelt entered upon the first full term to which he was elected.

Roosevelt has faults, many of them, but he has virtues which throw his faults into the shade. His hasty disposition, his impulsiveness, have often led him into wrong paths, and he has that dislike to acknowledge himself in the wrong which leads many men into persisting in false measures. His doctrine of "the strenuous life" mirrors his own character. To do things, to keep things moving, to keep the top of politics spinning, to gain his end by the shortest and most obvious path, to rage against obstacles and seek to break through them instead of going round them, is the course to which his disposition leads him, whether it brings him face to face with a party leader in Washington or a rogue elephant in Uganda. In both cases his method is the same, to bring down the game by a center shot. Men of this character face peril, they make mistakes and incur dangers which others would have avoided. Yet these are traits of character which most men approve. Whether cowardly or brave ourselves, we admire courage and daring in others, and if these are united to good intentions and solid integrity, we are ready to forgive the errors to which they often lead, and make a hero of the man who possesses these traits of honor, courage and strength.

Strength of purpose, directness of action, unflinching courage, hatred of weakness, persistence in his campaigns against fraud and in favor of reform, have been lifelong characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt. Had a war broken out during his life, he would probably have shown the qualities of a great soldier, perhaps proved himself a Grant, possibly a Napoleon of modern type. Having no battalions in the field to fight against, he has taken the warrior's method of fighting against those in legislative halls and has burst through their ranks as Murat's cuirassiers burst through the serried ranks of Europe's infantry. A fighter in grain, a warrior born, Roosevelt's ways throughout have been those of the soldier, though tempered by the political skill and acumen which his field of campaign demanded.

It is a difficult matter to follow the path of Theodore Roosevelt. Not that it is in any sense a crooked path. It is, on the contrary, notable for its undeviating straightness. But the hero of this work has cut so wide a swath in his course through the history of his time,

has taken interest in such a multitude of subjects, has made himself prominent in so many fields of human endeavor, that one stands in deep wonder before the varied panorama of his career.

He is a man who must be "up and doing." When not engaged in public duties, hunting has been his favorite sport. Not fishing. That lacks the activity and spice of danger that appeal to him. It is a fact of striking significance, yet one thoroughly characteristic of the man, that after filling for years one of the chief places in the civilized world, he should leap at one plunge into the heart of unadulterated nature, the realm of native savagery, and exchange his gladiatorial struggle in the arena of politics for as strenuous a one with the savage denizens of the African wilds.

When not working, exercising, or hunting, he seems never to have spent an hour in idling. The pen or the book have filled his leisure hours. A rapid and omniverous reader, with a quick capacity of taking in the worth and significance of a book and a retentive memory, he has filled his mind with a wealth of knowledge on a great variety of themes. Some of the things thus learned have been given to us in the various books coming from his pen, and the stirring events of his life as a hunter have been detailed in others, all of them of much interest and full of original views.

The astonishing thing is how he has found time to do all that he has accomplished. It could never have been done by a waster of the minutes. For in addition to all here spoken of, come his long messages to Congress, his numerous speeches, all of them full of meat for thought, and the multitude of things for which only the busiest of men could have found time. A man such as this, with the vigor of a dynamite charge, and the force of genius to give it effect, could not help impressing himself upon his age; making his mark in some direction or other, stirring the world in some of its many activities. There are men who await opportunity; there are others who make opportunity. General Grant was one of the former; without the Civil War he would never have been known to the world. Ex-President Roosevelt is one of the latter; in war or peace alike he would have made his way; he made his own Civil War, and fought it out, to use his own expressive phrase, "to a frazzle."

Is there more to say of Theodore Roosevelt? Yes. He stands for this and more. The people of Europe have not alone cheered and admired him; they have gazed at him with wonder; not as a new species of animal come out of Africa, but as a new type of man come out of America. People and princes alike had never seen his like before and do not quite understand him now. Only in America can he be fully understood, for he is one of ourselves, an American in grain, in its fullest aspect an example of the most modern Americanism. There is in him none of the European sense of repose. To do things is his forte. To "get there" by the shortest route. To make the world spin around him. To win his way by main strength, and without regard to precedents or convention. This is the American in him, and this it is that easy-going Europe finds it difficult to understand.

Through all his life this has been Theodore Roosevelt's record. His career has not been so much a climb as a flight. Whatever has been put in his hands to do he has done with all his might. Every step he has taken has been made the sure foundation for a new step. There has been no hesitation, no faltering, no creeping around corners. His life has been a steeple-chase from start to goal. Danton's famous phrase: "To dare! again to dare! always to dare!" fits his case admirably. Whatever has been put in his hands to do he has done with all his might. He is not new as a reformer, but new in his methods of reform. He does not beg, request, manipulate, but strikes, and strikes to win. The areoplanist of the political field, he swoops to rise.

Let us glance at his record. A legislator at twenty-three, the youngest member of the New York Assembly, he made the feathers of corruption fly in that store-house of graft, till the air around him was as thick as in a snowstorm. Two years of this established his fame as a tireless champion of honesty in office. Then as a rancher and hunter in the West, he left a trail of anecdote of daring adventure behind him. Put on the Civil Service Commission, he woke up that moribund body to a vital activity it had never before shown. New York next got him and put him at the head of its Police Department. It had been a very quiet department before, afraid to stir lest it might

cause some ill smelling disturbance. With Roosevelt in it, house-cleaning began. Much dust was raised, but he left his path clean, and all over the land people began to look with admiration upon this Police Commissioner of a new type.

Then came in rapid succession his brief but telling era as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and his Rough Rider career in Cuba. Everybody talked of him now. He was the popular hero of the war, and rose on the wave of popularity to the governorship of New York. Here he raised such a commotion among the easy advocates of the "good old ways" that their leaders actually had him nominated for Vice-President to get rid of the firebrand of Albany. All know what followed; the deplorable event that made him President; his phenomenal service in the Presidential chair; and how afterwards he "delighted" himself as a hunter of big game, and "delighted" all Europe as a new variety of big game himself. Truly "the stars have fought in their courses" for the uplifting of Theodore Roosevelt.

CHAPTER II

Boyhood and Early Life

THEODORE ROOSEVELT comes to us from good old American stock, the family of the Roosevelts tracing their career on this continent to the days of the sturdy old Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant. Klass Martenson Van Roosevelt, the first of the name in this country, landed in New Amsterdam in 1649. From that time on the family occupied a position of prominence in New York City, taking an active part in the war for independence, and later on becoming energetic and wealthy members of the mercantile community.

Born in New York City October 27, 1858, Theodore Roosevelt was given his father's name and inherited some of his father's characteristics, especially his love of outdoor life and his interest in the doings of the "common people."

A thin, pale, delicate lad, weak and short-sighted, he did not seem a hopeful case for the building of a strong man. Indeed, to keep him from the rough play of the public schools, which he seemed unfit to bear, he was taught at home and in private schools. Yet the boy had under this pale exterior the inborn energy from which strong men are made. Determined to be the equal of his fellows, "to make a man of himself," as he has said, he took part in all sorts of boyish sports and exercises. He learned to swim, to row, to ride; he tramped over hill and dale. In this way the delicate child grew up to be a hardy boy and developed into a man with muscles of steel and indomitable vim and endurance.

Stories of animals and adventure interested him from early boyhood. The favorite pursuits of the man began to declare themselves in the child when he was but six years of age. And his love for a good, hard fight in later life manifested itself as early. There are several stories extant of his boyhood contests, one of which may be worth telling.

One day he came home from school with muddy clothes and scratched and bleeding face and hands.

"What is the matter, Teddy?" asked his father.

"Why, a boy up the street made a face at me and said: 'Your father's a fakir.' He was a good deal bigger than me, but I couldn't stand that; so I just pitched in. I had a pretty hard time, but I licked him."

"That's right, I am glad you licked him," said the older Theodore, who evidently was born with fighting blood, like his combative son.

We may quote from the younger Theodore a statement which lets in a good deal of light upon the character of the father and upon the inheritance and training of the son. He tells us this:

"My father, all my people, held that no one had a right to merely cumber the earth; that the most contemptible of created beings is the man who does nothing. I imbibed the idea that I must work hard, whether at making money or whatever. The whole family training taught me that I must be doing, must be working—and at decent work. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard College I was able to take my part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal while in college, and though I never came in first, I got more good out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself."

Such was the training of the boy Roosevelt. We have had abundant examples of its result in the career of the man Roosevelt.

The daring spirit which he has manifested in later life seems to have been born in him. His boyish escapades were many and often perilous. A woman who lived next door to the Roosevelt house once saw young Theodore hanging from a second-story window and ran in alarm to warn his mother.

"If the Lord," she said, "had not taken care of Theodore, he would have been killed long ago."

The boy's life was an active one throughout, but his time was not wasted. He was taking in knowledge as well as winning hardihood. In his tramps through the woods his eyes were kept busy, and he grew especially to know the birds, their songs, their nests, their

plumage. He thus cultivated the habit of observation and study, while his active outdoor life gave strength to his muscles and toughened his frame.

And in these early days that love of the wild which has become a marked element of his character began to develop. He read stories of the great Western plains and began to long to set foot in the wilderness. Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales fell into his hands and these he devoured with a strong appetite. His friend Jacob Riis asked him once if he liked them.

"Like them!" he exclaimed, with kindling eyes. "Like them! Why, man, there is nothing like them. I could pass an examination in the whole of them to-day. Deerslayer with his long rifle, Jasper and Hurry Harry, Ishmael Bush with his seven stalwart sons—do I not know them? I have bunked with them and eaten with them, and I know their strength and their weakness. They were narrow and hard, but they did the work of their day and opened the way for ours. Do I like them? Cooper is unique in American literature, and he will grow upon us as we get farther away from his day, let the critics say what they will."

Roosevelt as a boy was a busy reader, as he has managed to be a busy reader amid the absorbing labors of his later life. But he was a true boy, one of the type which he has since laid down for the genuine American boy.

"The chances are strong," he says of young hopeful, "that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. In life, as in football, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard." He seems here speaking of himself.

The time came when the active, energetic, somewhat strenuous lad with whose life story we are concerned entered Harvard College to complete his education. He was then eighteen years of age. It was an education of the type of that of his earlier years, one of much physical exercise and a fair share of mental discipline. He did his

best to "hit the line hard." We are not told that he shone as a student or graduated amid acclamations, but during his years within college walls he added much to the strength of his physical and mental fibre.

The anecdotes extant of his college career are evidence of this. He lived the life strong, took active part in all that was going on, and became quickly a favorite with his class. They laughed at his odd ways and at his enthusiasm, voted him "more or less crazy," but respected him for his scholarship and found themselves falling into his ways.

There was an instance of this when he began the child-like exercise of skipping the rope, claiming that it was excellent for strengthening the leg muscles. Soon his classmates, convinced by his arguments, were following in his track, and rope-skipping became a pastime of the class. In the gymnasium they wore red stockings with their exercise suits. Roosevelt donned a pair of patriotic red-and-white striped ones, and did not know at first at what his fellows were laughing. When he was told he laughed, too, but kept them on.

There were none of the college games in which he did not take part. He did not shine in any of them, but they gave him strength and vigor, which was what he was after, rather than victory. He played polo, he wrestled and ran with his fellows, he drove a two-wheeled gig—badly enough, but he enjoyed it. His first bout with the boxing gloves was with the champion of the class, a man twice his size and weight, with whom he instinctively matched himself. The pummeling that followed he took with good will, and though his glasses fell off, leaving him half blind, he grimly refused to cry quarter, and pressed the fight home with all the vim of a berserker. Never since has he learned how to cry quarter or to acknowledge in any fight that he has been whipped.

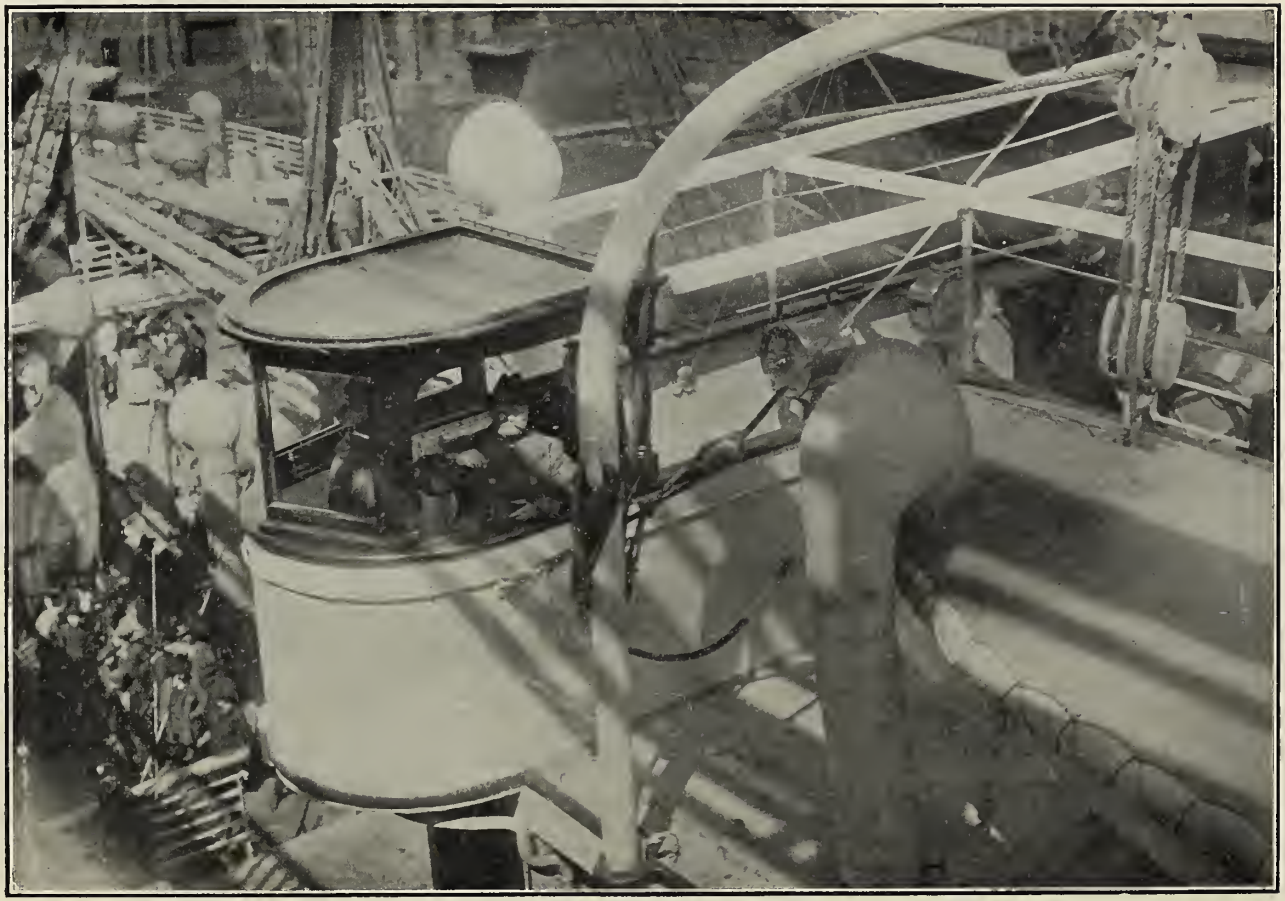
There is one story told of him worth repeating, though it may be a college fable. In one of his boxing bouts his antagonist took a mean advantage, and struck him, drawing blood, while Roosevelt was still adjusting his glove. "Foul!" cried the bystanders, but Roosevelt merely smiled grimly.

"I guess you have made a mistake. That is not our way here," he said, offering his hand to the fellow as a sign to begin hostilities.

Copyright by Clinedinst

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMOUS TENNIS CABINET

His last official photo taken in the White House, showing the French Ambassador, Mr. Justice Moody, Secretary Newberry, Secretary Loeb, Assistant Secretary O'Laughlin, Assistant Secretary Satterlee, Assistant Secretary Phillips, Commissioner Leupp, Commissioner Smith, Hon. John C. Rose, Hon Lyman Bass, James H. Reynolds, Captain Luther S. Kelly, Captain Seth Bullock, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, Secretary Bacon, the Postmaster General, Secretary Garfield, Solicitor General Hoyt, Assistant Secretary Winthrop, Assistant Attorney General Woodruff, Comptroller Murry, Commissioner Neill, Commissioner McIlhenny, Hon. Henry L. Stinson, Gifford Pinchot, W. W. Heffelfinger, W. W. Sewell, Commissioner Keefe, John Abernathy.



FROM NEW YORK TO MOMBASA

Ex-President Roosevelt and Kermit on the bridge of the S. S. "Hamburg."

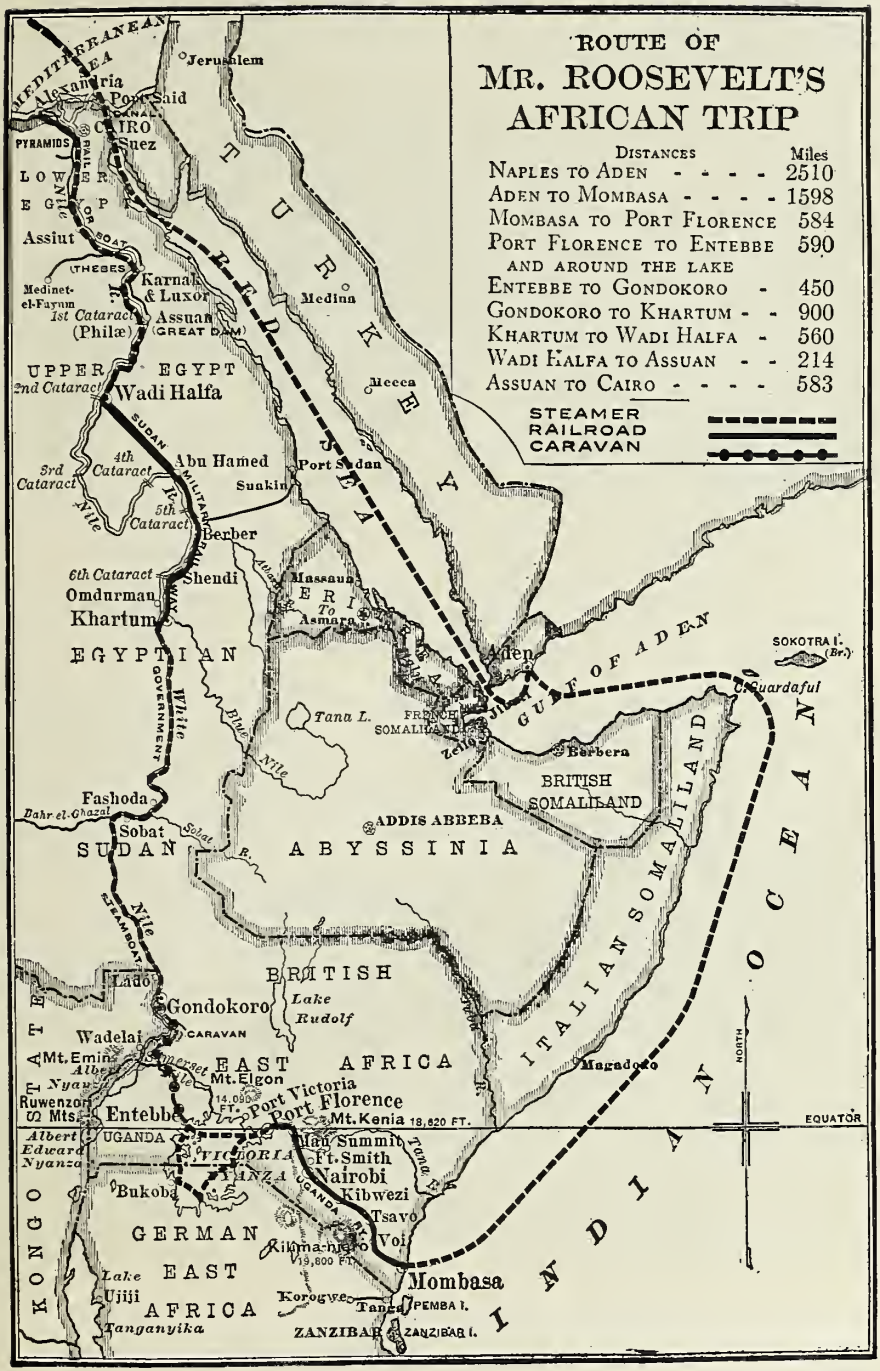

ROUTE OF
MR. ROOSEVELT'S
AFRICAN TRIP
DISTANCES Miles
NAPLES TO ADEN - - - - - 2510
ADEN TO MOMBASA - - - - - 1598
MOMBASA TO PORT FLORENCE 584
PORT FLORENCE TO ENTEBBE 590
AND AROUND THE LAKE
ENTEBBE TO GONDOKORO - 450
GONDOKORO TO KHARTUM - - 900
KHARTUM TO WADI HALFA - 560
WADI HALFA TO ASSUAN - - 214
ASSUAN TO CAIRO - - - - - 583
STEAMER
RAILROAD
CARAVAN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Jerusalem
Alexandria
Port Said
CANAL
CAIRO
PYRAMIDS
Suez
LOWER EGYPT
RAILROAD
Assiut
BOAT
(THEBES)
Karnak & Luxor
Medinet-el-Fayum
1st Cataract
Assuan
(Philæ)
(GREAT DAM)
UPPER EGYPT
2nd Cataract
Wadi Halfa
SUDAN
MILITARY RAILROAD
3rd Cataract
4th Cataract
Abu Hamed
Port Sudan
Suakin
Nile
5th Cataract
Berber
6th Cataract
Shendi
Omdurman
Khartum
EGYPTIAN SUDAN
White Nile
GOVERNMENT
Blue Nile
Fashoda
Bahr el-Ghazal
Sobat
Sobat R.
Nile STEAMBOAT
Lado
Gondokoro
Lake Rudolf
Wadelai
CARAVAN
Mt. Emin
Albert Nyanza
Mt. Elgon
14,000 FT.
Ruwenzori Mts.
Entebbe
Port Victoria
Port Florence
Mt. Kenia 18,620 FT.
Albert Edward Nyanza
UGANDA
VICTORIA NYANZA
Mau Summit
Ft. Smith
Nairobi
Kibwezi
Tsavo
Voi
Bukoba
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
Kilimanjaro 19,800 FT.
Lake Ujiji
Tanganyika
Korogwe
Tanga
PEMBA I.
Mombasa
ZANZIBAR
ZANZIBAR I.
KONGO
TURKEY IN ASIA
Medina
Mecca
RED SEA
Massaua
To Asmara
ERITREA
Aden
GULF OF ADEN
SOKOTRA I. (Br.)
Guardafui
Tana L.
FRENCH SOMALILAND
Zeila
Berbera
BRITISH SOMALILAND
ADDIS ABBEBA
ABYSSINIA
ITALIAN SOMALILAND
Magadoxo
INDIAN OCEAN
NORTH
EQUATOR

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE RULERS OF UGANDA, AFRICA.

An excellent photograph of the dignitaries of the province of Uganda, taken at the Provincial Commission House at the Kampala, Uganda, on December 22, 1909. In the front row from left to right are Bishop Tucker, Colonel Roosevelt, King Dandi, hereditary ruler of Uganda, who reigns under a British protectorate, and Provincial Commissioner Hanlon. In the background are seen other members of the King's court and the provincial government.

Photographed by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

A common garden bench was firmly fastened on the pilot of the engine of the East African Railway which took the distinguished hunting party from Mombasa on the coast up through the interior. By this arrangement the hunters overlooked none of the big game which throngs the country near the railroad and fully enjoyed the wonderful scenery of the regions traversed in their long journey. Col. Roosevelt is seen at the left of the picture adjusting his helmet strap just before the train started.

Instantly his right hand shot out, taking the man on the point of the jaw. The left followed. Down went the culprit with a crash. The unfair blow had stirred up all the Roosevelt fighting blood, and it is a hot grade of blood when it is up.

Other things than games and exercise attracted the college boy s attention. His father had been active in the work of public aid. He died while the boy was at college, and young Theodore sought to walk in his footsteps. He became Secretary of the Prison Reform Association and acted on several committees. In addition he became a teacher in a Sunday-school. His family faith was the Dutch Reformed, but he found no church of that denomination at Cambridge, and drifted into a mission school of the high church Episcopalian faith.

He did not stay there long. One day a boy came to his class with a black eye. When questioned, he acknowledged that he got it in a fight, and that, too, on Sunday. The class was scandalized and the teacher questioned him sternly. The fact came out that "Jim," the other boy, had sat beside the lad's sister and had pinched her all through the school hour. A fight followed, in which Jim got soundly punched, the avenger of his sister coming out with a black eye.

"You did just right," was Roosevelt's verdict, and he gave the young champion a dollar.

This pleased the class highly. It appealed to them as justice. But when it got out among the school officers they were scandalized. And Roosevelt was a black sheep among them in other ways. He did not observe the formalities of the high church service as they thought he should. They asked if he had any objection to them. None in the world, but—he was Dutch Reformed. This was too much. Some words followed and Roosevelt got out and entered a Congregational Sunday-school near by, where he taught during the remainder of his college term. Just what he taught we are not aware, but it seems rather amusing to think of Theodore Roosevelt as a Sunday-school teacher.

What now about the real work for which one goes to college, the studies, the diligent pursuit of knowledge? That he was an earnest student of those subjects which especially interested him we may be sure from what we know of the man. His tastes turned toward the

study of living things, men and animals. As the years went on he grew deeply interested in the study of human life, history and institutions. Political principles attracted him and he read the "Federalist" with deep absorption. To become lost in a book, indeed, was common with him. The story goes that, when visiting a fellow-student, he would be apt to pick up a volume, and immediately become so buried in its contents that a cannon would hardly have awakened him to the social duty of the hour.

Before leaving college he had gone beyond reading to the task of writing a book. Reading the extant histories of naval battles in the War of 1812, he found them unfairly partisan. William James's history, an English work, was full of one-sided statements. The American histories he examined seemed as much on the other side. An impartial history appeared to be needed, and he set out to write one. He studied the official files, and "The Naval History of 1812," his first work, is an acknowledged authority. Its fairness led to his being complimented by an invitation to write the chapter on this war for the monumental British work, "The Royal Navy."

We cannot go further into the details of Roosevelt's college life. It must suffice to say that when, in 1880, graduation day arrived, he stood among the first twenty of the one hundred and forty of his class; not at the top, but at a very respectable distance from the bottom.

His college career ended, he went abroad to get a glimpse of the world outside America. But he did not stay long. His love of walking led him to take a tramp afoot through Germany. The sight of the Alps inspired him to climb the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. He halted for a period of study at Dresden. His journey reached as far east as Asia. But he was back in New York in the year after his graduation, prepared to take his part in the battle of life.

CHAPTER III.

Exposing Graft in New York State

THE career of a lawyer, which was the first idea of the college graduate, did not long hold the ambitious young man. Engaging in legal study in the office of his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, at the age of twenty-three, he at once took part in the political affairs of his district, and with such energy and effect that he was elected as a State representative before the year ended. It happened, as he tells us, in this way:

"After leaving college I went to the local political headquarters, attended all the meetings and took my part in whatever came up. There arose a revolt against the member of Assembly from that district, and I was nominated to succeed him and elected."

A rapid beginning this for so young a man. His innate power must have been very evident to meet with the sudden recognition. His legal studies ended then and there, for from that time on he was too deeply engaged in public duties to be able to devote time to so exhausting a pursuit as the law.

It was in the fall of 1881 that he was elected, and when he entered the State House at Albany in 1882 he was the youngest member of the Assembly. Yet he was full of ideas, overflowing with energy, and instead of keeping in the background, as such youthful legislators are expected to do, he soon made himself a storm center in the House.

Beginning with a study of his colleagues, within two months he had classified them all, dividing them into two classes—the good and the bad. The former were decidedly in the minority, but the young Assemblyman lost no time in identifying himself with them, and this with such force and ability that he was soon their undisputed leader. There was corruption, abundance of it, deep and intrenched, corruption much of which had slept serene and undisturbed for years, and it was against this that he couched his lance.

Some of the veterans were at first amused at the precocious assaults of the young member from the Twenty-first District, and rather inclined to laugh at his undisciplined energy. But they soon found that he was a fighter who could not be kept under. He was a ready and attractive speaker, good-natured yet hard-hitting, and could be savagely sarcastic when he had some piece of rascality to expose. His good clothes and eye-glasses made some of the members think him effeminate, but they were not long in learning that he had plenty of courage, both mental and physical, and public opinion outside of the legislative halls was quickly in his favor.

Thus from the start young Roosevelt made his mark in that career upon which he had now definitely launched himself. He was a born reformer and strongly backed all measures for the public good that came before the House. A new and reformed charter was badly needed for New York City and for several years attempts had been vainly made to enact one. It was this for which he most ardently fought. The corrupt city departments had found strength in union, and intrenched in this they defied the reformers. Roosevelt attacked them separately and one by one he overthrew them. He was twice re-elected and during his three terms in the Legislature he saved the people hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, which would otherwise have gone into the "grab-bag" of the grafters.

Shall we give some of the particulars of his legislative career? One of the most significant came early in his first session, one in which he took his stand and made his mark as a born foe of corruption. He was new then to the ways of legislators. He was soon to learn something of them and to teach his fellow-members something of his own ways and ideas.

The occasion was the following: Such high officials as the Attorney-General of the State and a judge of the Supreme Court became involved in an unsavory bit of corruption connected with an elevated railway ring. The people were aroused by the scandalous affair and petitioned the Legislature. Young Roosevelt waited to see what they would do. That the honor of the judiciary should be smirched was a thing of horror to him. When he saw that they proposed to do nothing and smother the inquiry, the knightly spirit in him arose.

It was the true opening day in his public career when, on April 6, 1882, he rose from his seat in the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newburg, should be impeached. The speech he made was one not strikingly eloquent, but it was one in which he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. To him a thief worth a million was still a thief and deserved no softer name. He told the plain truth in indignant words and slashed savagely at the two corrupt officials.

The leader of the Republicans in the House followed the insurgent with soothing words. He desired that young Mr. Roosevelt should have time to think if his course had been wise, saying mildly, "I have seen many reputations in the State broken down by loose charges made in the Legislature."

The vote was taken and "Young Mr. Roosevelt" was squelched. But he did not stay squelched. He defied the party leaders and their admonitions to wisdom. The next day and the next day and the next day he was up again, pounding away with all the strength in him. Reporters took it up. The scandal got into the papers and the public indignation widened. After eight days of this unwearying assault he demanded a new vote on his resolution. By this time the thing had spread throughout the State. The Assemblymen did not dare put themselves on record as seeking to hide corruption. The opposition collapsed. Roosevelt won by a vote of 104 to 6.

In the end the delinquent officials escaped through a whitewashing report. But Roosevelt had won his fight. From that time he was a marked man on the side of justice and truth. What his constituents thought of him was shown in the next election, when he was sent back with a big majority in a year in which his party went to pieces before Democratic assault. What his fellow-members thought of him was shown when the Republicans of the Assembly chose him as their candidate for the Speaker of the House. He did not win; his party was in the minority; but the nomination showed that this young man of twenty-four had made himself a power, a man to be reckoned with.

Other battles he fought; telling ones. The Board of Aldermen at that time had the power to confirm or reject the Mayor's appointments of New York officials. With such a board as then existed George Washington himself would have been helpless in an effort to have a pure administration. To elect a reform board was hopeless. The

only remedy lay in taking from the Aldermen their power. This Roosevelt fought for and achieved. His bill gave the control over appointments to the Mayor himself, and in this way did much to strengthen the hands of honest government in New York.

As for the prevailing system of appointment to office—the "spoils system," as it had long been called—it did not appeal to him as the way to get good service. The best men could be obtained only by a public inquiry into their attainments and fitness, and he was from the start a supporter of the merit system which was then in the air. Civil Service Reform, alike in nation and State was being demanded, and Roosevelt had the honor of introducing the first intelligently drawn civil service bill ever presented to the New York Legislature. Passed in 1883, by an odd coincidence it was signed by Governor Cleveland at nearly the same time as the civil service bill passed by Congress was signed by President Arthur.

By this time the young Assemblyman was looked upon by all parties as a rising man. The pot-house politicians could not see why "Teddy with the kid gloves" and a fat bank account wanted to meddle with things which had gone on well enough for a century. But he knew why; the air was tainted and he wished to make it fit for an honest man to breathe. Therefore, when any odor of corruption arose, he dashed in regardless of anything except the warm desire to clear the air of its malodorous taint.

Meanwhile he kept up a degree of interest in New York social life, and spent some of his leisure time in the management of the considerable estate which the death of his father had left to his care. His sporting proclivities were manifested in the dogs and horses which he kept around him and an occasional dash away with his gun for a sporting trip of a month or two. Active outdoor life was a panacea which he could not long live without.

Mr. Roosevelt married during this legislative period, his wife being Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, a young lady who deeply admired the young Hotspur of the Assembly. This first married life was a brief one, his young wife dying in little over a year. She left him a daughter, Alice, who was very dear to him. By a sad contingency, his mother died in the same week with his wife, leaving him doubly alone. His second marriage, to Miss Edith K. Carow, took place in 1886.

In his third legislative year Roosevelt was made chairman of the Committee on Cities, an appointment due to the thorough knowledge he had attained of affairs in New York and other cities. As such he introduced much reform legislation, one of his most important bills being that which abolished fees in the offices of the Register and the County Clerk.

In 1884 he was a member of the Republican State Convention and was elected by it one of New York's four delegates-at-large to the National Republican Convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. George F. Edmunds was his choice for this office. James G. Blaine proved the favorite candidate of the convention. Roosevelt was one of the strong members in opposition and fought hard to prevent Blaine's nomination. The result was a sore thrust to him. Some of Blaine's bitter opponents went over to Cleveland, but in this defection Roosevelt would not take part. "Whatever good I have accomplished has been through the Republican party," he said, and held that no results of importance could be gained except through the regular party organization.

As to how he impressed his party at this time we have evidence in the words of George William Curtis, a fellow-delegate. He had his first meeting with Roosevelt during the heat of the strife and was surprised at his youthful appearance. This he said of him to a reporter:

"You'll know more, sir, later; a deal more, or I am much in error. Young? Why, he is just out of school almost, and yet he is a force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him an iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He will not truckle nor cringe, he seems to court opposition to the point of being somewhat pugnacious. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development."

This year (1884) ended Roosevelt's legislative life. He left it for a long holiday in the West, the scene of his boyhood dreams and aspirations. The story of this outing must wait till our next chapter. It must suffice here to say that it ended in 1886, when, sitting by a

campfire, he read in a newspaper sent him from New York that a convention of independent citizens had chosen him as their nominee for Mayor of that city. That night he hung up his rifle, packed his trunk, and bade good-bye to his life on the plains, starting East to plunge once more into the troubled pool of politics.

There were two other candidates for the office, Abram S. Hewitt, the choice of Tammany, and Henry George, the single-tax advocate, the nominee of the United Labor party. The citizens who nominated Roosevelt did so because they wanted a hard fighter and knew they would have one in him. His fight was vigorous, but the opposing forces were too strong, and Hewitt was chosen with a plurality vote of about 22,000. He had "ruined himself" politically, some said, as others had said he had "ruined himself" in his fight with the Organization in the Assembly. He was one who did not stay "ruined." In the early eighties Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, said to his class:

"Young gentlemen, some of you will enter public life. I call your attention to Theodore Roosevelt, now in our Legislature. He is on the right road to success. It is dangerous to predict a future for a young man, but let me tell you that if any man of his age was ever pointed straight for the Presidency, that man is Theodore Roosevelt."

Hazardous as Mr. White deemed the prophecy, it proved a true one.

CHAPTER IV

Among the Cowboys and in the Hunting Field

WE do not know if the spirit of adventure and the love of wild life is innate in the Roosevelt blood, or if Theodore Roosevelt got these traits from the Scotch-Irish strain of his mother's race. What we do know is that he has them implanted in the very fibre of his being. Civilized life and the strife of politics are persistent in their demands, but they have never been strong enough to hold him a close prisoner. He has broken away from them at frequent intervals for a bout in the hunting field, and did so decidedly after his three years of legislative life at Albany, seeking a region wide enough for him to breathe in freely on the vast plains of the wide West.

Shaking the mire of legislative life from his feet, he sought a new field of activity in the frontier region of Dakota, where he spent several years in the enjoyment of unadulterated nature, hunting, fishing, ranching and roughing it in true Western style, while gathering an ample supply of that buoyant health that has stood him in such good stead since. He started and ran a cattle ranch of his own, living in a rough log house partly the work of his own hands. It was so far in the wilderness that he had the experience of shooting a deer from his own front door.

He had his own herds to care for and did so in true cowboy style. Dressed in a flannel shirt and rough overalls tucked into alligator boots, he would help his men in rounding up the cattle, riding with the best of them and keeping in the saddle to the end. Then he would go home, tingling with the spice of wild outdoor life, to sleep off his fatigue in bearskins and buffalo robes, the former wearers of which may have fallen under his own rifle. It was a rough and ready life, but Roosevelt seemed to the manner born, and enjoyed it as thoroughly as if he had never known what luxury and ease meant.

His ranch lay on both sides of the Little Missouri, in Dakota Territory, that section of it which is now the State of North Dakota. He lived here in the open, making friends with the undisciplined ranchmen and frontiersmen, taking part in all the duties of the ranch, and varying this with hunting excursions for big game in the surrounding plains and on the not distant flanks of the Rocky Mountains.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS HUNTING COSTUME

Vignettes of his life here stand out picturesquely. Thus he tells us, not without a sense of exultation, of being thirty-six hours in the saddle as one of a party, dismounting only to change horses and to eat. Again we behold him with one cowboy keeping night guard over a herd of a thousand cattle in a dry camp, spending the whole night on horseback in strenuous efforts to keep the thirsty cattle from stampeding in search of water.

More interesting still is the story of the round-up of a herd of some two thousand in the midst of a driving blizzard, with pouring rain that stretched out in stinging level sheets before the wild wind. With this were blinding lightning flashes and terrific thunder which maddened the frightened animals, rendering it next to impossible to hold them. It reads like the story of a Homeric battle. Round and round rode Roosevelt and his men, wheeling and swaying, galloping

madly round the stampeding herd, at times checking their horses so sharply as to bring them to their haunches or even throw them to the ground, until finally they got the beasts corralled and made a mad break for the wagons.

"Though there is much work and hardship, rough fare and monotony and exposure connected with the round-up," writes Mr. Roosevelt, "yet there are few men who do not look forward to it and back to it with pleasure. It is superbly health-giving and is full of excitement and adventure, calling for the exhibition of pluck, self-reliance, hardihood and daring horsemanship; and of all forms of physical labor the easiest and pleasantest is to sit in the saddle."

Certainly the late legislator found exhilaration and enjoyment in it, and when he came back from this wild life to New York it was with a fresh stock of sturdy health.

When winter came life on the plains lost much of its attraction. Grim desolation replaced the genial summer climate. From the north blew furious gales, driving blinding snows before them. Or if the howling winds ceased for a season, a merciless cold hooded over the land, turning the earth to stone, the rivers to sheets of crystal ice. In this season there was less work for the ranchmen. The horses shifted for themselves and needed no care. The cattle demanded some looking after, but much of the time was spent in the ranch-house before the huge fireplaces filled with blazing logs. During this period Roosevelt spent much time with his pen, describing his experience in his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." Another book dealing with this period of his life was his "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail." About this time also he wrote two works of biography, "Life of Thomas Hart Benton" and "Life of Gouverneur Morris."

As may well be supposed, a man of Theodore Roosevelt's character made himself felt in the West as he had done in the East. The cowboys looked on him as a true comrade, a man who led instead of following, who could ride and shoot with the best of them and gave no sign of considering himself better than they. Certain anecdotes of his doings are among the fireside lore of the plains.

Here is the story of the frontier "bad man," who took the "four-eyed" stranger for a tenderfoot and set out to have some sport with

him. The rough, well primed with whisky, faced him with a revolver in each hand and with a curse bade him treat, enforcing his demand by an exhibition of "gun-play." Around sat a roomful of men, none of them friends of Roosevelt, who was a stranger in the town.

It was a case in which common sense counseled obedience, and the seeming tenderfoot rose as if to obey. The next instant his left hand went out with one of his old Harvard hits and the bully crashed against the wall and measured his length on the floor, his pistols exploding in the air. When he came to his wits he looked up to see what sort of an elephant had trodden on him, and found the tenderfoot standing over him, with battle in his eyes.

"Served him right," was the decision of the crowd and the astounded rough incontinently surrended and gave up his guns. This was Roosevelt's only experience of this kind.

Not unlike it, however, is the story of the sheriff who favored some cattle thieves, letting them escape. At least there was reason to believe that he sided with the outlaws and a meeting of ranch owners was held to consider the case. The sheriff was present, and in the midst of the meeting Mr. Roosevelt arose and squarely accused this official with aiding the cattle thieves. He told him that he and his fellows believed the charges to be true. He was unarmed, while from the pockets of the rough westerner peeped the handles of two big revolvers. And the reputation of the man was such that few of the ranchmen would have dared to face him with such charges.

But the keen unflinching gaze of the inquisitor cowed the fellow. The ranchmen sitting around awaited his reply. None came. By his silence he acknowledged the truth of the accusation.

Then there is the story of the Marquis de Mores, a queer Frenchman who had a ranch near Roosevelt's. Some trouble had arisen between their cowboys and the Marquis was offended by something Roosevelt was reported to have said. Without waiting to inquire into its truth he sent Roosevelt a challenge, writing that "there was a way for gentlemen to settle their differences."

Roosevelt's reply was that the story set afloat was a lie, that the Marquis had no business to believe it upon such evidence as he had, and that he would follow his note in person within the hour. He

started out, but before reaching the town where the Marquis was he met the messenger returning with a second note in which the Frenchman apologized and cordially invited Roosevelt to dine with him.

The most exciting of Roosevelt's adventures was that of his winter hunt for a gang of cattle thieves, down a stream filled with pack ice. He got them, three of them, and held them prisoner by making them take off their boots. It was a cactus country, through which no one would dare to go unshod. The nearest wagon was fifteen miles away, but Roosevelt went for it, leaving his assistants on guard over the thieves. The settler loaned it, though he swore that he could not understand why so much trouble was taken with thieves who might be hanged off hand.

With his three prisoners in the wagon Roosevelt set out for Dickinson, the nearest town. The roads were very bad and it took two days and a night to make the journey. His two assistants having to leave him, he had nobody but himself and the driver. of whom he knew nothing, to guard the three "bad men."

Putting them in the wagon, he walked behind, a Winchester across his shoulder to use in case of need. The road was ankle deep in icy mud. The night passed in a frontier hut, in which the self-appointed guard sat wide awake all night against the cabin door and watched his cowed captives. Late the next day he handed over his prisoners to the sheriff of Dickinson. Nothing could show better the dogged determination of Theodore Roosevelt when he had made up his mind to do a thing.

Such are the current anecdotes of Roosevelt's ranch life in the West. But there was another side to this life, the hunting one, which calls for some attention. The Indians of the West at that time were fairly quiet, though he did have one adventure with the "noble redman" in which a ready show of his rifle prevented something worse. But there was big game in abundance, the grizzly bear, the elk, the mountain sheep, the deer and antelope, and even the bison, which as yet had not been quite exterminated.

Of the several tales of his hunting life much the most thrilling is that of an encounter he had with a grizzly, at a time when he was hunting alone in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Having made his

camp by the side of a crystal brook he strolled out to see if he could get a grouse for supper. To his surprise he encountered instead a giant grizzly. He fired at and wounded the animal, which took refuge in a laurel thicket. Night was at hand and the hunter peered into the thicket, eager for a second shot. While he did so the bear came suddenly out. "Scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom."

Roosevelt fired again, the bullet, as it afterwards proved, shattering the point of the grizzly's heart. We must let the hunter himself tell the remainder of this story:

"Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball that entered his chest and most through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him.

"He came steadily on and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw, and going into his neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made one or two jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine—my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

The skin and head of this monarch of the Rockies are still among Mr. Roosevelt's cherished treasures.

Not so thrilling, yet in a sense more unpleasant, was his shooting of a "silver-tip" bear cub, which he hastened to pick up, knowing what it meant if Madame Bruin should happen that way and find her cub

meddled with. Making a wild grab, for a quick get-away, he found his hand impaled upon a hundred porcupine quills. That was the kind of cub he had brought down. It is probable that he laughed at this in after years, but he was in no laughing humor just then.

We have not space to tell of his hunting the prong-horn antelope, the black-tail mountain deer, the stately elk of the hills, the jig-horn, cliff-haunting sheep, the mountain goat, and the many smaller creatures of the wilds. It must suffice to say that our daring hunter had many exciting, though not dangerous, adventures in search of these, winning many trophies of his skill, and left the West with the double reputation of being an able rancher and a daring hunter.

CHAPTER V

Fighting the Spoils Hunters and Rascals

THE years of Roosevelt's early political life were those of the origin of legalized Civil Service Reform in the United States. It is generally recognized that the assassination of President Garfield was a direct outcome of the moss-grown spoils system that had so long prevailed. This dire event hastened the reform, and in 1883 a Civil Service Act was passed which provided for a board of commissioners and for the appointment to office by examination of candidates. The power of appointment was in a measure taken out of the President's hands, the law giving the first chance for an office to those who best stood the test of examination.

President Harrison, after taking his seat in 1889, appointed the dauntless young New York reformer on the Civil Service Commission, and made him chairman of that body. The President had good reason for this act. In 1884 Roosevelt had succeeded in securing the passage of a Civil Service Reform law for New York, and his work in this direction had made him the logical head of the difficult Federal reform.

No better selection could have been made. Roosevelt was a man capable of a vast amount of work, and saw that in this new field there was a call for his utmost energy. The law had been widely evaded or ignored, the spoils system was fighting hard for its control of the perquisites, and only a fighter ready to hit square from the shoulder was fitted to enter the contest.

The law had its loopholes, as all such laws are almost sure to have, and its enemies took the utmost advantage of this. The new head of the commission saw that he had heroic work before him, and that he would have bitter opposition to meet both in and out of Congress. But no condition of that kind ever stopped Theodore Roosevelt. While it may not be fair to say that he dearly loved a fight, no one can say that the prospect of a fight ever had any terror for him. For six years

he filled the office, for, after President Harrison's term ended, President Cleveland, who recognized his ability, courage and sterling integrity, continued him in it.

It was a work he liked. With the conviction that the spoilsmonger and the bribe-giver were equally bad, he assailed them both without favor or mercy, "ousting the rascals" and enforcing the law as it had never been enforced before. He was a Republican from the North. Two members of the commission were from the South,—Democrats, who had served in the Confederate Army,—but in all the dealings of the commission there was no instance in which the politics of any person was considered in any case that came before them.

When one day a paragraph got into the papers to the effect that only Republicans need try to enter the government service during a Republican administration, Roosevelt was quick in taking up the challenge.

"This," he said, "is an institution not for Republicans and not for Democrats, but for the whole American people. It belongs to them and will be administered, as long as I stay here, in their interest without discrimination."

And to prove his words he asked the representatives of the Southern papers in Washington to publish in their papers that the young men of the South have not been seeking their proper share of positions under the government, and that if they chose to come forward they would be given an equal opportunity with everyone else, regardless of their political opinions.

They did come forward, plenty of them. The examinations on the Southern route began to swarm with bright young fellows, and the word of Roosevelt was quickly proved, that not party, but merit, ruled in appointments to office.

Commissioner Roosevelt opened himself to much criticism and faced many opponents,—but he has ever since been doing the same thing and with much the same effect. Criticism and opposition have never deterred him from doing the thing which he deemed right. Once the opponents of the merit system sought to tie the hands of the Commission by refusing to give it an adequate sum of money for its work. Roosevelt met them half-way. Sending for the list of exam-

ination routes, he revised it, cutting out the districts represented by the men who had voted against the grant. He explained through the newspapers that, since some districts must be sacrificed through lack of money, it was only just that those members who had voted against the necessary appropriation should be the ones to lose its benefit. There was talk of "impeachment," "removal," etc., but nothing was done, and the Commission got its money after that.

Before the Roosevelt period the Commission did its work in secret. But secrecy is alien to the Roosevelt instincts. The new Commissioner was a man who liked to be in the open air and did not fancy hiding his arts behind a veil. Hence, upon his entrance into the Civil Service Commission, its doors, for the first time in its existence, were thrown open to all comers. No one could say now, as had been said before, that there was any mystery connected with its workings. Afterwards, if any member of Congress showed himself ignorant of the conditions of the merit system, he would be cordially invited by the next mail to explore the whole work of the Commission to his heart's content. The newspaper correspondents were made welcome, and furnished with any information that could properly be given out.

During Roosevelt's six years on the Commission things were done. Of course we cannot give him the credit for all these things. He was not the Commission, but only one of its members. But another member, Mr. John H. Procter, has said this about his activity.

"Every day I went to the office as to an entertainment. I knew something was sure to turn up to make it worth my while, with him there. When he went away, I had heart in it no longer."

And President Cleveland wrote this to Roosevelt when he regretfully accepted his resignation to engage in a new line of work:

"You are certainly to be congratulated upon the extent and permanence of Civil Service Reform methods which you have so substantially aided in bringing about."

What had taken place may be expressed in figures as follows: When he entered the Commission there were 14,000 officers under Civil Service rules. When he left there were 40,000. And the work had been put on a solid foundation which has never since given way. The spoils system has largely passed away; the merit system has taken its place.

The cause of his leaving the Commission was a summons from his native city, which wanted him for President of its Board of Police Commissioners. This strongly appealed to him. It was bringing him back upon his old battlefield. It was a field which he knew inch by inch. And it was one in which there was strenuous work to be done. The rottenness of party politics had deeply invaded this department and it sadly needed an earthquake shaking up. He went into it with the earnest vim with which he was soon after to go into the Spanish War.

"I thought the storm center was in New York," he said, "and so I came there. It is a great piece of practical work. I like to take hold of work that has been done by a Tammany leader and do it as well, only by approaching it from the opposite direction. The thing that attracted me to it was that it was to be done in the hurly-burly, for I don't like cloister life."

A reform administration, that of Mayor Strong, was then in power, and soldiers of reform were needed to lead the ranks. The new Commissioner stirred up the town. The regulation reformers did not know whether to applaud or curse. Many declared that his rigid enforcement of the Excise law enabled Tammany to return to power by capturing the votes of liquor men who had temporarily joined the reformers. In reply Roosevelt said he had sworn to enforce all the laws and he would not compromise his conscience. Besides, he held that the best way to get a bad law repealed was to rigidly enforce it. The "Arabian Nights" features of Mr. Roosevelt's police administration, his sudden appearance in unexpected places, his unheralded personal tours of inspection about the city after dark, catching many a policeman napping—all this and several volumes more are a part of history. Roosevelt made fame and friends during his police régime, and all classes admitted that he was an honest man. He said once, at the close of a meeting, that he believed a majority of policemen were good men. He believed in giving every applicant a chance to show what he could do and treating him honestly and fairly, regardless of his nationality, politics, religion or "pull."

"We have every country represented on the police force," he said. "Hebrews working harmoniously with Irishmen; Germans making

good records with Spaniards—in fact, every nationality is represented almost but the Chinese, and I find the men as a class willing to give faithful service. When men find the official in charge of them consistent, always keeping his word to the letter, they will soon begin following the example set before them. Treat a man squarely and you will get square treatment in return. That is human nature and sound doctrine, whether in the police or in any other department."

Being an honest man and determined to do his duty fearlessly and without favor, Mr. Roosevelt was not caught in the many traps set for him. All attempts to ensnare him were failures and soon appeared so ridiculous that he became the best "let alone" official in the city government.

Jacob Riis says that "Jobs innumerable were put up to discredit the President of the Board and inveigle him into awkward positions. Probably he never knew of one-tenth of them. Mr. Roosevelt walked through them with perfect unconcern, kicking aside the snares that were set so elaborately to catch him. The politicians who saw him walk apparently blindly into a trap and beheld him emerge with damage to the trap only, could not understand it. They concluded it was his luck. It was not. It was his sense. He told me once after such a time that it was a matter of conviction with him that no frank and honest man could be in the long run entangled by the snares of plotters, whatever appearances might for the moment indicate. So he walked unharmed in it all."

But the new Police President had no path of roses to walk in. Corruption was deeply planted and it was not easy to uproot it. The system of blackmail by police and officials was hard to overcome. It was the enforcement of the Sunday liquor law, in particular, that gave trouble to the Commission. There were plenty of arrests, indeed, for its violation, but these were of people who had no political pull or refused to pay the police for shut eyes. This system of blackmail existed in the case of all illegal pursuits, which could be carried on unseen by the police if the necessary money were forthcoming, but to which refusal to pay brought sudden retribution.

Dishonesty at elections was another of the prevailing forms of vice. Honesty at the ballot box had almost ceased to exist, and it

needed strenuous labor on the part of the Commission to overcome this, as in the case of various other vicious practices.

All we can say here is that during the two years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency the Police Commission did much toward clearing the atmosphere. The number of arrests and convictions for misdemeanor largely increased, the citizens had better protection than they had had for years, and the reign of corruption largely ceased. Mr. Roosevelt had the faculty for organization strongly developed. Honor and reward came to the men who did their duty, discredit or dismissal to those who shirked it. A police force should be a military force, and this is what Roosevelt made of the men under him. He was not the chief of police, but when he came into police headquarters, his quick nervous stride and alert eyes affected every policeman in sight as though he had felt an electric shock. There was an involuntary straightening up, both physical and mental. Disorder and bad administration prevailed before he entered the Board. When he left it New York had an admirably trained and effective military force of blue-coated public protectors, men who had won the esteem of respectable citizens and whose honesty was beyond question.

There is a story of his dealing with strikers who had trouble with the police which reminds us of that of the Western sheriff. It is thus told by Jacob Riis:

"Roosevelt saw that the trouble was in their not understanding one another, and he asked the labor leaders to meet him at Clarendon Hall to talk it over. Together we trudged through a blinding snowstorm to the meeting. This was at the beginning of things, when the town had not yet got the bearings of the man. The strike leaders thought they had to do with an ambitious politician and they tried bluster. They would do so and so unless the police were compliant; and they watched to get him placed. They had not long to wait. Roosevelt called a halt, short and sharp.

" 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we want to understand one another. That was my object in coming here. Remember, please, that he who counsels violence does the cause of labor the poorest service. Also, he loses his case. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now, gentlemen!'

"There was a moment's amazed suspense, and then the hall rang with their cheers. They had him placed then, for they knew a man when they saw him. And he—he went home proud and happy, for his trust in his fellow-man was justified."

Such was the type of Theodore Roosevelt's work as Police Commissioner. When he had finished the force was the cleanest New York ever has known, loot and blackmail had been crushed out of existence, and for the first time for years decency in the police service prevailed. He appointed men solely on their merits and without regard to politics or religion, insisted on their doing their duty, and new ideas as to the true mission of the police came into existence. Roosevelt had no vague theories to work up to. He knew that while reform might be furthered, human nature could not be changed, and that no one man could do away with all the evil that prevailed. But he threw a searchlight on crime and many foul blots were swept away. Though he did not accomplish all he sought to do, he left behind him a cleaner Gotham than its people had seen for years, and the Roosevelt reign will not soon be forgotten in the history of police service in New York.

CHAPTER VI

Naval Secretary and Rough Rider

IN 1897 the scent of war was in the air. The barbarities of Spanish rule in Cuba were becoming too flagrant for our country to long endure, and it was growing evident to many that the United States might soon have to take a hand in the game. It was at this interval of growing indignation at Spanish methods that another President found occasion to avail himself of Mr. Roosevelt's services. His efficiency in the police service of New York had become the talk of the country, and President McKinley found it desirable to offer him the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, feeling sure that he was the man for the place.

The new American navy was then in the making, and needed a man of energetic character and efficient methods to give it the shaking up it needed in the event of a war. It was important to make it ready for any emergency, and Roosevelt was amply fitted for the work. While occupying the minor post of assistant, his hand was soon felt in every detail of naval affairs, and for a time he was virtually at the head of the department.

The most important work he did was to collect ammunition and to insist on the naval gunners being well practiced in marksmanship. He was not long in his new post before he felt sure that war was coming and that it was his duty to see that the ships were prepared for it. Another thing he did was to fill every foreign coaling station with an ample supply of fuel. It was this that enabled Dewey to make his prompt movement from Hongkong to Manila. We have testimony to his acuteness in the words of Senator Cushman K. Davis, then head of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"If it had not been for Roosevelt Dewey would not have been able to strike the blow that he dealt at Manila. Roosevelt's forethought, energy and promptness made it possible."

What Roosevelt did was to visit the various naval reserves throughout the country, inspecting and inquiring into conditions and actively pushing repairs upon the ships. As for the practice of the men at the guns, there is afloat an anecdote that shows in picturesque outline the work of the Assistant Secretary in this direction.

Not long after his appointment he asked Congress for an appropriation of $800,000 for ammunition. The appropriation was made, but, to the surprise of the lawmakers, before many months had passed he asked for a second appropriation for the same purpose, this time demanding $500,000.

"What has become of the other appropriation?" he was asked.

"Every cent of it has been spent for powder and shot, and every ounce of powder and shot has been fired away," he replied.

"And what do you propose to do with the $500,000 you now want?"

"I will use every dollar of that, too, within the next thirty days in practice shooting."

It was costly practice, but it paid, as was soon to be shown by the effectiveness of American gunnery at Manila and Santiago.

Another thing done by Roosevelt in the same direction was to help in passing the personnel bill, which did away with the standing cause of bitter feeling between the officers of the line and staff.

"It is useless," he said, "to spend millions of dollars in the building of perfect fighting machines unless we make the personnel which is to handle these machines equally perfect."

The time was soon to come when his work would tell. In February, 1898, occurred that criminal disaster which blew up the battleship "Maine," with all her crew, in Havana harbor. Diplomacy was called in to settle this, if possible, but Roosevelt, like most of his countrymen, felt sure that war would follow, and he redoubled his efforts to put the navy into first-rate fighting trim.

We have told how Roosevelt helped Dewey when the war broke out. That was not all. It was due to him that Dewey was on the ground at the time. When a man was wanted to command in the East, Roosevelt selected Dewey, and stuck to his choice in spite of those who said that the Commodore was only a well-dressed dude. "It does not matter what kind of clothes and collars he wears," said

Roosevelt, "the man will fight. He is the man for the place. He has a lion heart."

He not only kept Dewey in Chinese waters, but held his fleet together. The "Olympia" was ordered home, but Roosevelt secured the repeal of the order. "Keep the 'Olympia,' " he cabled him, "and keep full of coal."

He saw clearly what was in the air. And when the day for fighting came the blood throbbed strongly in his veins. "There's nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself. I have done all I could to bring on the war, because it is a just war. Now that it has come I have no business to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself."

The fact is, chains could not have kept him at home. There was in him too much of the berserker strain for that. He had been fighting all his life. Whether in the legislature, on the ranch, in the hunting field, in the police service; it was not in him to lose the chance to feel the blood-boiling sensation of the battlefield.

It was a happy idea of his that suggested the Rough Rider regiment. The name "Roosevelt's Rough Riders" struck the popular fancy, and helped greatly to make Roosevelt's name a household word. Before the regiment was organized it had become famous. The taking title, "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," was on every one's tongue.

Never before had such a body of athletes and daredevils been got together. Only America could have furnished them. The cowboy, the Indian trailer, the hunter, the Indian himself, the pick of the West, formed the bulk of the regiment, but with them were mingled the athletes of the East, the college football player, the oarsman, the polo champion, the trained policeman, even the wealthy society man of athletic training. The one pity is that they were not able to show their prowess as horsemen, for such a body of cavalry as they would have made the world has rarely seen.

They were out of their native element afoot, and their humorous title for themselves, "Wood's Weary Walkers," after their long marches in the Cuban jungle, had more truth than poetry in it.

Roosevelt had been for four years a member of the Eighth Regiment of the New York State National Guard, and had risen to the

grade of captain in its ranks. He might have been the colonel of the new regiment if he had chosen, but he felt that in actual war a man who had seen service in the field was needed, and he selected his friend, Colonel Leonard Wood, of the Regular Army, to command, contenting himself with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

How to get to Cuba was the first important question that arose. Of the enlisted men only a small proportion could go on the projected expedition to Santiago. Mounted men were debarred and the horses had to be left behind, one squadron remaining to take care of them. The Rough Riders were among the last of the regiments that received permission to go, and might have been left behind but for "Teddy" Roosevelt's insistence. Then, when orders came to move to Tampa, transportation was refused. In his usual mode of cutting the Gordian knot, he seized a train, jumped aboard the engine, and demanded that it should move. The train moved.

Port reached, he did not wait for an official assignment to a transport, but put his men without hesitation on board the nearest vessel. Much the same thing happened when the landing place in Cuba was reached. Following the same bold tactics, he did not wait for orders to land his men, but got them ashore among the first, and on the night of the landing began to march to the front. He even passed General Lawton, who was holding the advance guard position under orders from General Shafter.

In all these active movements we hear the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, not that of Colonel Wood. The two men, however, were of much the same calibre and were intimate friends. They worked together as one man. Later on Colonel Wood was promoted to the rank of general and his subordinate took the post of colonel. Throughout he was identified with the Rough Riders and they with him.

Readers of the war know what followed, how the regiment passed the advance outpost—without orders, it is said—and at daylight the next morning encountered the Spaniards at Las Guasimas and began the first fight of the short war. When General Shafter received the news of this fight he was not pleased, for he was told that the Americans had been cut to pieces. He swore roundly and declared that he

"would bring that damned cowboy regiment so far in the rear that it would not get another chance." But when later on news of the cowboy victory reached him he wrote a flattering letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, in command, congratulating him on the brilliant success of his attack.

Roosevelt and his men were not to be kept back. They fairly struggled to the front. On July 1st a correspondent saw them moving in columns of twos through a densely wooded roadway leading to the "Bloody Angle," and while his men were falling wounded around him Roosevelt answered the correspondent's "Hello, there!" with a wave of his hand and an exclamation that showed that his heart was in the fight.

Up San Juan Hill they went, Roosevelt leading the charge, the Spaniards, from their intrenchments at the top, pouring down a thick hail of shells and Mauser bullets. This is the way the charge was described in press despatches from the field:

"Roosevelt was in the lead waving his sword. Out into the open and up the hill where death seemed certain, in the face of the continous crackle of the Mausers, came the Rough Riders, with the Tenth Cavalry alongside. Not a man flinched, all continuing to fire as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet ahead of his troops, yelling like a Sioux, while his own men and the colored cavalry cheered him as they charged up the hill. There was no stopping as a man's neighbor fell, but on they went faster and faster. Suddenly Roosevelt's horse stopped, pawed the air for a moment, and fell in a heap. Before the horse was down Roosevelt disengaged himself from the saddle and, landing on his feet, again yelled to his men, and, sword in hand, charged on afoot.

"It seemed an age to the men who were watching, and to the Rough Riders the hill must have seemed miles high. But they were undaunted. They went on, firing as fast as their guns would work. At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could still have annihilated the Americans, but the Yankees' daring dazed them. They wavered for an instant and then turned and ran. The position was won and the blockhouse captured. In the rush more than half of the Rough Riders were wounded."

Let us go on to another incident a month or more later. The war was ended. That charge up San Juan Hill had practically ended it. During this month the victorious army had been kept in Cuba, doing nothing and suffering from a malarial attack that had put more than 4,000 of the men on the sick list. If an attack of yellow fever, indigenous to that climate, had broken out among the weakened troops, it would have proved ten times more fatal than the Spanish bullets.

Colonel Roosevelt—he was a colonel then—chafed and fretted. Doing nothing did not agree with his constitution. He broke out at length in the famous "round robin," which he wrote and his fellow officers signed, protesting against keeping the army longer in Cuba, exposed to the perils of that pestilential climate. People shook their heads when they heard of this and talked of precedents. They did not recognize that he was a man to break and make precedents.

Whatever their opinion, the "round robin," and letter which he wrote to General Shafter, making a powerful presentation of the perils of the army, had the intended effect. The men were recalled and shook the malarial dust of Cuba from their feet. With that event closed the war experience of Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Rider regiment.

CHAPTER VII

Governor and Vice-President

THE end of the brief but effective Cuban war left Colonel Roosevelt the popular hero of that event. Every war has its popular hero, and the dramatic picturesqueness of the cowboy regiment, with its telling title, the "Rough Riders," was sure to strike the public fancy. The newspaper stories of their spectacled colonel dashing at their head up San Juan Hill, yelling with the loudest and as fearless as the best, added to the completeness of the picture in the public mind, and Roosevelt was lifted upon a pedestal of public appreciation on which he dwarfed every other soldier who took part in the affair, as Dewey similarly figured as the chief naval hero.

That a man of such sudden and great popularity would be allowed to sink back into insignificance was very unlikely to follow. The American people likes to reward its heroes, the canvass for a new governor of New York was in the air, and Theodore Roosevelt was the man of the moment. His services in the war had scarcely ended before the nomination came.

The Citizens' Union was the first to nominate him, but he declined the compliment, saying that he was a Republican. He proposed to stand by his colors. The Democrats, who dreaded him as a popular candidate, hoped to prevent his nomination by trying to prove that he had lost his legal residence in the State. Their plan failed, and the Republican Convention chose him as its candidate by a vote of 752 to 218 for Governor Black. Van Wyck was the Democratic nominee. Their candidate, Parker, had been elected Judge of the Court of Appeals the year before by 61,000 majority and on this the party based its hopes, though feeling that the personal popularity of Colonel Roosevelt was an element in the situation that might override all party lines and claims. It did so, for he carried the election by a majority of 18,000 over Van Wyck.

He took a personal part in his own campaign. It is not the Roosevelt way to be silent and wait while events are in the air. Outspoken advocacy of everything in which he is interested is his way, and he took the stump in his own cause, speaking in many parts of the State. That these speeches were characterized by fire, force and directness we need not say. They had also that common sense and practical application to the situation which are among his characteristics.

As in his legislative career, corrupt politics were handled by him with indignant sarcasm, while the wrongs the people heaped upon themselves by not asserting their right to be well and honestly governed strongly engaged his attention.

The stand he took in the campaign was not the most pleasant one to the professional politicians. They felt that as Governor this man would make the feathers of corrupt methods fly. They had reason for their feeling, for when seated in the Governor's chair it quickly became clear that the reign of jobbery for the time was at an end, so far as it came under executive control.

Hasty in action as he had often shown himself, his impetuous disposition was now held in by a wise caution and deliberation. In selecting the heads of the important State departments he moved with especial care, and when announced the appointments were everywhere greeted as wise and appropriate. Francis Hendricks, put at the head of the Insurance Department, made this department an honor to the State, and the same may be said of the work of Colonel John N. Partridge, appointed Superintendent of Public Works. Roosevelt was not now charging with a yell of martial defiance up San Juan Hill. He was cautiously providing for the best interests of a State.

For a just criticism of what he did in the Governor's chair we quote from Dr. Albert Shaw, the clear-headed editor of the "Review of Reviews." He thus characterized the Roosevelt administration:

"He found the state administration thoroughly political; he left it business-like and efficient. He kept thrice over every promise that he made to the people in his canvass. Mr. Roosevelt so elevated and improved the whole tone of the state administration and so effectually educated his party and public opinion generally, that future governors will find easy what was before almost impossible."

We must deal briefly with the story of his administration. He was hardly seated in the Capitol at Albany when he had a consultation with a body of labor leaders, for whom he had sent. Labor laws were not wanting on the statute books, designed to benefit the laborer; but half of these were dead letters, and some of them had always been valueless.

"These laws are your special concern," said the Governor to his visitors. "I want you to look over them with me and see if they are fair, and, if they are, that they be fairly enforced. We will have no dead-letter laws. If there is anything wrong you know of, I want you to tell me of it. If we need more legislation we will go to the legislature and ask for it. If we have enough, we will see to it that the laws we have are carried out and the most made of them."

And this was done, so far as he was able to do it. There arose a question about the factory law, which it was claimed was not properly enforced. The sweatshops were a disease hard to cure. To satisfy himself as to the actual conditions the Governor came down from Albany and went through a group of the worst type of tenement houses himself. He saw much to disapprove of.

"There is improvement," he said to the factory inspector, "but not enough. I do not think you quite understand what I mean by enforcing a law. I don't want to make it as easy as possible for the manufacturer. Make the owners of tenements understand that old, badly built, uncleanly houses shall not be used for manufacturing in any shape. Put the bad tenement at a disadvantage as against the well-constructed and well-kept house, and make the house owner as well as the manufacturer understand it."

The result of this personal inspection was the Tenement House Improvement Bill, the need of which he made the legislators see, and the effect of which was all on the side of sanitation and fair play. Its effect was to check the doings of the slum landlord.

Democratic orators had predicted that Governor Roosevelt would be "too impetuous." He was impetuous by nature, he acknowledged that, but he thought he had schooled himself in this particular. Yet on the final day of the legislative session of 1899 his impetuous spirit blazed out, though in a way that few found amiss. He declared

positively that the Franchise Act, which efforts had been made to shelve, ought to be passed—and it was passed. The members of the legislature knew that the Governor had voiced public opinion in what he said to them, and they did not venture to defeat the measure.

Another "impetuous" act was the removal from office of Asa B. Gardiner, District Attorney of the County of New York, on the charge that he had given aid and comfort to Chief of Police Devery, after that officer had him indicted for issuing a seditious order to the police force regarding violence at the polls.

Other measures urgently advocated by him were bills to prevent the adulteration of food products and fertilizers, to protect game, and especially to aid the efficient administration of the state canals and the extension of civil service regulations. He further saved the treasury of New York City from heavy legalized looting by his unyielding opposition to the notorious Ramapo job.

As Governor he had to do with many momentous questions, and he dealt with them all from a lofty standpoint of duty. Many times he went opposite to the wishes of his party, but in each case his action was creditable to him. He did not escape misunderstanding and misrepresentation. He had always opposed boss rule, yet he openly consulted Mr. Platt as the leader of the party. Yet with all such consultation he lived up to his own convictions. That man would have had a hardy frame of mind who sought to press any scheme of corrupt politics upon him.

For two years he occupied the Governor's chair. During the first year little was done in the way of reform. The utmost he could do was to see that no bad laws were enacted. During the second year he got a firmer hold and much beneficial legislation was obtained.

His work was not yet done. There were some reforms which he desired earnestly to see accomplished before he left the Governor's chair, reforms which he viewed as essential to the well-being of the state. Therefore, when in 1900 his name was mentioned as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, the suggestion was distasteful to him. His work at Albany was not finished.

An interesting convention was that held by the Republicans at Philadelphia in 1900, for the nomination of candidates for the Presi-

dency and Vice-Presidency. In regard to the former there was no doubt William McKinley was the man; no other was thought of. For Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt's name was early set afloat, much to his discomfort. He had proposed to be a candidate again for Governor of New York. There was live work to be done. To sit as the voiceless Chairman of the Senate was very distasteful to a man of his temperament.

There was opposition to him. Senator Hanna was strongly opposed. The man who most wanted to make him Vice-President was Senator Depew, of New York—not from any desire to do him honor, but to get rid of him in state affairs.

The nomination was made somewhat in this way. When President McKinley was nominated and the thunder of the cheering had died away, Governor Roosevelt rose to second the nomination. His speech was a strong one. He had a speech in his hand, type-written, but this he did not once look at, and probably did not follow, speaking the thoughts that rose in his mind and speaking them powerfully and well.

What he had to say evidently hit the mark, for the members of the convention at once hailed him as Vice-President, shouting for McKinley and Roosevelt. At this Senator Depew, seeing his opportunity, drawled out, "In the East we call him Teddy." At this the shouting grew roof-lifting; "Teddy Roosevelt! Teddy Roosevelt!"

Depew was achieving his scheme to "shelve" Roosevelt. When the latter's name was formally presented to the convention calls for a vote rose on every side, and the taking of it quickly began. It ended as it only could end under such circumstances. McKinley and Roosevelt were the men of 1900.

Never had a man been nominated for the Vice-Presidency more against his will. He did not want the office, and he fully understood the purpose of those who were pressing him into it. For a time he strongly resisted persuasions to get him to accept, and when he did yield it was sorely against his will. Neither he nor those who sought to shelve him dreamed for a moment of the coming result, that Vice-President Roosevelt would never preside over a session of the Senate, but before the year ended would fill the President's chair.

He made the campaign, however, vigorously and effectively. He was tireless and indefatigable, traveling during it no less than twenty-two thousand miles, making six hundred and seventy-three addresses, speaking to three and a half millions of people. The feat was unprecedented, and it made him known to the people to a remarkable extent. He was highly popular before; he was doubly popular when this remarkable campaign ended. When the day of election came the popularity of the candidates was shown in a plurality of 850,000 votes and an electoral majority of 137. On the 4th of March, 1901, he took the oath of office and became Vice-President of the United States.

CHAPTER VIII

In the Presidential Chair

ON the 6th of September, 1901, a lamentable act took place, one of those tragic occurrences that are apt to arise from the mad ferment of modern life. President McKinley, while shaking hands in friendly spirit with his fellow-citizens in the great hall of the Buffalo Exposition, was foully shot down by a half-insane Anarchist, whose hand the victim had just cordially grasped.

For a week the suffering martyr lay between life and death, for a time showing such signs of recovery that hope overspread the country, then rapidly sinking until death came to him in the early morning of the 14th. His sad passing away left Theodore Roosevelt President, a consummation no one had dreamed of when, against his will, he was induced to become a candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

The death of McKinley was followed by an event of dramatic interest. For a time the recovery of the stricken President seemed so assured that Roosevelt felt secure in making a hunting excursion in the Adirondacks, for which he had previously arranged.

When, on Friday, September 13th, word reached the Tahawas Club House, where the Vice-President had his headquarters, that the exalted victim was fast sinking, Roosevelt was not to be found. He had set out early that morning for a tramp in the mountains, and no one knew just where he was. Before starting he had received a despatch from Buffalo saying that the President was in splendid condition and not in the slightest danger. Under these circumstances he had felt it safe to venture upon his mountain stroll.

The fresh and startling news caused guides and runners to be sent out in all directions, with orders to sound a general alarm and find the Vice-President as quickly as possible. Yet hours passed away and the afternoon was verging into early evening before the signals of the searchers were heard and answered and it became evident that the Roosevelt party was near at hand.

When Colonel Roosevelt was reached and the news of the critical condition of the President told him he could scarcely credit it. Startled and alarmed, he hurried back to the Tahawas Club House, feeling that he must hasten to Buffalo with the utmost despatch. But the nearest railroad station was thirty-five miles distant, and this distance had to be covered by stage, over a road rendered heavy by a recent thunderstorm.

When he reached there the Adirondack Stage Line had a coach in readiness and had provided relays of horses covering the whole distance. All night long the stage coach, bearing its distinguished passenger rolled along through the woods, the latter part of the journey being through heavy forest timber, which rendered it one of actual peril.

President McKinley had already passed away, though this news was not received until he reached the station at North Creek at 5.22 on the following morning. A special train awaited him and dashed away the moment it received the awaited passenger. The trip that followed was a record-breaking one, the speed in many instances exceeding a mile a minute. It was 1.40 p. m. when it pulled into the station at Buffalo, the President, as Roosevelt now was, going to the house where his deceased predecessor lay.

That afternoon he took the oath of office as President of the United States, the oath being administered by Judge Hazel, in the presence of Secretaries Root, Long, Hitchcock and Wilson, Attorney-General Knox and other distinguished persons. The oath taken and the document signed, all the preliminaries were finished, and Theodore Roosevelt became the legally authorized President of the United States.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest man in the history of the country to become President of the United States; he had not yet completed his forty-third year. The youngest before him being President Grant, who was forty-seven at the date of his first inauguration. The oldest was President Harrison, who took office at the age of sixty-eight. It was a heavy responsibility to fall on so young a man. How he would act in his new office was the anxious query asked by those who remembered the records of Presidents Tyler, Filmore and Johnson, who like him had begun as Vice-Presidents. President

McKinley stood for certain principles, certain promises to the people made in the platform of the year before. Could an impulsive man like Theodore Roosevelt, a man full of ideas and views of his own, be expected to carry out his predecessor's policy? There was a distinct feeling of relief in the community when he came out with a declaration that this was what he proposed to do.

Yet McKinley's policy did not cover the whole range of legislation, and the remembrance of Roosevelt's radical reform administration in New York was not altogether agreeable to the hide-bound conservatives or the class of shady politicians who had axes to grind. They felt that a man like this in the Presidential chair might prove like the proverbial bull in the china shop.

Roosevelt's last speech as Vice-President gave some indications of his attitude. It was given at Minneapolis on September 2d, three days before the tragedy at Buffalo, and gave strong indications of his mental attitude. Some quotations from it may not be amiss.

"Our interests are at bottom common; in the long run we go up or go down together. Yet more and more it is evident that the state, and if necessary the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations that are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency. The right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint; but it should exist, so that it may be invoked if the need arises."

In these few words we have the keynote of much of Roosevelt's Presidential career. Throughout his nearly eight years of office he hammered away at the monopolies that had arisen in the land, and to some degree succeeded in fettering them.

A strong advocate of America for Americans, this is what he had to say about the Monroe Doctrine:

"This is the attitude we should take as regards the Monroe Doctrine. There is not the least need of blustering about it. Still less should it be used as a pretext for our own aggrandizement at the expense of any other American state. But, most emphatically, we must make it evident that we intend on this point ever to maintain the

old American position. The Monroe Doctrine is not international law, but there is no necessity that it should be. All that is needful is that it should continue to be a cardinal feature of American policy on this continent. If we are wise we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement upon American soil by any European power, and this no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take."

These extracts serve not alone to indicate President Roosevelt's attitude in certain particulars; they serve also to give some conception of his oratorical manner. Fluent as he has shown himself as a speech-maker, he has the faculty of dealing mainly with hard facts. It is the same with his messages to Congress. Some of them have been so expanded that he seemed rather writing a book than a message. But his seeming wordiness came from a desire to omit no matter of national interest and to leave none without a comprehensive treatment. Yet in them all he hammers away with hard facts. Flowery language and inconclusive verbosity have no place in his category.

During Roosevelt's first term in office he did little in the way of proposing radical legislation. He felt that his hands were tied in that respect by the way into which he came into the Presidency. But he showed his untrammeled character in a dozen other ways. Precedents had no sacredness for him; he was always breaking them. One instance was that in which he invited Booker Washington to dinner. The event raised a stir out of all accordance with its significance, for Roosevelt was not the first President to have a colored man at his table, and Booker Washington had shown himself a man whose presence at their tables would honor kings. The storm broke and the thunders of denunciation rolled, but they passed innocuously over Roosevelt's head.

He never hesitated to step outside the lines of routine and break through the cobwebs of red tape. When a coal strike broke out in Pennsylvania and went on with such obstinacy as to threaten disaster to the people he stepped resolutely into the breach and by his influence settled the labor war. The sticklers for precedent cried out in dismay. No President has done such a thing before! It is a dangerous stretch of the executive power! But those citizens whose fires threatened to

go out in midwinter for want of coal had nothing but praise for this salutary interference.

When the Republic of Colombia refused to sustain the action for the building of the Panama Canal and the State of Panama seceded in consequence and proclaimed its independence, President Roosevelt with what seemed unnecessary haste recognized the new republic and proceeded to negotiate with it instead of Colombia. His impatience in this instance seemed to run away with his judgment, for a little delay would not have stood in the way of getting what he desired.

In November, 1906, his interest in the progress of the canal took him in person to Panama. Here was a flagrant violation of another precedent. No President before him had ever gone beyond the jurisdiction of the flag. But Roosevelt lost no sleep in consequence; he saw what he wanted to see, and the solar system suffered no disruption.

What else did he do? During the three and a half years of his first administration the country owed several important executive acts to him. In addition to settling the anthracite coal strike and recognizing Panama, he prosecuted the Northern Securities Company for violating the anti-trust law; he established reciprocity with Cuba; he created the new Department of Commerce and Labor; he founded the permanent census; he reorganized the army; he strengthened the navy; he advocated the national irrigation act which is reclaiming vast arid tracts to cultivation; he submitted the Venezuela imbroglio to The Hague Court of Arbitration; he sent America's protest against the Kishenev massacre to the Czar of Russia.

The way the latter was done was an apt illustration of the Roosevelt method of doing things. He well knew that if the petition was sent to the Czar in the usual way he would not receive it and his government would probably hint that this country had better attend to its own business.

Roosevelt cut the Gordian knot in a different way. He telegraphed the whole petition to the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, bidding him to lay it before the Czar and ask him if he would receive such a petition if it came regularly before him. The Czar politely replied that he would not. But in spite of diplomacy he *had received* it and read it, and in this way he learned something of what

was going on in his dominions. Salutary results soon followed from the Roosevelt diplomacy.

We have told some of the things for which President Roosevelt stood sponsor. They were not all. His activity was enormous. He not only stood for the best things, but he worked and fought for them, and in some instances stood the test of making powerful enemies in order to secure them. The faculty of persistence in him was strongly developed. The word "strenuous," which he has bound up with his own name, aptly illustrates his character. His was a true example of the "strenuous life." There was always "something doing" in his neighborhood, and always will be while he breathes the breath of life. The Roosevelt doctrine of a "square deal," the enforcement of the laws and statutes of the United States, and the upholding of the dignity and integrity of the nation were ever the keynotes of his administration.

CHAPTER IX

Reformer and Peacemaker

"GIT-THAR ROOSEVELT" is a familiar cowboy designation of our late President, and it is one that well fits. All his life he has been "gittin' thar." Ability and impetuosity have carried him headlong forward from one position to another in the public service, his rare vacations from political labor being those of his ranch and hunting life in the Wild West, and of his active career as a soldier. These were his recreations, his intervals of holiday enjoyment. As for resting—the man cannot do it; it is not in him.

He has got the posts he wanted throughout his life; and got one post he did not want, that of Vice-President. It is one that would appeal to the ambition of most of us, but it was a restful post, and Roosevelt was not hankering after rest. Yet by a strange dispensation of Providence it lifted him to the very summit of an American political career; it made him President.

He would not have been human if he had not felt a sense of triumph over those plotting politicians who had fairly forced him into the Vice-Presidential office, fancying in their shrewd souls that they had the inconvenient reformer shelved. Fate had broken the threads which bound down this modern Gulliver and set him free to carry his ideas to their highest ultimate.

Yet that he was satisfied cannot be said. It was a bitter and sorrowful reflection that he had reached this high office over the slain body of his lamented predecessor, the loved and lovable McKinley. He would ten thousand times rather have spent his four years as voiceless chairman of the Senate than to be made President through the assassination of a dear and cherished friend.

Nor was it altogether pleasant to feel that chance, not the act of his fellow-citizens, had lifted him to this high office. Did they want him? Was he not in some sense an interloper? That could only be

told when they had the opportunity to express their real sentiment, and he must have looked forward with some hope and some anxiety to the election of 1904, to learn if the people really approved him, or if they merely waited their opportunity to shelve him effectually.

If he really had any doubt in this direction, it was dispelled when the time came to act. The enthusiastic nomination which he received was enough to show that he was by all odds the first choice of the Republican party. And when the vote of the people was cast it became evident that he was the first choice of all parties, that the magic of his name had swept hosts of converts from the Democratic ranks. This was shown by his immense plurality in the popular vote of over 2,500,000, far the greatest that any President had ever received, and his large Electoral College majority of 196. Evidently the people at large wanted Roosevelt, and it remained for him to justify their faith in him.

That we are correct in crediting him with a strong desire for election to the Presidency we may quote his own words to show. This he has said:

"I do not believe in playing the hypocrite. Any strong man fit to be President would desire a nomination and re-election after his first term. Lincoln was President in so great a crisis that perhaps he neither could nor did feel any personal interest in his own re-election. But at present I should like to be elected President just as John Quincy Adams, or McKinley, or Cleveland, or John Adams, or Washington himself desired to be elected. It is pleasant to think that one's countrymen think well of one. But I shall not do anything whatever to secure my nomination save to try to carry on the public business in such shape that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity and courage."

On the 4th of March, 1905, this favorite of the American people, for in the highest sense he was that, was inaugurated President of the United States. He was now a man unhampered, except by the platform of the Convention, and that was broad enough to carry out all the reforms in which he felt an interest. No purpose of running for another term trammeled him. He had cut the bridges in that direction behind him by announcing positively that he had no such intention.

There were some not ready to believe him, even when in December, 1907, he reiterated his determination not to run for a third term. It was not until 1908, when he absolutely refused a nomination, that all the people felt that he meant just what he said.

He might justly for other reasons have declined a re-election, for the Presidency for him had been no bed of roses. He had worked to win his aims with all the strength of his strong character and was justified in looking forward for a period of reprieve—not exactly of rest, but of occupation not quite so nerve-straining.

During this term of office the President worked strenuously for the reform legislation he had at heart. That he got all he wanted cannot be said, for Congress was hard to handle, but he gained enough to make the path easier for later reformers. Chief among his victories over intrenched privilege was that of the Anti-Rebate Law, which forced the railroads to come out into the open and to desist from the unfair practices which they had so long maintained. Another was the pure food law, to save the people from being poisoned by villainous purveyors, and the law against the sale of unclean meats. Other acts sustained by him were those to protect the forest reserves and national parks, to enlarge the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to prevent corporations from making contributions to election expenses.

The old soldiers, especially the veterans of the Civil War, for whom he had a warm place in his heart, felt the benefit of his sympathy in the General Service Pension Act, which gave to each of them, whether injured or not, a liberal pension after he had reached his sixty-second year. In 1906 he made a speech advocating an inheritance tax, a measure of which his successor, President Taft, is strongly in favor.

All this was matter which brought him under the limelight of the people of his country. In 1905 he brought himself under the limelight of the world, when he appealed to Japan and Russia to bring to an end their desolating war by negotiating a treaty of peace. The offer took hold. Both parties to the conflict were glad enough to see this hand stretched out to them across the two great oceans, bearing the olive branch of peace. While Europe dallied and delayed, America

had acted, and Roosevelt's suggestion bore its legitimate fruit in the Portsmouth Peace Treaty of September 5, 1905.

In 1904 President Roosevelt had taken steps to have a second Peace Conference held at the Hague. His merits as a peacemaker were now sounded from end to end of the earth, and his success was fully recognized in 1906, when there was awarded to him the Nobel Peace Prize, annually given to the one who had done the most in bringing about peaceful relations among the nations of the earth.

We are not attempting here more than a passing glance at President Roosevelt's activities during his term of office. There is one more of them of which we must speak. In May, 1908, there was held in the White House, at his suggestion, a conference of the governors of all the states and territories to consider the highly important subject of how best to conserve the natural resources of this country.

These were disappearing at an alarming rate. The forests were being destroyed by wasteful methods of lumbering and by devastating fires. The coal supply was being wastefully handled. Ignorance and greed were exhausting the fisheries. The soil was being washed away through the removal of its natural covering and the beds of streams were being filled up with it. This and other things needed wise and honest treatment and the conference led to the formation of a National Conservation Commission to take these matters in hand.

Such were some of President Roosevelt's multitudinous activities and their results. Now let us say something of the man himself. If we come to investigate the manner of his life we can but say that there was never a more thorough democrat. The bane of aristocratic pride had never infected his blood. All men, whatever their station, were alike to him. He had but one criterion of respect. Is the man honest; is he taking his due part in the work of life? He would grasp the grimy hand of the railroad engineer with much more comradeship than that of the pampered scion of wealth. In traveling he preferred the cowcatcher of the locomotive, with its sweeping outlook, to the most comfortable palace car seat. The word strenuous, of which he made so much use and which so aptly fitted him, was first made his slogan in his speech at the Hamilton Club of Chicago in 1899. Here is the sentence which contained his dogma of the "strenuous life":

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

Two characteristic attitudes.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

AT HIS MOTHER'S HOME, BULLOCH HALL, GEORGIA.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt are seen in a group of relatives and friends, among them being Mammy Grace, the old negro nurse of the President's mother.

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

It was the kind of life that Roosevelt loved. He was strenuous in everything, in his executive acts, his legislative demands, his exercises and pleasures, his walks and rides. An amusing example of his strenuosity in this direction is that long walk in which he led a party of army officers through a broken country, wading streams, climbing and descending hills, facing all sorts of difficulties, until they were utterly worn out, while their leader showed no trace of weariness.

Roosevelt, in addition to his Presidential term, had another life, that home life which all of us possess in some measure and which he thoroughly enjoyed. The society of his wife and children was more to him than all the stately show and empty adulation of his official position. His home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, is a place of great attraction and one which any man might well enjoy. Standing on the crest of a little hill and approached by a steep and winding roadway, part of which runs through a thick wood, it presents a picturesque aspect when first seen. From it appears a beautiful view in every direction, and especially that over the waters of the Sound. Shade trees of many kinds stud the lawn and a broad porch runs around three sides of the house, shaded in front by a luxuriant Virginia creeper. Within, the house is beautifully furnished, and in nearly every room are trophies of the hunter's life on the Western plains or mementos of the soldier's life on Cuban soil. President, or Governor, or Colonel, or Commissioner Roosevelt, or whatever we may call him, is never so happy as when sitting quietly at home with his wife and children. Home is to him the dearest place on earth, and he never suffers the cares that fall upon him thickly without to invade its hallowed precincts. Here he finds his one place of rest, of that relaxation of which he permits himself so little. With his wife—a woman of beauty and charm, one able to keep pace with him in his outdoor walks—his daughter Alice, the child of his first wife, and his five other children,

Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald and Quentin, with all of whom he has held years of companionship, his home life is a delightful one.

Here are an abundance of the books that he loves and to which he has found time to add a goodly number of his own writing, descriptions of outdoor and hunting life, biographies and histories, especially his "Winning the West," his most ambitious work, devoted to the history of that great section of our land.

Such is the home and home life of that great-souled, clean-lived, impulsive, energetic, enthusiastic lover of his kind—the honest and straightforward kind—the man who for years has battled fraud and corruption, with none of their mire clinging to him, the man of such broad aspirations and success-compelling genius that he has won the admiration, not only of his country, but of the world.

We have already stated how, at the end of his first term of elective Presidency, he refused a renomination, not for rest, for the chief object he then had in view was to seek the wilds of Africa, and take his part in the hunting of big game such as America has none to match.

BOOK TWO

THE ROOSEVELT POLICIES

What Theodore Roosevelt Has Done and Stands For

CHAPTER X.

Good Citizenship and a Square Deal for All Men

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a man of many policies, yet which really form one policy: many when we consider the great variety of interests to which he has devoted himself; one when we consider the principle that underlies them all, that of a square deal for all men, rich and poor alike, of good citizenship and good conduct; with stringent control of all who are seeking their personal gain at the expense of the public good.

There are policies and policies; policies tending toward evil, policies devoted to good; the policy of the brigand, whether in defiance of or under cover of the law; the policy of the honest and progressive citizen and statesman, who has in mind the best good of his fellows, of his country, of the world. Are there any who doubt that the latter is the policy of Theodore Roosevelt? He certainly has given abundant evidence throughout his whole career of integrity and good intent. That impulse has led him into errors must be granted. He is a strenuous, imperative, warm-blooded, hard-hitting warrior; one who wants to redeem the world and to do so off hand; who is impatient of delay and chafes against opposition; but who has won the love of his countrymen and the admiration of the world by his unyielding integrity and ceaseless insistence in the fight against wrong-doing, and to-day stands in the enviable position of the most admired and respected citizen of the world. A democrat in grain, a hater of fraud on principle, a stout-hearted and strong-handed battler for the right, it is not surprising that his fame has spread from his country over the earth and that the nations have hailed him as a new evangel in the realm of good government and uplifting reform.

"The place he holds in the minds of the people is so phenomenal that we are apt to attribute it to mysterious causes. Upon the surface, it seems a phase of hero worship so unusual and exaggerated as

to appear a craze, a hysteria unworthy of a thoughtful people. And so, many marvel and see something almost supernatural about it and are unable to offer any explanation, except that Roosevelt lives and moves under a lucky star. But the real explanation is simple. The trusting affection which the people have for Theodore Roosevelt is the inevitable consequence of his efficient and courageous fight for public morality, commercial probity, equal opportunity and conservation both of human rights and the public domain.

"Roosevelt is not a superman. He has unnecessarily made enemies. His honest errors would have doomed the career of any other living public man. But the people have seemed to love him better for the mistakes and the enemies he has made. He has taught the American people as no other man could teach them, the lesson of the hour.

"That lesson is, that this young nation is just entering upon the third and most critical period of its material progress.

"The era of exploration and discovery was followed by one of development and expansion, during which our growth placed us among the foremost world powers. But that growth was attained in spite of prodigal expenditure of natural resources, now dangerously nearing depletion, and careless toleration of civic, economic and social wrongs that represent, at best, the wicked folly of the spendthrift, and at worst, the crime of the brigand or the murderer.

"The broadening consciousness of these truths marks the opening of the new epoch, the start of the war against waste, the opening of the battle to conserve and replenish our intrinsic wealth, inanimate and human. And it is because Roosevelt has been the preacher of that crusade, the creed of which is not the possession of any party, any more than patriotism or morality, that the American people call him the foremost American."*

As above stated, the Roosevelt policy is a multiplicity of policies, which can only be properly dealt with by dividing the most important of them into a series of chapters and treating them separately. But underlying them all, the foundation upon which the whole edifice is

* *The North American*, Philadelphia, April 20, 1910.

built, has been his strenuous advocacy of good citizenship and a square deal for all men and it is this basic principle of true statesmanship which logically comes first in our inquiry.

There are two ways of dealing with this subject. One is that of speaking for Mr. Roosevelt. The other is that of letting him speak for himself. The latter would not be the best in many cases, for there are many men who are excellent phrase makers; who can express the most admirable thoughts in the choicest words; but whose conduct is far from fitting with their words. It is the best in Roosevelt's case. Ready orator as he is, he has the reputation of saying just what he means and of living squarely up to his utterances. And he has the faculty of expressing himself so neatly and fittingly that it would not be easy to better his words. We therefore propose to put him on record and in these chapters to let him for the most part speak for himself, being assured that when he speaks his words will represent truly what he thinks.

What is a good citizen as he views him. Here is his answer, as given in an address delivered at Syracuse, N. Y., September 7, 1903:

"The good citizen is the man who, whatever his wealth or his poverty, strives manfully to do his duty to himself, to his family, to his neighbor, to the State; who is incapable of the baseness which manifests itself either in arrogance or in envy, but who, while demanding justice for himself, is no less scrupulous to do justice to others. It is because the average American citizen, rich or poor, is of just this type that we have cause for our profound faith in the future of the Republic.

"The line of cleavage between good and bad citizenship lies, not between the man of wealth who acts squarely by his fellows and the man who seeks each day's wage by that day's work, wronging no one and doing his duty by his neighbor; nor yet does this line of cleavage divide the unscrupulous wealthy man who exploits others in his own interest, from the demagogue, or from the sullen and envious being who wishes to attack all men of property, whether they do well or ill. On the contrary, the line of cleavage between good citizenship and bad citizenship separates the rich man who does well from the rich man who does ill, the poor man of good conduct from the poor man

of bad conduct. This line of cleavage lies at right angles to any such arbitrary line of division as that separating one class from another, one locality from another, or men with a certain degree of property from those of a less degree of property."

This is a clear and definite expression of his views on the subject, one which he has frequently reiterated, in varied language, but always to the same effect, hammering the idea into the public mind until the nail has sunk to the very head. Here is a further aspect of the case, from a Fourth of July address in 1906 at his home at Oyster Bay, N. Y.:

"We citizens of these peaceful days need first and foremost the moral quality; and next, back of that moral quality, the courage, moral and physical as well, that makes the moral quality count. Yet these qualities by themselves are not enough. The greatest patriotism and the greatest courage can be hopelessly marred by folly. None of you are worth anything as citizens, none of you can be worth anything as citizens, if you have not the fund of moral qualities which find expression in love of country, love of neighbors, love of home, which make you honest, decent, clean-living, right thinking. And back of them and in addition to them we must have the sanity, the common sense, the just judgment, which neither hysterically emphasizes nor blindly refuses to acknowledge the wrongs that exist and the ways in which those wrongs must be cured."

He returns to this subject from a different point of view, in his message to Congress on December 3, 1906. Mischief makers are his detestation and he scores them deeply:

"In dealing with both labor and capital and the questions affecting both corporations and trade unions, there is one matter more important to remember than aught else, and that is the infinite harm done by preachers of mere discontent. These are the men who seek to excite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. They seek to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind. . . . . .

"The plain people who think—the mechanics, farmers, merchants, workers with head or hand, the men to whom American traditions are dear, who love their country and try to act decently by their neighbors—owe it to themselves to remember that the most damaging blow that can be given popular government is to elect an unworthy and sinister agitator on a platform of violence and hypocrisy. Whenever such an issue is raised in this country, nothing can be gained by flinching from it, for in such case democracy itself is on trial, popular self-government under republican forms is on trial."

Such are some aspects of the problem of good citizenship, as so frequently insisted on by Mr. Roosevelt, it being a subject to which he returns again and again. And justly so, since it underlies all for which he stands and for which he strives. The foundation must be sound if the house is to stand firm. And closely related to it is his frequently repeated demand for a square deal for all, rich and poor alike. Here are his words on the subject, spoken at a banquet at Dallas, Texas, April 5, 1905:

"When I say I believe in a square deal I do not mean, and nobody that speaks the truth can mean, that he believes it possible to give every man the best hand. If the cards do not come to any man, or if they do come, and he has not got the power to play them, that is his affair. All I mean is that there shall be no crookedness in the dealing. In other words, it is not in the power of any human being to devise legislation or administration by which each man shall achieve success and have happiness; it not only is not in the power of any man to do that, but if any man says that he can do it, distrust him as a quack. . . . All any of us can pretend to do is to come as near as our imperfect abilities will allow to securing through governmental agencies an equal opportunity for each man to show the stuff that is in him; and that must be done with no more intention of discrimination against the rich man than the poor man, or against the poor man than the rich man; with the intention of safeguarding every man, rich or poor, poor or rich, in his rights, and giving him as nearly as may be a fair chance to do what his powers permit him to do; always provided he does not wrong his neighbor."

This view he reiterates in other addresses:

"When I say a square deal I mean a square deal; exactly as much a square deal for the rich man as for the poor man; but no more. Let each stand on his merits, receive what is due him, and be judged according to his deserts. To more he is not entitled, and less he shall not have."

"This Government was formed with, as its basic idea, the principle of treating each man on his worth as a man, of paying no heed to whether he was rich or poor, no heed to his creed or social standing, but only to the way in which he performed his duty to himself, to his neighbor, to the State. From this principle we cannot afford to vary by so much as a hand's breadth."

In these views he did not suffer himself to distinguish between black and white, any more than between rich and poor. He fully recognized the rights of the black to a square deal in the land of which he had been made a citizen and did not hesitate to honor worth in the one race as fully as in the other. He invited Booker Washington to dine with him as freely as he would have invited a white man of equal standing in citizenship, and appointed blacks of suitable ability to office and kept them there despite reprobation or threats. In this he was living up to his own theory. We may quote from his address before the Republican Club of New York, February 13, 1905:

"The only safe principle upon which Americans can act is that of 'all men up,' not that of 'some men down.' If in any community the level of intelligence, morality and thrift among the colored men can be raised, it is, humanly speaking, sure that the same level among the whites will be raised to an even higher degree; and it is no less sure that the debasement of the blacks will in the end carry with it an attendant debasement of the whites. . . .

"The ideal of elemental justice meted out to every man is the ideal we should keep ever before us. . . . In the first place, it is true of the colored man, as it is true of the white man, that in the long run his fate must depend much more upon his own efforts than upon the efforts of any outside friend. Every vicious, venal or ignorant colored man is an even greater foe to his own race than to the

community as a whole. The colored man's self-respect entitles him to do that share in the political work of the country which is warranted by his individual ability and integrity and the position he has won for himself. But the prime requisite of the race is moral and industrial uplifting."

CHAPTER XI.

Controlling the Corporations and Advancing the Reign of Law Over That of Force and Fraud

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt came into office as President of the United States the time had arrived for a man exceptionally strong, earnest and energetic in character to be placed at the head of affairs. Changes had taken place with extraordinary rapidity in business methods, great and unscrupulous corporations had risen and spread until their proportions were enormous while their probity in many cases was highly questionable; the steam motor of business, instead of climbing slowly up the hill of legitimate development, was plunging headlong down a slope of fraud and double-dealing, at the bottom of which lay public ruin and national disgrace. A man was wanting capable of putting on the brakes and checking this mad descent, and Theodore Roosevelt was the man. As the young Napoleon put an end to anarchy in France by training shotted guns on the mob marching on the National Convention, so Roosevelt trained shotted guns on the marching hordes of the corporations to bring them similarly under the control of law and justice.

When our National Constitution was adopted, at the close of the eighteenth century, no human wisdom could have foreseen the stupendous changes that would take place in business methods and in capitalistic enterprise by the opening of the twentieth century. In consequence, no provision for such changes could be made in the organic law of the nation. It was then taken for granted that the States could easily control corporate business and that this lay outside the function of the national government. But business of this kind has long since spread beyond State borders and become national in scope and has adopted methods of operation that render it urgently necessary to bring it under national control. Small business concerns have been crowded out of existence by the greed of their huge

competitors and honest competition seems coming to an end. The railroads, which in turn have become great corporations, have fostered other corporations by the aid of unfair discrimination in rates and the giving of secret and fraudulent rebates. Unjust and oppressive methods have been adopted to stifle small business concerns. Rank fraud has bristled almost unopposed. A St. George was needed to strike down the dragon of brigandism in business and the twentieth century had just dawned when the time and the man came.

The assassination of President McKinley brought Vice-President Roosevelt to the head of affairs in September, 1901, and the first lance against the dragon was flung in his message to Congress in the following December. He spoke then with statesmanlike mildness, but he evidently meant business. These were his words:

"There is a widespread conviction in the minds of the American people that the great corporations known as trusts are in certain of their features and tendencies hurtful to the general welfare. This springs from no spirit of envy or uncharitableness, nor lack of pride in the great industrial achievements that have placed this country at the head of the nations struggling for commercial supremacy. It does not rest upon a lack of intelligent appreciation of the necessity of meeting changing and changed conditions of trade with new methods, nor upon ignorance of the fact that combination of capital in the effort to accomplish great things is necessary when the world's progress demands that great things be done. It is based upon sincere conviction that combination and concentration should be, not prohibited, but supervised and within reasonable limits controlled; and in my judgment this conviction is right.

"It is no limitation upon property rights or freedom of contract to require that when men receive from Government the privilege of doing business under corporate form, which frees them from individual responsibility, and enables them to call into their enterprises the capital of the public, they shall do so upon absolutely truthful representations as to the value of the property in which the capital is to be invested. Corporations engaged in interstate commerce should be regulated if they are found to exercise a license working

to the public injury. It should be as much the aim of those who seek for social betterment to rid the business world of crimes of cunning as to rid the entire body politic of crimes of violence. Great corporations exist only because they are created and safe-guarded by our institutions; and it is therefore our right and our duty to see that they work in harmony with these institutions."

The warfare against the oppressive methods of the trusts thus inaugurated was continued throughout Roosevelt's administration. Every annual message alluded to it, with growing strength of appeal. It became a leading feature of the Roosevelt policy. Measures for the regulation and control of the trusts were prepared in the Executive mansion and pressed upon Congress with the Rooseveltian strenuosity. Some were slaughtered; some were passed. Steps of importance were taken, progress was made, and the hand of the government was laid stringently upon the offending and defiant corporations.

A railway rate bill was passed, forbidding under severe penalties the fraud of rebates. The beef-packing industry, which was charged with poisoning the people with food unfit for use, was called to a sharp account. A general pure-food law was passed, penalizing the act of adulteration and requiring that every article of medicine or food should be labeled and sold for just what it was. These and other enactments were in the right line. The rein was being slowly drawn and corporate fraud being gradually brought to a halt.

But much remained to be done. The President's urgency was constantly checked by the sluggishness of Congress. Hostility ripened in the Congressional halls. It was far easier to frame laws than to get them passed. In his message to Congress of December, 1906, President Roosevelt, after referring to the above mentioned acts of Congress, said:

"It must not be supposed, however, that with the passage of these laws it will be possible to stop progress along the line of increasing the power of the National Government over the use of capital in interstate commerce. It can not too often be repeated that experience has conclusively shown the impossibility of securing by the actions of nearly half a hundred different State legislatures anything

but ineffective chaos in the way of dealing with the great corporations which do not operate exclusively within the limits of any one State. In some method, whether by a national license law or in other fashion, we must exercise, and that at an early date, a far more complete control than at present over these great corporations—a control that will among other things prevent the evils of excessive overcapitalization, and that will compel the disclosure by each big corporation of its stockholders and of its properties and business, whether owned directly or through subsidiary or affiliated corporations. This will tend to put a stop to the securing of inordinate profits by favored individuals at the expense whether of the general public, the stockholders, or the wageworkers. Our effort should be not so much to prevent consolidation as such, but so to supervise and control it as to see that it results in no harm to the people."

President Roosevelt continued to hammer away upon this subject until the end of his executive career. In his messages to Congress and in addresses to the people he constantly recurred to it. It had got upon his nerves. The necessity of a new deal in the business methods of the nation was obvious and he made himself the apostle of the new mission. Not that the subject obtained complete control of his thought. His mind was too expansive for that. There were dozens of questions to deal with, of evils to be corrected. His quiver of arrows was full and he shot them in all directions. But he saw all around him interests grown too large to be kept within state boundaries, many of them national in scope, and he felt strongly that these had got far beyond State control and needed national supervision. Here are some extracts from a speech made by him in St. Louis, October 2, 1907:

"A hundred years ago there was, except the commerce which crawled along our seacoast and up and down our interior waterways, practically no interstate commerce. Now, by the railroad, the mails, the telegraph, and the telephone, an immense part of our commerce is interstate. By the transformation it has escaped from the power of the State and come under the power of the Nation. Therefore there has been a great practical change in the exercise of the national power, under the acts of Congress, over interstate commerce. . . I

believe that the Nation has the whole governmental control over interstate commerce and the widest discretion in dealing with that subject. . . . . .

"The chief economic question of the day in this country is to provide a sovereign for the great corporations engaged in interstate business; that is, for the railroads and the interstate industrial corporations. At this moment our prime concern is with the railroads. When railroads were first built they were purely local in character. Their boundaries were not coextensive even with the boundaries of one State. They usually covered but two or three counties. All this is now changed. At present five great systems embody nearly four-fifths of the total mileage of the country. All the most important railroads are no longer State roads, but instruments of interstate commerce. It is the Nation alone which can with wisdom, justice and effectiveness exercise over these interstate railroads the thorough and complete supervision which should be exercised. . . . .

"The railroads themselves have been exceedingly short-sighted in the rancorous bitterness which they have shown against the assumption by the Nation of this long-neglected power. Great capitalists who pride themselves upon their extreme conservatism often believe they are acting in the interests of property when following a course so short-sighted as to be really an assault upon property. They have shown extreme unwisdom in their violent opposition to the assumption of complete control over the railroads by the Federal Government. The American people will not tolerate the happy-go-lucky system of no control over the great interstate railroads, with the insolvent and manifold abuses which have so generally accompanied it. The control must exist somewhere; and unless it be by thorough-going and radical law placed upon the statute books of the Nation, it will be exercised in ever-increasing measure by the several States."

Roosevelt's policy of "curbing the corporations" brought fruit in various ways; one being in the passage of controlling and regulating laws; one in bringing into the courts certain corporations charged with persistently defying the laws; one in the arousing of a volcanic opposition to the Administration measures. The President's

Photo by Pictorial News Co.

OFF TO CHOP WOOD AT OYSTER BAY

Mr. Roosevelt's home is at Oyster Bay, Long Island, not far from New York, where he lives the simple life of a country gentleman.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ENGINEER

Mr. Roosevelt's democratic spirit was demonstrated during his Presidency by greeting the driver of his train after each safe arrival.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

IN A GIANT DREDGE AT PANAMA

When making his thorough inspection of the great Panama Canal work, President Roosevelt lost no detail of the stupendous undertaking.

reply to these opponents and assailants was given in similarly volcanic terms in a 1908 message to Congress. Some of his opponents had gone so far as to hint that he was insane, his mind obsessed by a delusion "that those who disagreed with and opposed him were criminals banded together in a conspiracy." Judge Gaynor of Brooklyn (now Mayor of New York) replied, "Theodore Roosevelt is safe and sane enough for the most of us." Here is Roosevelt's personal response to the assault upon his sanity:

"The attacks by these great corporations on the Administration's actions have been given a wide circulation throughout the country by those writers and speakers who, consciously or unconsciously, act as the representatives of predatory wealth, of the wealth accumulated upon a grand scale by all forms of iniquity, ranging from the oppression of wage-workers to unfair and unwholesome methods of crushing out competition and to defrauding the public by stock-jobbing and the manipulation of securities. . . . .

"The apologists of successful dishonesty always declaim against any effort to punish or prevent it, on the ground that any such effort will 'unsettle business.' It is they who by their acts have unsettled business. . . . . The keynote of all these attacks upon the effort to secure honesty in business and in politics is well expressed in brazen protests against any effort for the moral regeneration of the business world, on the ground that it is unnatural, unwarranted and injurious, and that business panic is the necessary penalty for such effort to secure business honesty. The morality of such a plea is precisely as great as if made on behalf of the men caught in a gambling establishment when that gambling establishment is raided by the police. . . . . .

"The methods by which the Standard Oil people and those engaged in the other combinations of which I have spoken have achieved great fortunes, can only be justified by the advocacy of a system of morality which would also justify every form of criminality on the part of a labor union, and every form of violence, corruption, and fraud, from murder to bribery and ballot-box stuffing in politics."

Here is a different tone from that with which President Roosevelt opened the campaign in 1901. Evidently he had become "mad

through and through." He refers to the hard fighters of the Civil War and says: "Their spirit should be our spirit, as we strive to bring nearer the day when greed and trickery and cunning shall be trampled under foot by those who fight for the righteousness that exalteth a nation." And he expresses his final opinion in the finely optimistic words: "There is no nation so absolutely sure of ultimate success as ours."

There is warrant for this optimism. On all sides the birds of prey are flying to cover. This phase of the Roosevelt policy has had its results in purifying the air of the business world and in aiding the moral uplift of the nation, and President Taft is still fighting on the same lines, with different weapons, but with hopeful indications of further success.

CHAPTER XII.

Relations of Capital and Labor and Arbitration of Labor Disputes.

IN that advocacy of a square deal for all men, rich or poor, black or white, which ranks among the most constantly reiterated Roosevelt doctrines, the relations of capital and labor are deeply involved, and the interests of these great concerns of the community find place in every annual message. While combinations of capital are recognized as inevitable, in the development of business conditions, combinations of labor are equally inevitable. The manufacturing association and the labor union face each other like two armies, with weapons in one hand, olive branches in the other, ready to strike or to clasp hands as occasion demands, hostile to every show of injustice yet finding their best interests in amity, and usually ending each outbreak of war with a treaty of peace.

President Roosevelt thus states the Government's attitude towards this subject in his message to Congress of December, 1904:

"The consistent policy of the National Government, so far as it has the power, is to hold in check the unscrupulous man, whether employer or employee; but to refuse to weaken individual initiative or to hamper or cramp the industrial development of the country. We recognize that this is an era of federation and combination, in which great capitalistic corporations and labor unions have become factors of tremendous importance in all industrial centers. Hearty recognition is given the far-reaching, beneficent work which has been accomplished through both corporations and unions, and the line as between different corporations, as between different unions, is drawn as it is between individuals; that is, it is drawn on conduct, the effort being to treat both organized capital and organized labor alike; asking nothing save that the interest of each shall be brought into harmony with the interest of the general public, and that the

conduct of each shall conform to the fundamental rules of obedience to law, of individual freedom, and of justice and fair dealing towards all.

"Whenever either corporation, labor union, or individual disregards the law or acts in a spirit of arbitrary and tyrannous interferences with the rights of others, whether corporations or individuals, then where the Federal Government has jurisdiction it will see to it that misconduct is stopped, paying not the slightest heed to the position or power of the corporation, the union or the individual, but only to one vital fact—that is, the question whether or not the conduct of the individual or aggregate of individuals is in accordance with the law of the land. Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. No man is above the law and no man is below it; nor do we ask any man's permission when we require him to obey it. Obedience to the law is demanded as a right; not asked as a favor. We have cause as a nation to be thankful for the steps that have been so successfully taken to put these principles into effect. The progress has been by evolution, not by revolution. Nothing radical has been done; the action has been both moderate and resolute. Therefore the work will stand."

In President Roosevelt's final message to Congress, that of December, 1908, he returns to this subject and gives his views in regard to the just care of the wage-worker in case he becomes injured or worn out as a result of his labor in any occupation. We quote his views:

"Our present system, or rather no system, works dreadful wrong, and is of benefit to only one class of people—the lawyers. When a workman is injured what he needs is not an expensive and doubtful lawsuit, but the certainty of relief through immediate administrative action. The number of accidents which result in the death or crippling of wage-workers, in the Union at large, is simply appalling; in a very few years it runs up a total far in excess of the aggregate of the dead and wounded in any modern war. No academic theory about 'freedom of contract' or 'constitutional liberty to contract' should be permitted to interfere with this and similar movements.

Progress in civilization has everywhere meant a limitation and regulation of contract.

"Pending a thorough-going investigation and action there is certain legislation which should be enacted at once. The law, passed at the last session of the Congress, granting compensation to certain classes of employees of the Government, should be extended to include all employees of the Government and should be made more liberal in its terms. There is no good ground for the distinction made in the law between those engaged in hazardous occupations and those not so engaged. If a man is injured or killed in any line of work, it was hazardous in his case. Whether 1 per cent. or 10 per cent. of those following a given occupation actually suffer injury or death ought not to have any bearing on the question of their receiving compensation. It is a grim logic which says to an injured employee or to the dependents of one killed that he or they are entitled to no compensation because very few people other than he have been injured or killed in that occupation. Perhaps one of the most striking omissions in the law is that it does not embrace peace officers and others whose lives may be sacrificed in enforcing the laws of the United States. The terms of the act providing compensation should be made more liberal than in the present act. A year's compensation is not adequate for a wage-earner's family in the event of his death by accident in the course of his employment. And in the event of death occurring, say, ten or eleven months after the accident, the family would only receive as compensation the equivalent of one or two months' earnings. In this respect the generosity of the United States towards its employees compares most unfavorably with that of every country in Europe—even the poorest."

"There is also, I think, ground for the belief that substantial injustice is often suffered by employees in consequence of the custom of courts issuing temporary injunctions without notice to them, and punishing them for contempt of court in instances where, as a matter of fact, they have no knowledge of any proceedings. Outside of organized labor there is a widespread feeling that this system often works great injustice to wage-workers when their efforts to better their working condition result in industrial disputes. A temporary injunc-

tion procured ex parte may as a matter of fact have all the effect of a permanent injunction in causing disaster to the wage-workers' side in such a dispute. Organized labor is chafing under the unjust restraint which comes from repeated resort to this plan of procedure. Its discontent has been unwisely expressed, and often improperly expressed, but there is a sound basis for it, and the orderly and law-abiding people of a community would be in a far stronger position for upholding the courts if the undoubtedly existing abuses could be provided against."

Yet while deprecating any unfair use of the weapon of injunction, he supports the injunction as a principle, saying in relation to it, in his message of December, 1905:

"There has been demand for depriving courts of the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes. Such special limitation of the equity power of our courts would be most unwise. It is true that some judges have misused this power; but this does not justify a denial of the power any more than an improper exercise of the power to call a strike by a labor leader would justify the denial of the right to strike. The remedy is to regulate the procedure by requiring the judge to give due notice to the adverse parties before granting the writ."

Elsewhere he puts himself on record in regard to labor unions: "I believe emphatically in organized labor. I believe in organizations of wage-workers. Organization is one of the laws of our social and economic development at this time. But I feel that we must always keep before our minds the fact that there is nothing sacred in the name itself. To call an organization an organization does not make it a good one. The worth of an organization depends upon its being handled with the courage, the skill, the wisdom, the spirit of fair dealing as between man and man, and with wise self-restraint."

We can most fitly illustrate Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards the relations of labor and capital by stating his course in the case of the celebrated anthracite coal-miners' strike of 1902, one which affected the well-being of the people at large more than any other strike in the history of the country.

The incidents of this strike will be remembered by all users of

anthracite coal. Breaking out in the spring of 1902, it dragged on until the fall, with apparent hopelessness of settlement. The winter was at hand with its threat of biting and freezing chill. The stock of mined coal was growing perilously low. Its price rose from six to twelve and more dollars a ton and complete exhaustion by the time winter set in was justly feared. Intense suffering to great numbers of people was highly probable, but union and the operators continued obstinate, arbitration was contemned, conciliation seemed hopeless, and little or no consideration was given to the appeals of the coal-using community.

The situation grew daily more serious. Something must be done, everybody said; but what could be done and who could do it? At this critical juncture President Roosevelt stepped into breach. He had no precedent to follow, but he was a man who made, not one who followed, precedents. From the West, where they burn soft coal, came counsel to let things alone. From the East came piteous appeals for instant and drastic action. Yet such action, in what many held to be a non-Presidential capacity, threatened serious political consequences. He considered the case fully, then set his face in his own grim manner and said:

"Yes, I will do it. I suppose that ends me; but it is right, and I will do it."

It was a strenuous fight he had before him, to bring together two bitterly hostile antagonists and force them to acknowledge that the people had rights as well as they. And at this time he was suffering from an accident in which his coach had been broken down, the driver killed and his leg seriously injured.

But he had given his word and went into the fight, appointed a strike commission with Judge Gray, of Delaware, at its head and used all his powers and persuasions to bring the coal barons and the labor leaders to terms. He won. The strike was adjusted in some way or other—and the men went to work. But it took a hard pull. To the Governor of Massachusetts, who sent him "the thanks of every man, woman and child in the country," he wrote:

"Yes, we have put it through. But, heavens and earth! it has been a struggle."

The London *Times*, looking upon the matter as a new expansion of the field of government, said: "In the most quiet and unobtrusive manner President Roosevelt has done a very big thing, and an entirely new thing."

Did his interference affect President Roosevelt's political standing, as had been feared? Yes; but fortunately the effect was entirely favorable. It made him far more friends than foes, and doubtless it had a large share in adding to the rain of ballots which fell in his favor in the election of 1904.

There were those who said that President Roosevelt had surrendered the country to the overweening claims of organized labor; yet a few months later, when striking miners in Arizona were using methods of violence against the property of the operators, he took the opposite course and sent troops in all haste to the protection of the threatened property.

Here is an illustrative anecdote told by Jacob Riis, in his "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen." It shows the man in action. Roosevelt was then Police Commissioner in New York, the labor men had trouble with the police over their strikes; he saw that a misunderstanding existed and invited the labor leaders to talk the matter over with him.

"The strike leaders thought they had to do with an ambitious politician and they tried bluster. They would do so and so unless the police were compliant; and they watched to get him placed. They had not long to wait. Roosevelt called a halt, short and sharp.

" 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we want to understand one another. That was my object in coming here. Remember, please, that he who counsels violence does the cause of labor the poorest service. Also, he loses his case. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now, gentlemen!'

"There was a moment's amazed surprise and then the hall rang with their cheers. They had him placed then, for they knew a man when they saw him. And he,—he went home proud and happy, for his trust in his fellow man was justified."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Larger Good as Contrasted With the Demands of Expediency

THE rule of expediency, the falling into line behind some passing demand, that does not seem for the best good of the people, has never been Theodore Roosevelt's way. However strenuously it might be urged, whatever marshalling of battalions lay behind it, he as strenuously held his own. "The larger good" has been one of his maxims. He has cared not a whit to win a record for consistency. What he may have done yesterday never controls him when the question arises as to what is the best thing to do to-day.

In his campaign for the governorship of New York he pledged himself to rule by the Ten Commandments, and it has always been his aim to do the thing that is right, rather than the thing that is expedient. There are those whose eyes are fixed upon the ground and who see only the passing steps. There are those who take a long look ahead, and see only the goal. Theodore Roosevelt is one of the latter. And always in his goal "the larger good" looms up.

But he knows man and his limitations. One man cannot always sway a multitude. If we cannot get what we want, the next best thing is to get the most we can attain and by the most available means, so that they be honest means. This is a phase of the Roosevelt policy.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," he says, "but always remember your limitations. Strive upward, but realize that your feet must touch the ground. In our Government you can work successfully only in conjunction with your fellows."

Let us quote some words of his from an address delivered in Wheeling, W. Va., September 6, 1903. They bear upon this question.

"I think we must set before ourselves the desire not to accept less than the possible, and at the same time not to bring ourselves to a complete standstill by attempting the impossible. It is a good deal as it is in taking care through the engineers of the lower Mississippi River. No one can dam the Mississippi. If the nation started to dam it, the nation would waste its time. It would not hurt the Mississippi, but it would not only throw away its own means, but would incidentally damage the population along the banks. You can't dam the current. You can build levees to keep the current within bounds and to shape its direction. I think that is exactly what we can do in connection with these great corporations known as trusts. You can not put a stop to or reverse the industrial tendencies of the age, but you can control and regulate them and see that they do no harm.

"A flood comes down the Mississippi—you cannot stop it. If you tried to build a dam across it, it would not hurt the flood and it would not benefit you. You can guide it between levees so as to prevent its doing injury and so as to insure its doing good. Another thing; you don't build those levees in a day or in a month. A man who told you that he had a patent device by which in sixty days he would solve the question of the floods along the lower Mississippi would not be a wise man; but he would be a perfect miracle of wisdom compared to the man who tells you that by any one patent remedy he can bring the millennium in our industrial and social affairs."

Here is his rule—to work for what he can get, with the understanding that what he seeks is at least a step in advance. But he tells us that we must set to work in a manner as far removed as possible from hysteria, in a spirit of sober determination not to submit to wrong and not to wrong others. It is not wise to make promises that will stir up the enthusiastic, but which no man can keep. Measure your end by your means,—with the proviso that your end be in the right direction. We climb mountains, not by leaps, but step by step.

Here is what he has to say, and wisely so, about class distinctions. It probably would not stand muster across the waters, but it is first-

class Americanism and true modernism and Rooseveltism. It is from an address made in Syracuse, N. Y., in September, 1903.

"We can keep our government on a sane and healthy basis and keep our social system what it should be, only on condition of judging each man, not as a member of a class, but on his worth as a man. It is an infamous thing in our American life, and fundamentally treacherous to our institutions, to apply to any man any test save that of his personal worth, or to draw between two sets of men any distinction save the distinction of conduct, the distinction that marks off those who do well and wisely from those who do ill or foolishly. There are good citizens and bad citizens in every class as in every locality, and the attitude of decent people towards great public and social questions should be determined, not by the accidental question of employment or locality, but by those deep-set principles which represent the innermost souls of men. A healthy republican government must rest upon individuals, not upon classes or sections. As soon as it becomes government by a class or by a section it departs from the old American ideal."

We may quote another saying of his in this direction, one of which no thinking man can question the wisdom and justice:

"No man is happy if he does not work. Of all miserable creatures the idler, in whatever rank of society, is in the long run the most miserable. If a man does not work, if he has not in him not merely the capacity for work but the desire for work, then nothing can be done with him. He is out of place in our community. We have in our scheme of government no room for the man who does not wish to pay his way through life by what he does for himself and for the community. If he has leisure which makes it unnecessary for him to devote his time to earning his daily bread, then all the more he is bound to work just as hard in some way that will make the community the better off for his existence. If he fails in that, he fails to justify his existence. Work, the capacity for work, is absolutely necessary; and no man's life is full, no man can be said to live in the true sense of the word, if he does not work. This is necessary; and yet it is not enough. If a man is utterly selfish, if utterly disregardful of the rights of others, if he has no ideals, if he works simply for the

sake of ministering to his own base passions, if he works simply to gratify himself, small is his good in the community. I think even then he is probably better off than if he is an idler, but he is of no real use unless together with the quality which enables him to work he has the quality which enables him to love his fellows, to work with them and for them for the common good of all."

In this enters his doctrine of the "strenuous life," first given forth in 1899, in a speech to the Hamilton Club, Chicago. These are the words in which he enunciates it:

"I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

That is Roosevelt himself; the strenuous life is the life he has led. As this chapter contrasts the larger good with the demands of expediency, let us give his views regarding the latter:

"No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency. He is bound to do all the good possible. Yet he must consider the question of expediency, in order that he may do all the good possible, for otherwise he will do none. As soon as a politician gets to the point of thinking that to be practical he has got to be base, he has become a noxious member of the body politic. That species for practicability eats into the moral sense of the people like a cancer, and he who practices it can no more be excused than an editor who debauches public decency in order to sell his paper."

He tells us further that: "Practical politics must not be construed to mean dirty politics. On the contrary, in the long run, the politics of fraud and treachery and foulness are unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicans is the one who is clean and decent and upright. The party man who offers his allegiance to party as an excuse for blindly following his party right or wrong, and who fails to try to make that party in any way better, commits a crime against his country."

Believing firmly in such sentiments, he was a strong advocate of civil service reform, of selecting the man who was to serve the country in any field on the basis of his character and attainments, not on that of his party services. This fitted him well to fill the office of Civil Service Commissioner, and he did splendid work in this position. He cared nothing for a man's politics; he cared much for his fitness for the work to be done. Finding that the idea was entertained that only Republicans had any chance to enter the public service during a Republican administration, he sent for all the representatives of Southern newspapers in Washington and told them flatly that nothing of the kind should exist while he was in office. He found that the South was far from having its share of positions, and said, in his decisive way:

"I assume, on general principles, that most of your educated young men are Democrats; but you may give them my absolute guaranty that they will receive the same consideration in every respect as the young men in other parts of the country, that no one will enquire what their politics are, and that they will be appointed according to their deserts and in the regular order of apportionment. This is an institution not for Republicans, and not for Democrats, but for the whole American people. It belongs to them, and will be administered, as long as I stay here, in their interest without discrimination."

He meant every word of it. Soon bright young Southerners began to swarm to the examinations and it was not long before the South was fairly represented in the government service.

Roosevelt was not the chairman of the Civil Service Commission; but his personality shone through so clearly that men looked on him as *the* Commission. When he went in he found 14,000 government officers under the civil service rules; when he went out he left 40,000 and he received the warm thanks of President Cleveland, into whose term his service had extended.

Another matter which naturally bore upon Roosevelt's mind as President was the question of national finances. As a Republican, he favored a protective tariff, but he was strongly imbued with the idea that those who had accumulated large wealth should be made

specially to aid the government from their superabundance. For this purpose he favored both an income tax and an inheritance tax—the latter in especial, since a Supreme Court decision had put an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of an income tax. In several of his messages he spoke strongly on this subject. In that of December, 1906, he said:

"The National Government has long derived its chief revenue from a tariff on imports and from an internal or excise tax. In addition to these there is every reason why, when next our system of taxation is revised, the National Government should impose a graduated inheritance tax, and, if possible, a graduated income tax. The man of great wealth owes a peculiar obligation to the State, because he derives special advantages from the mere existence of government. Not only should he recognize this obligation in the way he leads his daily life and in the way he earns and spends his money, but it should also be recognized by the way in which he pays for the protection the State gives him. . . . .

"As the law now stands it is undoubtedly difficult to devise a national income tax which shall be constitutional. But whether it is absolutely impossible is another question, and if possible it is most certainly desirable. . . . I feel that in the near future our national legislators should enact a law providing for a graduated inheritance tax by which a steadily increasing rate of duty should be put upon all moneys or other valuables coming by gift, bequest, or devise to any individual or corporation. It may be well to make the tax heavy in proportion as the individual benefited is remote of kin. In any event, in my judgment the pro rata of the tax should increase very heavily with the increase of the amount left to any one individual after a certain point has been reached. It is most desirable to encourage thrift and ambition, and a potent source of thrift and ambition is the desire on the part of the bread-winner to leave his children well off. This object can be attained by making the tax very small on moderate amounts of property left; because the prime object should be to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to this country to perpetuate."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Conservation of Natural Resources and Development of Public Works

DURING the career of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States a host of important subjects pressed themselves upon his attention, chief among them all, so far as regarded internal affairs, being two great principles of progress and reform which were kept constantly before him as aids in the advancement of the American people and the development of American civilization. One of these was a subject which we have already spoken of, the control and regulation of the great financial and business corporations, the prevention of the accumulation of vast fortunes by unfair means and of the strangling of competition and oppression of the army of industry by fraudulent and illegal acts. The other, that which we have next to consider, was the conservation of the natural resources of the United States, the cessation of destructive methods in the handling of the mines and forests, the full utilization of the waterways, the encouragement of agriculture, and the fostering of the interests of our citizens in every direction.

The subject of conservation is one that occupied President Roosevelt's mind throughout his years of service, side by side with that of corporation control. He returned to it in nearly every message, he spoke of it in numerous addresses, pointing out its necessity and its width of application. It was one of the first things to engage his attention when the tragic death of President McKinley raised him to the Presidency. On his first Sunday in Washington as President he held an important interview with Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Newell, the chief of the Reclamation Service, and laid out with them the principles of the Conservation policy, the development of which became one of the leading achievements of his administration.

During his term of office this was ever before his mind and the

subject of forest preservation, development of the waterways, and similar interests grew to be a great governmental issue. As a result of the President's vital interest, that of the States and of the people at large was awakened to this subject, and it was everywhere seen that proper attention to the forests, waterways, mines, fisheries, water-powers, etc., together with the restriction of trusts and regulation of railroad management, were matters of absolute necessity for the future interests of the American people.

In his first message, that of December, 1901, President Roosevelt devotes much space to this subject, telling us that: "The forests are natural reservoirs. By restraining the streams in flood and replenishing them in drought they make possible the use of waters otherwise wasted. They prevent the soil from washing, and so protect the storage reservoirs from filling up with silt. Forest conservation is therefore an essential condition of water conservation."

He goes on to speak of the necessity of building great storage reservoirs to save the flood waters and equalize the flow of streams, and suggests that the National Government should take this work in hand as one not likely to be done properly by individual States. He had in view not only the purpose of keeping the streams navigable, but also that of reclaiming to fertility great stretches of arid land by works of irrigation.

This purpose has since then borne admirable fruit. We are all aware of the splendid work which the Government has done and is doing in the arid West. We know of the millions of acres of former desert which have been in this way reclaimed from sterility and made highly fertile farm lands, the homes of busy populations. We know of other millions of acres yet to be reclaimed as the result of processes in which President Roosevelt was the prime mover.

Connected with the development of this noble system of irrigation are two other subjects to which the President directed his attention, the proper use of the grazing lands of the West and the preservation of the forests. As regards the former, in his message of December, 1907, he alluded to the report of a public lands commission, which said that great areas of public land had fallen illegally into the hands of a few men and that enormous waste was being caused by

unrestricted grazing upon the open range. He recommended legislation in the interests of the actual home-makers and spoke of the methods of the grazers in the following significant words:

"Some such legislation as that proposed is essential in order to preserve the great stretches of public grazing land which are unfit for cultivation under present methods and are valuable only for the forage which they supply. These stretches amount in all to some 300,000,000 acres, and are open to the free grazing of cattle, sheep, horses and goats, without restriction. Such a system, or rather such lack of system, means that the range is not so much used as wasted by abuse. As the West settles the range becomes more and more over-grazed. Much of it can not be used to advantage unless it is fenced, for fencing is the only way by which to keep in check the owners of nomad flocks which roam hither and thither, utterly destroying the pastures and leaving a waste behind so that their presence is incompatible with the presence of home-makers. The existing fences are all illegal. Some of them represent the improper exclusion of actual settlers, actual home-makers, from territory which is usurped by great cattle companies. Some of them represent what is in itself a proper effort to use the range for those upon the land, and to prevent its use by nomadic outsiders. All these fences, those that are hurtful and those that are beneficial, are alike illegal and must come down. But it is an outrage that the law should necessitate such action on the part of the Administration. The unlawful fencing of public lands for private grazing must be stopped, but the necessity which occasioned it must be provided for. The Federal Government should have control of the range, whether by permit or lease, as local necessities may determine."

So much as regarded the grazing lands. His attention was equally directed to the proper management of the forests. He said:

"Optimism is a good characteristic, but if carried to an excess it becomes foolishness. We are prone to speak of the resources of this country as inexhaustible; this is not so. The mineral wealth of the country, the coal, iron, oil, gas, and the like, does not reproduce itself, and therefore is certain to be exhausted ultimately." Wastefulness in dealing with it, he declared, was sure to make trouble for future generations.

This is not the case with the forests, which can be replaced. He says in this respect: "Yet so rapid has been the rate of exhaustion of timber in the United States in the past, and so rapidly is the remainder being exhausted, that the country is unquestionably on the verge of a timber famine, which will be felt in every household in the land. . . . . About twenty per cent of our forested territory is now reserved in National forests, but this does not include the most valuable timber lands. . . . Far more drastic action is needed. Forests can be lumbered so as to give to the public the full use of their mercantile timber without the slightest detriment to the forest, any more than it is a detriment to a farm to furnish a harvest."

In actual practice little thought was given to forest preservation and in many localities the forests were being destroyed at a devastating rate. To put a stop to this wasteful and needless destruction was an important part of President Roosevelt's policy. He spoke appealingly of the necessity of stopping it, and in his message of December, 1908, pointed out at length the frightful damage that had been done in North Carolina by permitting the people to cut off all the timber from the mountains for private use. The big trees, he says, disappeared centuries ago, and to-day the small trees and shrubs are chopped down and rooted out. The soil has been washed away, the mountains are left bare, and in consequence of this reckless destruction, to which the Government has paid no attention, "many formerly rich districts are now sandy wastes, useless for human cultivation and even for pasture." Something similar is to be seen in various other countries, "and it is criminal to permit individuals to purchase a little gain for themselves through the destruction of forests when this destruction is fatal to the well-being of the whole country in the future."

From the forests he turns to the waterways, with similar suggestions as to their improvement, so as to make them not only navigable but navigated. In his last annual message he says:

"Inquiry into the condition of the Mississippi and its principal tributaries reveals very many instances of the utter waste caused by the methods which have hitherto obtained for the so-called 'improvement' of navigation. A striking instance is supplied by

the 'improvement' of the Ohio, which, begun in 1824, was continued under a single plan for half a century. In 1875 a new plan was adopted and followed for a quarter of a century. In 1902 still a different plan was adopted and has since been pursued at a rate which only promises a navigable river in from twenty to one hundred years longer.

"Such shortsighted, vacillating, and futile methods are accompanied by decreasing water-borne commerce and increasing traffic congestion on land, by increasing floods, and by the waste of public money. The remedy lies in abandoning the methods which have so signally failed and adopting new ones in keeping with the needs and demands of our people.

"Until the work of river improvement is undertaken in a modern way it can not have results that will meet the needs of this modern nation. These needs should be met without further dilly-dallying or delay. The plan which promises the best and quickest results is that of a permanent commission authorized to coordinate the work of all the Government departments relating to waterways and to frame and supervise the execution of a comprehensive plan. . . . The time for playing with our waterways is past. The country demands results."

To show the importance of developing and utilizing the streams of the Mississippi Valley in particular, he has given us, in a speech at Memphis, October 4, 1907, the following word picture of that great region and the reasons why it should be given every commercial advantage:

"In wealth of natural resources no kingdom of Europe can compare with the Mississippi Valley and the region around the Great Lakes, taken together, and in proportion this huge, fertile plain already surpasses all save one or two of the largest European kingdoms. In this empire a peculiarly stalwart and masterful people finds itself in the surroundings best fitted for the full development of its powers and faculties. . . . The valley of the Mississippi is politically and commercially more important than any other valley on the face of the globe. Here more than anywhere else will be determined the future of the United States and indeed of the whole

western world; and the type of civilization reached in this mighty valley, in this vast stretch of country lying between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, the Great Lakes and the Gulf, will largely fix the type of civilization for the whole Western hemisphere."

Its coal, lumber, cotton, corn, cattle; the fertility of the soil and the riches beneath the soil; the great ranching country in its drier portions; its active manufacturing cities; the energy of its people; all these make cheap transportation a necessity, and the fullest utilization of the great, liquid highways which nature has thus provided is a pressing national duty.

There are many other things in the nature of conservation and improvement of conditions to which President Roosevelt turned his attention. One of these which especially appealed to him was that of making the forest reserves places for the preservation of the wild forest creatures, safe havens of refuge for our large animals, now rapidly diminishing. He also called attention to the widening of the area of good roads and to the education of the farmer in his peculiar duties. To this the Department of Agriculture was devoting its energies and also to the introduction of new farm plants, such as the macaroni wheat and the useful alfalfa. In all this he took a living interest.

Everything, indeed, likely to act for the advantage of the people was included in President Roosevelt's circle of policies. These composed the cleanliness of city streets, the development of sanitation, the fight against communicable diseases, the prevention of sale of impure foods and unclean or spoiled meats and all other things likely to prove deleterious to public health.

The need of the enforcement of the law especially appealed to him, in particular of those laws directed towards the defence of the poor and helpless against the rich and powerful. The protection of working women and children against injustice and oppression was one of those subjects in which he was strongly interested and concerning which he did not fail to express himself in his decisive manner. As regards the enforcement of law in general, he thus expressed himself:

"A few years ago there was loud complaint that the law could

not be invoked against wealthy offenders. There is no such complaint now. The course of the Department of Justice during the last few years has been such as to make it evident that no man stands above the law, that no corporation is so wealthy that it can not be held to account. The Department of Justice has been as prompt to proceed against the wealthiest malefactor whose crime was one of greed and cunning as to proceed against the agitator who incites to brutal violence. Everything that can be done under existing law, and with the existing state of public opinion, which so profoundly influences both the courts and juries, has been done. But the laws themselves need strengthening in more than one important point; they should be made more definite, so that no honest man can be led unwittingly to break them, and so that the real wrongdoer can be readily punished."

That statements of this kind express only the truth appears evident from the recent conviction of wrongdoing in the case of such great corporations as the Standard Oil Company. Its wealth has had no effect in staying the course of justice and it is largely due to the persistence of President Roosevelt that such great offenders have been made to feel the weight of the law.

Returning to the subject of conservation, we may point out the high stage of advance it reached before President Roosevelt's term of executive service came to an end. Feeling the urgent necessity of enlisting the aid of the States and the people in its development, he called them directly to his aid. In May, 1908, a great conference on natural resources was held at Washington, composed of the Governors of the States, brought together upon the invitation of President Roosevelt. There the matter was fully considered, and on June 8th the President appointed a Conservation Commission. Another meeting of the Governors was held in December, 1908, at which a Joint Committee on Conservation was formed, consisting of forty-two State commissions and fifty-one committees of national conservation organizations, Gifford Pinchot, then Chief Forester of the United States, being made the chairman of the Joint Committee.

Such is the working organization now in existence, and active steps have already been taken to bring about a new era in the man-

agement of our natural treasures. So far as forest preservation is concerned, it is of interest to know that our National Forests now cover the immense area of 194,500,000 acres, a space about as large as Texas and Ohio combined, and that in addition there are large State Forests, those of New York alone covering 1,500,000 acres.

To show to what this governmental policy has led, it may be stated that in 1909 the National Forests yielded 352,434,000 board feet of timber, absolutely without depreciation; in fact the cutting left the forests in better condition than they were before. The loss by fire has also been reduced fully one-half, and the government nurseries contain 10,000,000 young trees, ready to plant wherever needed. In addition more than a million and a half of cattle and horses and nearly eight million sheep and goats have found grazing now within the forest borders, without damage to the range and with harmony between the usually hostile cattle and sheep men.

Such are the present results of the Roosevelt conservation policy so far as the forests are concerned. Equal attention is being given to the navigable waters, to irrigation of the arid regions, and to other interests. As an interesting outgrowth of the work done, it may be stated that Canada and Mexico have agreed to join the United States in its conservation policy. President Roosevelt, indeed, took a still broader view and suggested a World Conservation Congress, and a letter was sent to forty-five different nations, suggesting the holding of such a Congress at the Hague.

This letter, dated February 19, 1909, was one of the final acts of his Administratio n. It serves to show how greatly his views had developed during his term of service, and it may prove the beginning of a new era in the history of the world, one in which the old system of wastefulness and destruction will be replaced by a new era of careful preservation of the natural resources of the earth.

CHAPTER XV.

National Defence and the Need of A Strong Army and Navy

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has the instincts of a soldier. He was born with fighting blood in his veins and is by nature a leader of men, whether in war or peace. Fearless, energetic, headstrong, yet cool in judgment and quick to take advantage of opportunities, he has the natural outfit alike for the work of the cabinet, the ranch, the hunting field, and the battle-field. We see it in his whole career; his fearlessness and resourcefulness in critical situations, whether facing the savage animals of America or Africa, the lawless frontier braggart, the Spanish battle-lines, or the dangerous element in police duty; even the onslaught of an irate Congressional faction, which is not to be despised. In all such cases he stands stalwart to the front. "Hit the line hard," is one of his maxims, taken from the football field, and wherever the line is formed he will be seen, like Napoleon on the bridge at Lodi, flag in hand and pressing forward where the fight is thickest.

A man of such character is apt to be a strenuous advocate of the necessity of preparing for war, even if advocating peace. Roosevelt's policy, like that of the somewhat blustering William of Germany, is to be always ready to strike. Such readiness, he holds, is the best assurance of peace. Here is an excellent presentation of his views, as given in his message to Congress in December, 1906:

"It must ever be kept in mind that war is not merely justifiable, but imperative, upon honorable men, upon an honorable nation, where peace can only be obtained by the sacrifice of conscientious conviction or of national welfare. Peace is normally a great good, and normally it coincides with righteousness; but it is righteousness and not peace which should bind the conscience of a nation as it should bind the conscience of an individual; and neither a nation nor

an individual can surrender conscience to another's keeping. Neither can a nation, which is an entity, and which does not die as individuals die, refrain from taking thought for the interest of the generations that are to come, no less than for the interest of the generation of to-day; and no public men have a right, whether from shortsightedness, from selfish indifference, or from sentimentality, to sacrifice national interests which are vital in character. A just war is in the long run far better for a nation's soul than the most prosperous peace obtained by acquiescence in wrong or injustice. Moreover, though it is criminal for a nation not to prepare for war, so that it may escape the dreadful consequences of being defeated in war, yet it must always be remembered that even to be defeated in war may be far better than not to have fought at all. As has been well and finely said, a beaten nation is not necessarily a disgraced nation; but the nation or man is disgraced if the obligation to defend right is shirked.

"We should as a nation do everything in our power for the cause of honorable peace. It is morally as indefensible for a nation to commit a wrong upon another nation, strong or weak, as for an inidvidual thus to wrong his fellows. We should do all in our power to hasten the day when there shall be peace among the nations—a peace based upon justice and not upon cowardly submission to wrong. . . . . As yet there is no likelihood of establishing any kind of international power, of whatever sort, which can effectively check wrongdoing, and in these circumstances it would be both a foolish and an evil thing for a great and free nation to deprive itself of the power to protect its own rights and even in exceptional cases to stand up for the rights of others. Nothing would more promote iniquity, nothing would further defer the reign upon earth of peace and righteousness, than for the free and enlightened peoples which, though with much stumbling and many shortcomings, nevertheless strive toward justice, deliberately to render themselves powerless while leaving every despotism and barbarism armed and able to work their wicked will. The chance for the settlement of disputes peacefully, by arbitration, now depends mainly upon the possession by the nations that mean to do right of sufficient armed strength to make their purpose effective."

In one of his speeches Roosevelt quotes "a homely old adage" which reads: "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far." He probably would not have quoted this adage if he had known how far the "big stick" was to go in public comment on his career, but the adage is in strict consonance with his doctrine of international politics.

So far we have confined ourselves to the Roosevelt policy as applied to internal affairs. We have now to consider it in its international aspect, and first of all in regard to the preparation for national defense. The need of being strong and ready in this direction is one of his fixed contentions, one to which he has given expression on every suitable occasion. To be strong on the sea is his particular admonition—a judicious one, in view of the fact that the ocean lies between the United States and every warring nation and that our most vulnerable point lies on the waters and on our seacoast. He has never been troubled in soul about any foreign army that might by chance be landed on our soil. Its destiny would be like that of a hare exploring the inside of a lion's jaws. But on the sea and on the coast we might be hurt, and for a strong defensive and offensive fleet his voice has always been raised.

President Roosevelt's views concerning the navy have been as frequently insisted upon as those concerning conservation and the evil practices of corporations. We can give here only a summary of them. In his 1901 annual message to Congress he said:

"Our present Navy was begun in 1882. At that period our Navy consisted of a collection of antiquated wooden ships, already almost as out of place against modern war vessels as the galleys of Alcibiades and Hamilcar—certainly as the ships of Tromp and Blake. Nor at that time did we have men fit to handle a modern man-of-war. Under the wise legislation of the Congress and the successful administration of a succession of patriotic Secretaries of the Navy, belonging to both political parties, the work of upbuilding the Navy went on, and ships equal to any in the world of their kind were continually added; and what was even more important, these ships were exercised at sea singly and in squadrons until the men aboard them were able to get the best possible service out of them.

The result was seen in the short war with Spain, which was decided with such rapidity because of the infinitely greater preparedness of our Navy than of the Spanish Navy."

It is well to state here that this exercise of the ships and men before the Spanish war was very largely the work of Roosevelt himself, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy and especially concerned in exercising the men at the guns. The story of what he did is told in Chapter VI, and does not need to be repeated here. It is also told there how he kept the coaling stations well supplied with fuel and thus enabled Dewey to deliver his telling blow at Manila. He smelt the coming war in the air and was determined that the navy should be ready when the time came.

He tells us that "It is not possible to improvise a Navy after war breaks out. The ships must be built and the men trained long in advance. In the late war with Spain the ships that dealt the decisive blows at Manila and Santiago had been launched from two to fourteen years, and they were able to do as they did because the men in the conning-towers, the gun turrets, and the engine rooms, had, through long years of practice at sea, learned how to do their duty."

This advice about ships is becoming yearly more important. The ships of a decade ago have been replaced by the monster Dreadnaughts, and these are being replaced by the still larger Super-Dreadnaughts, each costing many millions of dollars and taking years to build. It is becoming necessary to have ships always on the stocks to replace those that are put by a few years' service behind the age.

Since the nations' representives at the Hague Conference would not debate the question of limitation of armaments, President Roosevelt felt it necessary to keep our navy in the front line and for a number of years asked Congress annually for four new battleships—never getting more than two. In his usual way he got the best he could and made the most of it. Also he demanded plenty of torpedo boats and destroyers and fortifications of the best kind to protect our great harbors on both oceans. In his view the proper duty of the navy in war is for offensive operations against hostile navies. For defense, he says, "the coast cities must depend upon their forts, mines, torpedoes, submarines, torpedo boats and destroyers."

He further remarks: "Parrying never yet won a fight. It can only be won by hard hitting, and an aggrsesive sea-going navy alone can do this hard hitting of the offensive type. But the forts and the like are necessary so that the navy may be footloose." That the United States navy is adapted to footloose operations he proved by the spectacular performance of sending a powerful fleet of battleships around the world in 1908.

Our militant President had much less to say about the army. The navy stood first and foremost in his thoughts. He had no fear that the country would fail to give a good account of itself in the unlikely event of a foreign army venturing to land on our shores. Yet he thought that there was room for higher efficiency in various directions. These were his views in his 1907 annual message:

"Again and again in the past our little Regular Army has rendered service literally vital to the country, and it may at any time have to do so in the future. Its standard of efficiency and instruction is higher now than ever in the past. But it is too small. There are not enough officers; and it is impossible to secure enough enlisted men. We should maintain in peace a fairly complete skeleton of a large army. A great and long-continued war would have to be fought by volunteers. But months would pass before any large body of efficient volunteers could be put in the field, and our Regular Army should be large enough to meet any immediate need. In particular it is essential that we should possess a number of extra officers trained in peace to perform efficiently the duties urgently required upon the breaking out of war."

The Medical Corps also needed to be kept in thorough efficiency. He could not forget that in the Spanish war the chief loss to our troops was not by service in the field, but by disease in camp, and not in Cuba, but among the regiments that never left their home country. Ignorance of the art of sanitation, carelessness in camp conditions, proved worse than war or pestilence and should never be allowed to exist again.

The adoption of a new system of army control, that of placing it under a general staff of efficient commanders, and the incorporation of the State militia, the National Guard, with the Regular Army, as

part of the national forces, with the training of the militia in the most advanced methods, were final outcomes of President Roosevelt's efforts, and he left office with the army in a much higher state of efficiency than it had possessed when he entered office.

There is only one thing more we need say here. Theodore Roosevelt was not the man to send out men to fight for their country and act the stay-at-home himself. He was, as we have intimated, not built that way. Fighting was his native element. All his life he had been in a fight of some kind. In a dozen instances he had shown himself a man of fearless mould. In earlier chapters abundant evidence of this has been given. When actual war began the battle-field called him as if with trumpet-blast.

Jacob Riis, his lifelong friend, tells us: "When Dewey was in the East, it was Roosevelt's influence in the naval board that kept his fleet intact. The Olympia had been ordered home. Roosevelt secured the repeal of the order. 'Keep the Olympia,' he cabled him, and 'Keep full of coal.' The resistless energy of the man carried all before it till the day when orders were cabled under the Pacific to the man with the lion heart to go in and smash the enemy. 'Capture or destroy!' We know the rest.

"Roosevelt's work was done. 'There is nothing more for me to do here,' he said, 'I've got to get into the fight myself.' "

Get into it he did, and fought with a Trojan-like energy and daring that kept all eyes fixed on him and sent him home the popular hero of the war. "We know the rest" here also. His war record made him Governor. His record as Governor made him President. His record as President has lifted him to the world's admiration.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal

WASHINGTON'S advice to the people of the United States to keep clear of international complications has been somewhat strictly observed in this country so far as the nations of Europe and Asia are concerned. As regards those of the Western Hemisphere, the United States, far the most powerful of them all, early assumed the position of a guardian of the others, and has continued effectively so. This step was taken in the famous Monroe Doctrine, promulgated in 1823, and since maintained as the permanent policy of this country regarding its weaker neighbors. Only once has any of the ambitious natives of Europe been bold enough to disregard it, this being done by the French emperor when he took advantage of our Civil War to invade our neighboring country of Mexico and seek to replace its republican government by an empire under a European monarch. But soon after the war ended, the ambitious Napoleon III found it convenient to withdraw his army to save it from the unpleasantness of being driven out. The United States gave its ultimatum and he meekly obeyed.

There have, however, been a number of minor difficulties, owing chiefly to the readiness of the Latin republics to run in debt to European creditors and their lack of readiness to pay their debts. Troubles of this kind have taken place within the present century, and President Roosevelt felt it necessary on more than one occasion to reiterate the Monroe Doctrine. In fact he added to it until it became in a sense a Monroe-Roosevelt Doctrine. It grew to be a part of his policy as an American President, and as such calls for our attention.

In his first message to Congress President Roosevelt made the following statement concerning this doctrine:

"The Monroe Doctrine should be the cardinal feature of the foreign policy of all the nations of the two Americas, as it is of the

United States. Just seventy-eight years have passed since President Monroe in his Annual Message announced that 'The American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power.' In other words, the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American power at the expense of any American power on American soil. It is in no wise intended as hostile to any nation in the Old World. Still less is it intended to give cover to any aggression by one New World power at the expense of any other. It is simply a step, and a long step, toward assuring the universal peace of the world by securing the possibility of permanent peace on this hemisphere.

"This doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power, save that it in truth allows each of them to form such as it desires. In other words, it is really a guaranty of the commercial independence of the Americas. We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American state. We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

A case of threatened infringement of this doctrine took place in 1902, when Germany, Great Britain and Italy made demands upon Venezuela for the settlement of certain claims and sent warships to enforce their claims. As President Castro was obdurate, his war-vessels at La Guira were seized and sunk by the allies.

What further the allies might have done if they had not found fixed upon them the watchful eye of the United States we cannot say. The United States loomed large in the foreground and the affair ended in President Roosevelt being asked to act as arbitrator between the parties. He declined to do so; he was not to be brought into the position of making the United States responsible for the debts of Venezuela. He suggested the Hague court as the proper tribunal to act upon such a matter. This suggestion was accepted by Castro and the allies and the threatening affair was finally settled in a peaceful way.

This case led to that extension of the Monroe Doctrine by Presi-

dent Roosevelt of which we have spoken. He gave this word of warning to the offending republics in his 1905 message: "We must make it evident that we do not intend to permit the Monroe Doctrine to be used by any nation on this continent as a shield to protect it from the consequences of its own misdeeds against foreign nations."

All we can undertake to do, he affirmed, in case of an outrage committed by an American republic against a citizen or some interest of a foreign state, is to prevent territorial occupation. We cannot undertake to protect the offending nation against all punishment.

In a case of broken contract this country would certainly not go to war to prevent the collection of a just debt; yet it would be very inadvisable to permit any foreign power to seize and hold the custom-houses of an American republic to enforce the payment of such a debt. The only escape from such an alternative would be for the United States to take the matter in hand and adopt proper measures to make sure that the debt should be paid.

How this was to be done was left for consideration when a case in point should arise, but it would not be by the United States itself making permanent seizure of territory. In 1904 Roosevelt had expressed himself in regard to possible acts of force in such exigencies in the following words:

"It is not true that the United States feels any land hunger or entertains any projects as regards the other nations of the Western Hemisphere save such as are for their welfare. All that this country desires is to see the neighboring countries stable, orderly, and prosperous. Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

This step has been taken in the case of Cuba, this being in pursuance of an understand ng previously made when the independence of Cuba was acknowledged. The United States troops sent to that island to suppress anarchy were withdrawn as soon as a stable government had been established. The only other important case calling for intervention under the Roosevelt Administration was that of the island republic of San Domingo in 1907. This diminutive commonwealth had, as a result of its frequent revolutions, accumulated debts and claims amounting to over $30,000,000. But among these were unjust claims, and the total, principal and interest, was finally pared down to about $17,000,000. The United States now entered into the case, not as an usurpation, but at the request of the Dominican government. It took control of the custom-houses of the republic, undertaking to pay from their proceeds a certain amount of the debt annually and turn over the balance into the revenues of the country. This is being done satisfactorily, and under this temporary guardianship the turbulent little republic has been put in a better state financially than it has enjoyed for many years. The spirit of revolution has also been subdued and will scarcely reappear under United States supervision.

Such is the existing status of affairs in the two Americas, as developed under the Roosevelt administration. But there is another concern of high interest to the future development of the American republics, which has developed during the Roosevelt term of office and with which President Roosevelt has been vitally concerned. This is the Panama Canal, a project actively fostered by him and which has been remarkably advanced under his control. Some account of this important enterprise, therefore, is here in place.

It has long been looked upon as a necessary outcome of the Monroe Doctrine that any canal across the isthmus between North and South America should be under American supervision. Though the excavation of a Panama Canal was undertaken by France, the United States government insisted that no European power should control such a canal. When the French project failed the United States held it in view to construct a canal on its own account, a route across Nicaragua being chosen and surveys made.

Such was the state of affairs in 1902 when, under the Roosevelt Presidency, the French company offered its partly finished work and all its rights to the United States for $40,000,000. The offer was quickly accepted and a treaty subsequently negotiated with the republic of Colombia, of which Panama was a state. When in August, 1903, Colombia rejected this treaty Panama at once broke into rebellion, announced itself an independent republic and asked for recognition as such.

President Roosevelt wanted the canal and was impatient at the delay and dissatisfied with the action of Colombia, which looked like a purpose to bleed the United States treasury. He therefore, with what many regarded undue haste, recognized the new republic three days after it had been proclaimed and proceeded at once to negotiate with it.

It cannot be said that the President's haste in this matter was judicious or that any time would have been lost by a reasonable amount of delay, in recognition. But, as we have said, Theodore Roosevelt is by nature impulsive and he probably had it in mind to rebuke the Colombian Senate for its apparent double-dealing with the United States.

However we may view this, the canal project went swimmingly on. Panama seceded and declared its independence November 3, 1903; the Colombian soldiers evacuated Colon on the 5th, the United States acknowledged the new republic on the 6th; a minister from Panama was received by President Roosevelt on the 13th; on the 15th Commissioners from Panama reached New York; on the 18th a canal treaty between the two countries was signed, under which this country agreed to pay Panama $10,000,000 for the right of way and the necessary dominion over the canal zone. Under this treaty the canal is now being constructed.

It may well be said that in this matter President Roosevelt did not let the grass grow under his feet. In fifteen days after the secession of Panama the treaty was completed and every obstacle in the way of making an American canal removed. The Nicaragua project was at once abandoned and steps taken to proceed with all available despatch in the completion of the French work. It

is scarcely necessary to say that the excavation has been pushed forward with all possible speed and that the end of it is now easily in sight.

We have given special attention to this enterprise both from the bearing which it has upon the Monroe Doctrine and the future prosperity of the American republics, and the fact that it looms large in the special Roosevelt policies, ranking with those of conservation and government control. Under the impulse of President Roosevelt's energy wonderful progress has been made on the Isthmus, alike in the work of excavation and in that of sanitary and other necessary preliminaries. As regards sanitation, the remarkable achievement has been performed of converting what was formerly a pest hole into as healthy a location as can anywhere be found. As regards excavation, the amount of work done within the past few years much surpasses anything of the kind ever before done in an equal period.

President Roosevelt's vital interest in the enterprise was so great that in November, 1910, he did what no American President has ever before done. He left the United States and visited Panama, being the first President to set foot, while in office, upon a foreign shore. It was a breaking of precedent, but that he was at any time ready to do, if any advantage was to be gained.

He was only three days ashore, from November 14th to 17th, but in those three days he saw enough to be described in an interesting thirty-page pamphlet. As regards sanitation, and the eradication of the yellow-fever mosquito, he makes the rather remarkable statement, in view of the former swarms of these insects in that locality: "As a matter of fact, but a single mosquito, and this not of the dangerous species, was seen by any member of the party during my three days' stay on the Isthmus."

In every other respect the greatest care for the health of the workmen had been taken and he was able to make the equally surprising statement: "Of the 6,000 white Americans, including some 1,200 women and children, not a single death has occurred in the past three months, whereas in an average city of the United States the number of deaths for a similar number of people in that time would have been about thirty from disease."

Care was being taken in every way to make the employes comfortable and contented, while the work was being pushed forward with the greatest energy and with phenomenal rapidity. In an address to the employes he told them that: "This is one of the great works of the world, ... a work the like of which has not before been seen in the ages, a work that shall last through the ages to come, and I pledge you, as President of the United States, and speaking for the people of the United States, every ounce of support and help and assistance that it is in my power to give you, so that we together, you backed by the people of the United States, may speedily bring this greatest of work to a triumphant conclusion."

This pledge was well kept during the remainder of his Administration, and when he left office the work was so well advanced that its end could be positively promised within six years.

CHAPTER XVII.

Advocate of International Arbitration and World Peace

IT was not until 1898, after our brief war for the liberation of Cuba from the cruelties of Spanish rule, that the world fairly woke up to a full realization of the fact that a nation to be reckoned with had risen in the West, a power which was ready to take a full part in settling the affairs of the world. Previously the United States had given its attention strictly to the affairs of the western hemisphere, while Europe took upon itself the task of managing the rest of the world. But the rapidity with which the American colossus disposed of Spain and its evident standing as a great naval and financial power, with the interest in Eastern affairs which it gained from its possession of the Philippines, gave a new aspect to the situation. Evidently the United States would take part in the future in moving the pieces on the chess-board of the world.

What part would it take—one for war or one for peace? The first indication of its attitude was shown during the Boxer outbreak in China. American marines were prominent in the march upon Peking, but American statesmanship came promptly to the aid of the prostrate Chinese government and saved that ancient nation from danger of partition between the victorious powers. Later on it showed a magnanimity not shared in by any of the European powers, by voluntarily reducing its share of the indemnity laid on China, so as to bring it within just limits. It had no desire to squeeze the last possible penny from the suppliant nation, as its European allies were doing.

This act of simple justice came within the Roosevelt Administration, and was in strict consonance with its spirit. Throughout this administration we have heard threatening rumors of war and explosive fulminations, but these have been newspaper campaigns,

and the voice of the executive remained steadily for peace. President Roosevelt stood in a different position from Naval Secretary Roosevelt. The latter could freely give way to the promptings of his native energy and love of perilous adventure and plunge freely into war, but the President had something besides his own impulses to consider and from the start took the position of an apostle of peace, an advocate of the abolition of war and of the settling of all international disputes by peaceful arbitration.

This may seem a strange statement to those who look upon Theodore Roosevelt as a man eager for blood-letting, a western warlord burning for the intensities of the battle-field, a President strenuously urging the creation of a strong army and a masterful navy and striding about "with a chip on his shoulder." The fact is that he had sound reasons for his seemingly combative policy, and no man of the present century has wrought more actively in the cause of peace.

In an oration before the University of Pennsylvania he quotes two maxims of Washington: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations," and "To be prepared for war is the most effective means to promote peace." He tells us: "These two principles taken together should form the basis of our whole foreign policy." He says further that "Our Navy is the surest guaranty of peace and the cheapest insurance against war," and looking back over our history, says that if our navy had been built up in the opening years of the last century, as it should have been, "it would probably never have been necessary to fight the war of 1812." He felt that if we had been strong at sea England would not have dared to meddle with our commerce and sailors.

Appeals for steps leading to peace between nations have been frequent in his messages and speeches, though he persistently advocates the keeping a strong hand as a means of giving our voice a weight in the councils of the nations. Among his many utterances we quote the following from his message to Congress in December, 1905:

"More and more war is coming to be looked upon as in itself a lamentable and evil thing. A wanton or useless war, or a war of mere aggression—in short, any war begun or carried on in a con-

scienceless spirit—is to be condemned as a peculiarly atrocious crime against all humanity. We can, however, do nothing of permanent value for peace unless we keep ever clearly in mind the ethical element which lies at the root of the problem. Our aim is righteousness. Peace is normally the handmaiden of righteousness; but when peace and righteousness conflict then a great and upright people can never for a moment hesitate to follow the path which leads toward righteousness, even though that path also leads to war. . . . Only that nation is equipped for peace that knows how to fight and that will not shrink from fighting if ever the conditions become such that war is demanded in the name of the highest morality."

Let us go back to the days when he was Vice-President and learn his sentiments at that date in his career. We quote from his address before the Minnesota State Fair on September 1, 1901. He said:

"Let me make as vigorous a plea as I know how in favor of saying nothing that we do not mean, and of acting without hesitation up to whatever we say. A good many of you are probably acquainted with the old proverb, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick—you will go far.' If a man continually blusters, if he lacks civility, a big stick will not save him from trouble; and neither will speaking softly avail, if back of the softness there does not lie strength, power. In private life there are few beings more obnoxious than the man who is always loudly boasting; and if the boaster is not prepared to back up his words, his position becomes absolutely contemptible. So it is with the nation. Whenever at any point we come in contact with a foreign power, I hope we shall always strive to speak courteously and respectfully of that foreign power. Let us make it evident that we intend to do justice. Then let us make it equally evident that we will not tolerate injustice being done us in return. Such an attitude will be the surest possible guaranty of that self-respecting peace, the attainment of which is and must ever be the prime aim of a self-governing people."

It is not necessary to give quotations from all his remarks showing his attitude on this question, but a brief one from his first annual message, that of 1901, will not be amiss:

"The true end of every great and free people should be self-

respecting peace and this nation most earnestly desires sincere and cordial friendship with all others. Over the entire world, of recent years, wars between the great civilized powers have become less and less frequent. Wars with barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples come in an entirely different category, being merely a most regrettable but necessary international police duty which must be performed for the sake of the welfare of mankind. Peace can only be kept with certainty where both sides wish to keep it; but more and more the civilized peoples are realizing the wicked folly of war and are attaining that condition of just and intelligent regard for the rights of others which will in the end, as we hope and believe, make world-wide peace possible. The peace conference at The Hague gave definite expression to this hope and belief and marked a stride toward their attainment."

Words are very well in their way, but to have any valuable effect upon the world they need to be backed up by deeds. Fortunately, President Roosevelt was prepared to back up his words at every opportunity. We cannot say that he ever followed his own adage of "speak softly," but he did that of "carry a big stick," which he did not fail to use in efforts to advance the cause of peace whenever opportunity served.

The first example was a domestic one, that of bringing to an end a state of warfare between capital and labor. We refer to the settling of the obstinate coal strike in Pennsylvania, spoken of in a former chapter. Abroad the President's attention was turned chiefly toward efforts to develop arbitration in international disputes, following up the important stand taken by the Hague Conference of 1899.

The war of 1904–05 between Russia and Japan brought an opportunity for more direct intervention. While the Great Powers of Europe, troubled in soul at this obstinate conflict, were hesitating at the bare thought of interfering, in the face of diplomatic precedent, they were astounded by hearing a voice from across the waters, from a man for whom precedent had no terrors. On June 8, 1905, there went out from the White House at Washington a despatch to Russia and Japan, beginning with the words: "The President feels that the

time has come when in the interest of all mankind he must endeavor to see if it is not possible to bring to an end the terrible and lamentable conflict now being waged."

It went on to suggest that peace negotiations should be opened between the belligerents and offered the services of the President of the United States to this end, if in any way he could aid in efforts to bring about peace. The warring nations, then preparing for a great final battle the outcome of which no man could foresee, caught at the proffer like shipwrecked mariners clutching at a floating log. The Portsmouth Conference was held, a treaty of peace was made, and the world rang with praises of President Roosevelt as the cutter of the Gordian knot. This act went far to build up for him the European admiration which has recently been so strikingly manifested.

The concluding of treaties of arbitration on the part of the United States with foreign powers, for the settlement of disputes that might arise between them, made great progress in 1904, beginning with a treaty with France signed November 1st, followed by others with Germany, Switzerland and Portugal, and closing with one signed on December 12th with Great Britain. In 1905 similar treaties were made with Austria-Hungary, Norway and Sweden, and Mexico. These treaties provided that international questions which could not be settled by diplomacy should be referred to the Court of Arbitration at the Hague, "provided that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting states and do not concern the interests of third parties." Since then arbitration treaties have been concluded with various other nations, including many of the American republics.

It was, however, the operation of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague with which President Roosevelt was most immediately concerned and with the development of which he had the most to do. He suggested a second Conference to the Powers in a note dated December 16, 1904, but it was deferred until after the close of the Russo-Japan War. When the Emperor of Russia, who had called the original conference, suggested that he would like to call this also, President Roosevelt was quite willing and a Peace Congress was called, it meeting at the Hague in June, 1907.

Much was done at this Congress to provide for allaying the horrors of war, and the American representatives proposed a Permanent Court of Arbitral Justice and a system of forcible arbitration. Though these measures were defeated, another American idea was adopted, that of an International Prize Court, which was regarded as the most important result reached by the Conference. This was in addition to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, established by the 1899 Conference.

Arbitration at the Hague is now provided for in all cases of international dispute save those involving national honor or otherwise of vital interest to the nations concerned. More than one serious difficulty has been settled by the Court. President Roosevelt brought about settlement of the Venezuela difficulty before this tribunal. He did various other things in the interest of peace and international union. One of these was his prominence in bringing about the Conference to settle the threatening controversy between France and Germany on the Morocco question. In 1906 he sent a delegation under Secretary Root to the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro to explain to its members the true significance of the Monroe Doctrine, of which the Latin republics had misleading ideas. In the Far East he established new guarantees in favor of the "open door" for commerce and the national status of China.

To his inception we owe various other acts of statesmanship in the interest of world-peace. A recital of them all might not prove of interest, but that his high standing in this field of effort was fully recognized in Europe is evidenced by the conferring upon him in 1906 of the Nobel Peace Prize, awarded to the man who has done the most in bringing about peace between the nations.

This, too, had much to do with the remarkable reception given him in Europe in 1910. And on that occasion, in his notable address at Christiania, Norway, before the King and a distinguished audience including members of the Nobel Prize Committee, he took a step forward in the advocacy of peace of the most radical and far-reaching character. This was his suggestion that the Great Powers should unite into a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent by force it being broken by others, some form

of international police power being established competent and willing to prevent violence between nations and oblige them to settle their disputes in peaceful methods.

This idea is full of vital significance. If carried out the reign of war would probably come to an end. It had its immediate echo in a suggestion made to the United States Congress to the effect that the nations should be invited to syndicate their navies, forming them into a great ocean police.

If the seeds here sown shall grow and ripen, ex-President Roosevelt will attain to the highest position gained by any statesman in the modern world, that of the man who set moving the impulse which brought war, with all its horrors, to a final end and established the reign of peace and justice upon the earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hunter, Rancher, and Lover of Nature and Outdoor Life

WE have hitherto dealt with Theodore Roosevelt largely from the point of view of his political life, narrating the incidents of his campaigns in favor of honesty in business and politics, of a square deal for all men, of readiness for war as the best assurance of peace, and of equipping the government with legal power to restrain and control the most powerful associations when bent upon oppression and fraud.

We have now to deal with him in a more personal sense, to say something about his life when free from the trammels of official duty and open to indulge in that love of outdoor life and physical exertion which has been a passion with him since boyhood. The "strenuous life" which he advocates for others is the life which his own nature demands, and what he calls play most men would designate as hard work. For him life is work, the making of opportunities for hard exertion where none offer.

Once, when as Police Commissioner he attended a reunion of his college class, a professor present told of a student whom he had asked what he proposed to make his work in the world. He replied with a yawn:

"Why, really, do you know, professor, it does not seem to me that there is anything that is much worth while."

This remark touched the anger point in Roosevelt's soul.

"That fellow," he exclaimed, with a blow on the table that made it dance, "ought to have been knocked in the head. I would rather take my chances with a blackmailing policeman than such as he."

There was no fear but that Roosevelt would find plenty worth while doing. His very play has always been vigorous exercise.

A delicate child, subject to asthmatic attacks that sapped his vitality, to overcome the weakness of his puny body became a passion with him. Outdoor activities—running, rowing, swimming—were his daily occupation. Whatever he did was done with a will and he enjoyed every inch of it. A born lover of nature, in his woodland tramps he studied the birds of the vicinity, learning their songs, observing their nests, their plumage. The flowers and trees told him their story; everything in nature had its lesson for him. And all this time his muscles were growing strong, his frame tough and hardy. He held his own with his fellows, had his schoolboy combats and usually came out victor.

He grew to be a reader of books of adventure and early longed to take part in the wild life of the great West, to be a hunter, a path-finder. Cooper's Leather-stocking tales delighted his young soul. When asked in later years if he liked them he broke out impulsively:

"Like them! Why, man, there is nothing like them. I could pass examination in the whole of them to-day. Cooper is unique in American literature, and he will grow upon us as we get farther away from his day, let the critics say what they will."

Cooper appeals to the love of the free, open life in the American boy and appealed specially to one of young Roosevelt's temperament and fondness for open-air activity. That he would some day engage in the life of the hunting grounds, the sport of the plains and the hills, was inevitable. His whole early life led up to it. Here are his opinions of what the American boy should be, if he is to become a worthy American man:

"The chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers.

"In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

In college he kept up his athletic exercises. He even went so far as to practice the girl's game of rope-skipping as a means of strengthening the leg muscles. Soon his whole class were following

his example. He played polo, he wrestled and ran with his fellows, he drove a two-wheeled gig, he put on boxing gloves and was open for any antagonist. The pummeling he got he took with good-will, but the man who attempted to play foul with him got well punished for his lack of fairness.

He even then panted for a wider life. When a classmate proposed to him to go to Greenland and study its animal life, he was more than ready. He was equally enthusiastic at the proposal to go tiger-hunting to India. The passion for wild life and peril was in his blood, as it is in that of his son Kermit to-day. College life over, he tried mountain-climbing in Switzerland as an outlet to his thirst for adventure.

On his return home, the young athlete plunged into the political career which has held him captive almost ever since. Only three intermissions—three holidays we may fairly call them—came to him in this career; that of his ranch and hunting life between 1884 and 1886, when he was in the prime of youth and eager to get a full taste of those primitive joys for which he had long aspired; that of his war-life in 1898, upon which he entered with the zest of a born soldier; and that through which he has recently passed, his hunting adventures in Africa in 1909. His 1910 experience of hobnobbing with kings in Europe can hardly be called a holiday, though it has much of the strenuosity which he so warmly advocates.

It must not be supposed that the hunter's strain in Roosevelt's blood was repressed during his long years of official duty. He had his frequent outings in the domain of wild life. A notable one was that of his bear-hunt in 1907 in the cane-brakes of the Mississippi; and one of historical interest was his mountain tramp through the Adirondacks in 1901, so tragically brought to an end by the tidings of President McKinley's death.

Even when at home in the White House, engaged in the official duties that called for nearly every moment of his life, the desire for outdoor exercise was not to be repressed. Long horseback rides and tramps on foot were his daily recreations, and these frequently of a kind that tested to the utmost the powers of endurance of his companions.

Here is a story of his fondness for horseback exercise, to which he has been devoted since his cowboy days. But the horse he mounts must have the spirit of a charger, or it is not for him. Soon after becoming President he commissioned a friend to buy him a few saddle horses to replenish the White House stables. This was accordingly done, two showy animals, seemingly fitted for the dignity of their new duty, being purchased and sent in. The President lost no time in trying them. Nice-treading, graceful creatures they were, but with no more spirit than a milch cow. The rider, after trying them, sprang from the saddle in disgust, and threw the bridle impatiently to a groom.

"For goodness' sake, send them back," he ejaculated. "I ordered horses—not rabbits."

He is as fond of walking as of riding, but does not know the meaning of a stroll. While President, he was accustomed to take long walks through the environs of Washington with a number of choice companions, striding on for miles through thick and thin, at a pace that kept them stirring and sent many of them home to bath and bed, while he came in fresh as a daisy. He has much of the muscular toughness of a Weston.

Most readers are familiar with the story of his taking out a number of army officers on a try of their fitness for marching duty, leading them at a killing pace up rocky acclivities, dashing down steep slopes, wading streams if no bridge was at hand, and bringing them in often fit for the ambulance while himself fit for another dash.

Here is a story of such a dash, told in "The Man Roosevelt," by F. E. Leupp. The President had invited a few friends for an afternoon spin up the Potomac, among them a newly appointed bureau chief who had before him work that demanded courage. He was young, cleanly built, and looked athletic, but a test of his powers of endurance was desirable. Another of the party was a corpulent office-holder, not wanting in grit, yet needing to be pulled down in flesh.

"The President set the pace with his long, quick stride and the rest ambled after as best they could. The shore path was pleasant enough and not too difficult, till a point was reached where a stone-

quarry jutted out into the river. The workmen had put a cable over one of the rocks which ran straight down into the water, to help them crawl around it; there was a boat at hand, also, for the use of any one who was afraid to trust himself to the cable.

"The party halted only a moment—just long enough to see how the land lay. 'The boat for me,' said a Senator, who, though proportioned for agility, was a little out of practice, and had a great respect for his own dignity. 'For me too,' said the stout office-holder, dropping in after the Senator and making a place ready for the President.

" 'Meet me on the other side,' laughed the President, and started across the sheer face of the rock, disdaining the aid of the cable, but using toes and finger-tips to clutch at the little niches left by the blasts. If he had missed his hold anywhere, he would have had a souse in ten feet of muddy water. But he didn't. His son Theodore and the new bureau-chief, followed where he led. All got home in safety some time after nightfall, and the next day the gossip of the town was their adventure at the big quarry rock. The minor members called it 'scaling the Matterhorn;' the President called it 'bully.' "

As for his endurance in riding, most of us will remember—it was not so long ago—his order to army officers to test their toughness by performing a fixed task on horseback within a certain limit of time—ninety miles within three days. He set the example himself by riding one hundred and eight miles at a stretch through disheartening weather. As for the soft-bodied officers, most of them untrained to the saddle—well, their task was not great, but we draw the veil over the sufferings of those unaccustomed to the saddle.

Roosevelt is an ardent believer in active exercise. It hardens the muscles and steadies the nerves. Football, wrestling, polo, mountain climbing, tramps twenty miles long over rough roads, all are in his category. A spice of peril adds to their utility. They sharpen the senses. They make a man ready and fit for emergencies. They teach him self-care, self-control, self-confidence. They adapt him to face all exigencies with firm nerves.

At home, when wanting an outing, he dons a flannel shirt,

shoulders an axe, and betakes himself to the woods, from which the echo of swinging blows soon comes. The tougher the logs, the better the sport. Then he is fond of camping out with his boys. They fish, they sail, they row, they climb, they tumble, and when lunch time comes with its hearty appetite he rolls up his sleeves and turns cook, while the boys gather wood for the fire.

"You oughter taste my father's stews," says Archie. "He tumbles them all in together—meat, onions, and potatoes—but, um-m! it comes out good."

As for the excitement and risks of the battle-field, he said one day to Mr. Gilder, who while shaking hands with him at a reception, expressed the hope "that he would not embroil us in any foreign war:"

"What!" he cried. "A war! with me cooped up here in the White House! Never, sir, never!"

This was intended as a pleasantry, no doubt, but from what we know of his eagerness to take part in the Spanish war it is hard to say what precedents he might not have broken if occasion for a war had come during his presidency. As the President is constitutionally the head of the army, he might have made himself its head in the field.

One of his biographies tells us that "it had always been a fond dream of Roosevelt's to take part in a war," and when the war with Spain came his knowledge of the daring character and fine horsemanship of the cowboys in the West led to the happy conception of the Rough Riders cavalry regiment, the record of which, and of himself at its head, was the turning point in his career

Aside from his war record, fortunately very brief, the two periods in his career which he seemed most thoroughly to enjoy were those of his ranching experience in the West and his hunting experience in Africa. In his hunting he always showed the instincts of the naturalist, filling his note-books with evidences of his close observation of the habits of animals. These appear in his works on hunting and give them much value in science. They have often been quoted in scientific periodicals. Those given in his magazine articles on his African trip are full of neat touches of observation.

Aside from the daring incidents of a hunter's life, and the study of animal habits, he shows a warm appreciation of the charms of

nature. We read in his books of the delights of prairie life in the springtide, when "the flowers are out and a man may gallop for a mile at a stretch with his horses' hoofs sinking at every stride into the carpet of prairie-roses," and when "the thickets and groves about the ranch house are loud with bird music from dawn till long after sunrise and all through the night." Midsummer brings him a different sentiment. "From the upper branches of the cottonwoods comes every now and then the soft, melancholy cooing of the mourning dove, whose voice always seems far away and expresses more than any other sound in nature the sadness of gentle, hopeless, never-ending grief."

He tells us of the charms of day, and picturesque beauty of night, of the bitterness of winter in the northwest, when "all the land is like granite; the great rivers stand in their beds as if turned to frosted steel. In the long nights there is no sound to break the lifeless silence. Under the ceaseless, shifting play of the Northern Lights the snow-clad plains stretch out into dead and endless wastes of glimmering white."

A man who writes in this strain has in him the full feeling of enjoyment of nature in her every phase and keen and critical observation that can draw a photographic illustration from every scene and season. Had Roosevelt not been forced to take up the role of a statesman, he would have made a great pathfinder and naturalist.

CHAPTER XIX.

Roosevelt as Scholar, Author and Orator

THOSE who have read the preceding pages in which the multitudinous activities of Theodore Roosevelt's life are detailed—not only those of his many years of legislative and official labor, but as well those of his rare intervals of leisure—may wonder how he found time even to think and read, much less to write. When we read the list of books that have come from his pen, of voluminous messages sent in at somewhat frequent intervals to Congress, and of orations in all parts of the land, and are told of the great variety of information which he has picked up from his extensive reading, we fairly stand amazed, and cannot but look upon the man as a marvel. Never slack or slow in his official duties, snatching apparently every moment of leisure for outdoor exercise, he has managed to do as much work intellectually as many men who devote their lives to literary pursuits.

The only way in which this could have been done was by letting no moment pass unoccupied. Apparently this indefatigable student never sinks back in his chair to rest his brain and his body. The book is always at hand and is snatched up to fill any interval which others give to reposeful relaxation. Albert Shaw, who was with him during the wild excitement of the Convention that selected him for Vice-President, tells us of seeing him in an inner room, *resting* from the turmoil by reading Thucydides. This was not exactly light reading or mild mental recreation, but it was of the Rooseveltian type.

His college class-mates tell us that, while visiting the rooms of his fellow-students, he would at any pause in the tide of talk be apt to pick up a book and quickly become so absorbed in its contents as to forget all around him. Then, suddenly becoming aware of his lack of politeness, he would hurry away with guilty haste from the room and the raillery of his companions. This was always his habit—to bury himself in his book, and become so lost in it as to forget all

around him. He fairly lived in the book, and had a remarkable faculty of getting out of it all of value it contained.

The chance to dip into literature seemed never to be neglected. We have his own statement that, after bringing to earth some huge behemoth, on the African plains, he would throw himself down beside the monster, pull a book from his pocket, and solace his rest by reading. The books he took with him on this excursion, his "pigskin library" he calls it, were bound in pigskin that they might be fitted for taking up with hands soiled with blood, powder-stain, gun-oil and other ingredients ruinous to any respectably bound book.

It is a strange list, a very hodge-podge of books which he names for us. In it we find politics included in the "Federalist"; history in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," in Froissart and Macaulay; Sacred lore in the Bible and Apocrypha; epic poetry in the poems of Homer, Dante, Spenser and Milton, the "Song of Roland," and the "Nibelungenlied"; lyric poetry in the works of Shelley, Emerson, Longfellow, Tennyson, Keates, Poe and Bret Harte; essays in the writings of Macaulay, Bacon, Lowell, and others; drama in Euripides, Shakespeare and Marlowe; primitive life in Barrow's stories of the Gypsies; fiction in works of Dickens, Thackeray, Cooper, and Scott; humor in "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," and various other branches of literature in other works. To it were added from time to time such books as "Alice in Wonderland," "Tartarin de Tarascan," "Don Quixote," and works of Darwin, Goethe, Huxley and several French writers.

Here was certainly a highly catholic selection. His taste for books seems to have been omniverous. One would say that it was "all grist that came to his mill." He gives us other lists of books which he took with him on other occasions, saying that these "could only be a tiny fraction of those for which I cared and which I continually read, and that I cared for them neither more nor less than for those I left at home."

We can well understand his abundant reading of history and works of morals and of political philosophy, but would hardly expect one of his practical turn of mind to devote so much attention to poetry as he seems to have done. His devotion to fiction leads to

the same reflection, and indicates that imagination is as fully developed in him as the reasoning powers.

There is little evidence of this imaginative trait in his own literary productions, his style being always direct and vigorous, getting to the point without circumlocution and as literal as he can make it. His works are also apt to suffer from haste and be given to the world without the strict editorial supervision which they should have had. But the wonder is that he has found the time to write them at all. He certainly must have lacked that for literary polishing. Yet withal he has the faculty of making his meaning clear, no one can mistake his purpose, and while there is little "fine writing" in his books, their style is direct, terse and vigorous. There is no beating around the bush in their pages.

Certainly the Rooseveltian style does not appeal to all readers, if we may judge from a tale which he tells us with much gusto, fully enjoying its tart criticism of one of his works. On one occasion he happened into a bookstore somewhere in far-off Idaho and saw a copy of his "Winning of the West," in the window. Pointing carelessly toward the book, he asked the proprietor:

"Who is this man Roosevelt?"

"Oh, he's a ranch-driver up in the cattle country."

"What do you think of his book?"

"Well," said the dealer, after a brief hesitation, "I've often thought I'd like to meet the author and tell him that if he'd stuck to running ranches and not tried to write books, he'd have cut a bigger figure at his trade."

To return from Roosevelt's style as a writer to his methods as a reader, his friends say that his quickness in getting through books is as remarkable as the amount of information he seems to extract from them. He goes down a page with such rapidity that he is at its bottom before many readers would have grasped the meaning of the first paragraph. Yet he seems to get at the kernel of it all in this swift way and his retentive memory enables him to retain with ease the pith of many books.

He reads a newspaper article in the same manner, though naturally much more swiftly, getting its significance almost at a

glance, and frequently commenting upon or answering it before one would think he was half through the reading. That he takes in the substance of his books is shown by his skill and intelligence in reviewing them. This is a work in which he takes delight and review publishers are usually very glad to have his comments. They are, as a rule, made without rereading the book reviewed, his recollection of its contents after one rapid perusal being sufficient.

His memory serves him well in all his literary work—fortunately for him as a writer, in view of the fact that his work is frequently interrupted. He has the faculty which many lack, of taking up his subject just where he left it to attend to some other duty, and going on with it as if his line of thought had not been broken. His work is not written, but is dictated to a stenographer, the type-written copy being afterwards gone over carefully and interlined with emendations as new suggestions come to him from the reading.

The literary recreations of our author are by no means confined to books. His speeches and messages make tomes in themselves, all of them apparently as carefully prepared as his books. Thus his famous speech at the Sorbonne in Paris is said to have been written months before it was delivered and placed in the hands of American editors weeks in advance of its delivery.

As a speech-maker and a message-writer President Roosevelt is notably practical. Here we find no loitering over his subject, wandering into any of the by-paths of thought or description, as he is warranted in doing in his books, but every thought is flung out straight and hard, hitting its mark as a bullet hits its target. There is no misunderstanding him here. Imagination never enters into the subject of his oratory. He is direct and literal—verbose, some think; no other President has matched him in the length of his messages; but this comes partly from the variety of subjects which he deals with, foreign and domestic alike, and more from his habit of arguing out his points, going to great length of statement rather than be misapprehended or that his statement shall be inadequately presented. The fact is, that his messages were written for the American people quite as much as for Congress, and were read and appreciated by this great populace with little regard to Congressional opinion. He had in view a much larger audience than that of the Capitol.

In his messages, and more particularly in his speeches, he deals largely in moral essays, directed against the crying evils of the times and advocating their reform or eradication. His arrows of speech are aimed at law-breaking corporations, fraudulent operations of all kinds, oppression in every shape, everything in which common honesty is wanting and his doctrine of a square deal for all men, rich and poor alike, is ignored. In this sense, he is a great moral philosopher, a law-giver of these modern days.

And the pith of a hundred orations and a score of messages is gathered up in his great Sorbonne address, in which he has brought together the substance of what he has been saying for years, as ripened by reflection in his mind, and flung out as his ultimatum of opinion upon the evils, dishonesties, and needs of the age.

Platitudes, we are told, his aphorisms are. Very true; the ten commandments and the sayings of Confucius, Buddha and Christ are full of similar lessons to the world and it is not easy to add anything to them. But a new moral gospel, fitted to this new age, is timely and welcome, and Theodore Roosevelt seems the man best fitted, by character and position alike, for the task, even if he simply repeats moral lessons of the ages.

He makes no claim to be a genius. He is not especially original. But he is great in being full of his mission and delivering it in sledge-hammer blows which cannot be ignored. Certainly no man of this young century has half matched him in bringing the world to a realization of its duty and of teaching its people what they must do to be saved. It is the spirit of the time that moves in the man. We feel it stirring all about us; a thirst for reform and moral elevation; an uplifting sentiment in favor of business and political honor and integrity. Theodore Roosevelt may have had but little to do with starting the movement, but he is its chief apostle.

We may close this review by quoting some passages from his utterances, showing his point of view of the needful moral status of the nations:

"Arrogance, suspicion, brutal envy of the well-to-do, brutal indifference toward those who are not well-to-do, the hard refusal to consider the rights of others, the foolish refusal to consider the limits

of beneficent action, the base appeal to the spirit of selfish greed, whether it take the form of plunder of the fortunate or of oppression of the unfortunate—from these and from all kindred vices this nation must be kept free if it is to remain in its present position in the forefront of the peoples of mankind.

"On the other hand, good will come, even out of the present evils, if we face them armed with the old homely virtues; if we show that we are fearless of soul, cool of head, and kindly of heart; if, without betraying the weakness that cringes before wrongdoing, we yet show by deeds and words our knowledge that in such a government as ours each of us must be in very truth his brother's keeper."

There is the true ring in these aphorisms. They conceal no spirit of time-serving, and here, in a few words, are his views of the finance of honest business, as stated to Mr. Riis:

"Publicity hurts no honest business, and is not feared by the man of straight methods. The man whose methods are crooked is the man whose game I would block. Those who complain know this perfectly well, and their complaining betrays them. Again, with honest money—I do not need any financier to tell me that a short-weight dollar is not an honest dollar to pay full-weight dollar debts with."

We shall close this chapter with a list of the Roosevelt books. They include two works of history. One of these "The Naval War with Great Britain," was written immediately after his college days, yet deals with the subject in a fresh and obviously fair manner which has made the book an authority. As a result of it he was invited by British publishers to write the chapter on this subject for the monumental work, "History of the Royal Navy of England."

The other work spoken of is his four-volume "The Winning of the West," the largest and in its field the most valuable of his works. It takes up a subject not before dealt with and handles it admirably.

In addition to these histories are several biographies, the "Life of Thomas Hart Benton," "Life of Gouverneur Morris," and "Oliver Cromwell." He is also the author of "New York City: a History," and, in conjunction with H. C. Lodge, of "Hero Tales from American History."

His books devoted to hunting life and adventure are full of interesting incidents and graphic descriptions of the habits of animals. They include "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman;" "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," "American Big-game Hunting," and "The Wilderness Hunter," with contributions to other works, one of these being on "The Deer and Antelope of North America." In addition are the books of the Boone and Crockett Club, including "Hunting in Many Lands," and "Trail and Campfire." His hunting adventures in Africa have been detailed in his interesting contributions to "Scribner's Magazine," and will be given the world in the near future in a work he has ready for publication.

Other works from his pen are "American Ideals, and other Essays" and "The Strenuous Life" (collections of magazine contributions); also "The Rough Riders," and "The Philippines" (made up of contributions by himself and William H. Taft). The "Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt" is a collection of his virile sayings.

We have here a varied and somewhat voluminous list of books, doubtless to be followed by various others, now that he has before him a period of private life. That it will be a period of non-performance is out of the question with a man of his disposition. He is at present an editorial worker on the *Outlook*, and will very likely find abundant new work for his facile pen. What he has already done shows us that it will be work of a practical nature and that, fond as he is of the poets, he is not likely, like Mr. Wegg, to "drop into poetry."

CHAPTER XX.

The Most Skilful Politician of the Century

LOOKING back over what has been said in the preceding pages in regard to the Roosevelt policies, and endeavoring to weigh their significance the fact stands out that President Roosevelt has proved himself a man of unusual political acumen. He seems always to have known what he wanted and in most cases succeeded in getting it. He has been no headlong "bull in a china shop," threshing about blindly, swinging the "big stick" with heedless hand. This sort of comment is well enough for the columns of irresponsible newspaper editors, but thinking men long since perceived in Theodore Roosevelt a man of phenomenal ability in public affairs and one who had it in him to climb to the top of the political tree.

Almost at the start of his political career men of discernment saw in him evidence of remarkable powess. While he was a member of the New York Legislature, a very young man, with very little experience in the art of legislation, Andrew D. White, President of Cornell College, showed surprising foresight in this remark to his class:

"Young gentlemen, some of you will enter public life. I call your attention to Theodore Roosevelt, now in our Legislature. He is on the right road to success. It is dangerous to predict a future for a young man, but let me tell you that if any man of his age was ever pointed straight for the Presidency, that man is Theodore Roosevelt."

George W. Curtis, then the popular editor of Harper's "Easy Chair," also looked forward into the future, with similar clear insight, His words spoken in answer to a comment on the youth of Mr. Roosevelt and the little that was known of him outside his own State, were as follows:

"You'll know more, sir, later; a good deal more, or I am much in error. Young? Why, he is just out of school almost, yet he is a

force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him an iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He will not truckle nor cringe, he seems to court opposition to the point of being somewhat pugnacious. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development—or if not it will be because he gives up politics altogether."

There must have been something very unusual in Theodore Roosevelt from the start, to call forth such confident opinions from such men at so early a date in his career. The man was in many ways unusual. From the very start he made his mark in political life. And this mark was stamped deeper and broader at every point in his later career. Turbulent! Yes, his career was that undoubtedly. But he knew well how to steer his boat over the troubled waters of political life, and never got caught in one of those swirling eddies that have landed many promising men high and dry on the banks. He kept steadily in the centre of the current, which brought him at length, as had been predicted, to the highest goal of political attainment, that of President of the great American republic.

This development did not come through chance. It was no outcome of blind luck. It was the natural, shall we not say the inevitable, ultimate of the character and ability of the man whom we have designated as the most skilful politician of the century. The assassination of President McKinley merely hastened the result. Even without that Theodore Roosevelt would have reached the Presidency. As Mr. White had said, he was pointed straight for that goal.

In what did his expertness consist? Largely in stepping aside from the well-worn rut of ordinary political movement and making for himself a new path, adopting a new role, one which he was admirably adapted by nature to fill.

To pose as a moral leader in the quagmire of political corruption of that day and place, to have the strength and persistency to force his measures into favorable consideration, needed the greatest courage and energy. It needed more than this, it called for a strong innate conviction that the course he was pursuing was the correct one and

that he would be recreant to his trust if he yielded for a moment in his self-appointed task.

But he not only knew what was the right thing to do, he knew instinctively how to do it, and it was by this knowledge he won—then, and at many times later. To quote an old adage, he "appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober;" from the legislative body, drunk with fraudulent practices, to the people at large, sober in its final decision.

This has been his strong hold throughout. He has constantly appealed to the higher sentiment of the people, placed himself on record as an advocate of political integrity and reform, addressed his messages more to the American public than to the American Congress, touched the public pulse with a multitude of orations defining his purposes and aspirations, and kept himself ever as an earnest advocate before the bar of public opinion.

He never had occasion to creep and crawl, to hide himself from sight in the devious paths of party politics. He fought ever in the open, and for what the great public wanted; the cleaning of the political quagmire. Everything he said touched a responsive chord in the public mind. There was no prevarication, no effort to make the worse appear the better reason; everything was direct and straightforward; in every utterance he "hit the line hard," and the people rose in response and backed him up sturdily in a hundred measures which without this support would have been sidetracked.

We have already, in our third chapter, told the story of the first act that made him known favorably to the people at large. It may be read there how, almost at the advent of his legislative career, he rose in his seat and demanded that Judge Westbrook should be impeached for corruption in office. It was the first "bolt from the blue" in his long war against legislative and official dishonor.

The leaders sought to quiet him, but he was not to be quieted. They calmly voted down his motion, but he set his teeth, squared his shoulders and fought on. Day after day he was on his feet, pounding away, The roar of the contest reached the public ear. The newspapers took it up. The people learned of the rottenness in their high places. Public opinion rose in support of the young

advocate of public honesty. The legislature dared no longer put itself on record as a supporter of corruption. Roosevelt won his fight by an almost unanimous vote.

It was no small acknowledgment of superior ability for so young a man to be made his party's candidate for Speaker in his third year, and in his final year to be chosen as a delegate to the State and the National Republican Conventions. The legislative results of his three years' service were the passage of reform bills which aided greatly in purifying political methods in New York City.

Roosevelt's entire political career was upon the same elevated plane as that of his early service. He had seen the crying need of a reform in the method of selecting public servants and in 1884 had carried through the legislature a Civil Service Reform law for New York City. It was this that brought him in 1889 the appointment by President Harrison to membership on the Civil Service Commission chosen to reform the Federal methods.

That body needed new life in its veins. It had been a moribund committee, doing nothing in the old-fashioned official method. Roosevelt shook it up into phenomenal activity. What he did as a member of that committee has been told in a previous chapter. His retention on it by President Cleveland, and the latter's final testimonial to the value of his services, prove that he had won the high regard of his political opponents by his non-partisan efficiency in office. Though an earnest member of the Republican party, he had vigorously insisted throughout that selection to public office should be made solely on the basis of fitness, not at all on that of party service.

The same non-partisan activity was displayed in his subsequent service on the Police Board of New York City. It was quickly made evident that the hand of a wholesale reformer was at the helm. The metropolitan police force, through years of easy methods, had become cobwebbed with corruption. Graft infiltrated it at every pore. In Kipling's words, its motto was "Pay! Pay! Pay!" All Tammany asked for was cash. The right to break almost any law could be cheaply bought and this right was freely exercised.

Roosevelt inaugurated, not a revolt, but a revolution. He had

been chosen as an officer of the law, and he was there to enforce the law, whoever might be hurt. His energy was tempestuous, his results were surprising. Never before had New York seen such a shaking up. A reform administration, under Mayor Strong, was in office, and the resolute young Police Commissioner was supported in his most radical acts. In a year or two's time he had converted a corrupt and largely worthless into an honest and efficient police force and brought the New York police service to a new and high standard of achievement.

It cannot justly be said that Commissioner Roosevelt was doing this with any thought of political effect. We should say that he was simply moved by a stern determination to do his duty—but for all that his actions had great political effect. The name of the young crusader against corruption became widely known. There was a picturesqueness about his methods and a thoroughness in his results that became the talk of the country, and the New York police chief won a national reputation.

The events of his subsequent career added to this immensely. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy—a position to which his efficiency on the New York Police Board lifted him—he displayed the same characteristics. He foresaw the coming war and prepared the navy for it by insisting that the men should have abundant training at the guns. It was he that sent Dewey to the East—he had gauged the calibre of the man—kept his squadron intact and well supplied, and had it ready to be launched against Manila when the psychological moment came.

We must briefly pass over what followed, his instant joining the army when the war began, the happy idea of organizing the Rough Riders regiment—a sort of Wild West show that immensely tickled the public fancy and put Roosevelt into the forefront of popular interest at the start. His reputation was enormously added to by the events of the brief war, including the vivid newspaper accounts of his wild charge up San Juan hill and his impulsive breaking of precedent by the famous "round-robin" letter through which the men were rescued from the deplorable effects of the malarious Cuban climate.

Roosevelt had worked, if not designedly, at least wisely. His

fearlessness before the enemy was probably the result of native intrepidity; his round-robin protest, of irrepressible indignation against the slack methods of the military authorities; but these raised him immensely in public estimation and he came home the popular hero of the war. He had been defeated years before in a contest for the office of Mayor of New York City; his new popularity gave him victory in a contest for the office of governor of New York State, and his record as a consistent reformer in this brought him the nomination of Vice-President of the United States—partly as a result of his prominence, partly through the desire of the New York politicians to shelve this irrepressible apostle of reform in a position in which his hands would be tied. All know the lamentable incident that untied his hands and made him President.

Theodore Roosevelt would have been a man of prominence in political life and a worker for reform at almost any time in the history of our country, but fortune willed that he should come into the office of President at a date excellently fitted for a man of his calibre to make his work effective. For years before great business corporations had been forming throughout the country, gaining the control of enormous wealth, largely through acts in defiance of law, and becoming more and more heedless of public opinion through long impunity in ill doing.

On the other hand, a strong public opinion was growing and crystallizing against these corporations and their methods. On all sides they were being keenly attacked by newspaper and magazine writers, the great public was kept advised as to their oppressive and illegal acts, and its indignation was steadily augmenting. What was wanted was an able and aggressive leader to this new-grown public opinion, and Theodore Roosevelt was at hand to become that leader.

By nature, training and opinion he was splendidly adapted to the task before him. He put himself at the head of the army of reform, led it forward with innate energy, trained his guns on the enemy and thundered away into their ranks almost day and night. The foe was strong; it had powerful support in Congress; he did not achieve all he set out to do; but he won more than one notable victory, and put the country in the way of finally bringing to an end the whole evil.

This, it may be said, was less the result of political skill than of innate tendency as a reformer and of energy as a fighter. But in such a fight as President Roosevelt had to wage other qualities were needed. Judgment, good sense, political foresight, timely yielding to expediency; willingness to accept a modicum of good, if the whole good was not to be had; insight into the character of men and in the choice of aids; an appreciation of the rights of both sides to a controversy and an earnest desire to do the just thing for both. He knew well what he wanted, but knew also that progress in reform, as in journeying, can be made only step by step, and in all this he had the equipment of a skilful political leader, a man born to rule and control.

One of his biographers tells us: "President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary mental capacity. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in his choice of tasks and his method of tackling them."

A woman reformer, who was seeking for some hero fitted to embody her high ideals, is quoted as saying of him: "I always wanted to make Roosevelt out that, but, somehow, every time he did something that seemed really great it turned out upon looking at it closely, that it was only *just the right thing to do.*"

This embodies a happy compliment to his instinctive powers. We may add to it an incident that took place when he was Civil Service Commissioner. In his impetuous manner he had spoken his mind very plainly to a Cabinet official who had dallied with the truth. A person who was present afterwards remarked plaintively: "It was very discourteous treatment for Commissioner Roosevelt to visit upon an officer of so much higher rank. Why, he actually accused him of lying." After a moment's pause he continued in a like plaintive tone: "And what was worse, he went on and proved it!"

From all this we gain some definite conception of the qualities of nature and training which have given Theodore Roosevelt such a high standing among the political leaders of the United States. This, no doubt, has had a reflex influence upon the world at large, but it does not fully account for that far-flung reputation which has aroused

all Europe to admiration and induced one of his admirers to suggest making him the President of the World.

The lords of European politics are not so interested in trans-atlantic affairs as that. They look upon our ex-President not as an American product, but as a world prodigy. The war-lords of the world envy and admire him as the only one among them who has taken part and won glory in battle, and also as the man who has brought the American navy up to the level of efficiency of the best navies of Europe. The peace-advocates of the world—a great and growing number—look upon him as the greatest recent power in the interests of "peace on earth, good will to men." While the European statesmen were hesitating in doubt lest they might break down some cherished wall of precedent he boldly stepped into the breach and took measures which brought the sanguinary Russo-Japan war to an end. And he infused new vitality into the Hague peace tribunal, putting in train a movement which has led to a great increase in its power and influence. These services it was that led the Nobel Committee to choose him as the greatest leader in the movement for international peace. And to his services in this field he has recently added by his fertile suggestion of the formation of a great League of Peace.

In these and other ways Roosevelt has enormously strengthened the foreign policy of our government. Under his administration we bound the Powers of Europe to safeguard the territory of China during the Russo-Japan war. We gave back to China the unjustly exacted portion of the Boxer indemnity. We concluded treaties of arbitration with nearly all the great Powers and it was our activity in this field that gave its present prominence to the Hague peace tribunal. We have undertaken the building of the great Panama Canal and pushed forward the work on it with unprecedented rapidity and energy. We have satisfied our sister republics of our friendly feeling toward them and gone far in the task of binding all the natives of this hemisphere into a great American league. Our colonial policy has been wisely carried out and the people of the colonies made fully aware of our good intentions in their interest. We have taught Europe the true meaning of our aims and purposes. And in all this

Theodore Roosevelt has been the leader and in many cases the inciter.

In him then we have a statesman nowhere else now equaled; a man whose views spread far beyond our national limits and make the world their field, and before whom Europe has bowed down in admiration as before a new star that has risen in the West.

BOOK THREE

THE AFRICAN TRIP AND BIG GAME

CHAPTER XXI

From New York to Mombasa

ON the morning of March 5, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt, as we may well judge, roused from sleep with a fervent sense of freedom and exhilaration. He had cast off the weight of political responsiblity which had laid heavily upon him for nearly eight years, and at last was free from the burdens of office and in a position to enjoy to its full a genuine holiday.

That "Call of the Wild" which had rung in his ears in his younger days and led him west to the companionship of the cowboy and the perils of the hunting field, was ringing again in his ears. A born huntsman, with a native love of adventure and a strong zest for stirring and perilous scenes, the "Call of the Wild" now drew him in a different direction, to that African wilderness which is the haunt of the most savage and dangerous beasts on the face of the earth. Hunting in America is a tame and mild enjoyment compared with hunting in Africa. We have the grizzly bear, to be sure, a foe not safe to despise. But there may be found the elephants, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the lion, creatures to be challenged on their native soil only by the most hardy and daring of men.

It was not alone these lordly beasts that our huntsman had to fear. The district he sought is one where lurk deadly diseases, fevers that enervate the frame, that mysterious "sleeping sickness" from whose slumbers few awake, disorders that lie in wait for those not native to tropical climes; and earnest warnings were sent the ex-President that he was going to his doom, that in the African fevers he would find foes tenfold more deadly than the wildest beasts.

So far as we know all this rather whetted Roosevelt's appetite for these new hunting fields than deterred him from them. We cannot say that he is devoid of the faculty of fear, but he has a happy faculty of concealing it. He had thrown off the harness of the Presidency,

which had fettered him so long. He had refused to listen to the voice of the tempter, which told him that the White House and the President's chair still awaited him and were his to be had for the asking. No, he had amply earned a holiday and was determined to have it—"a holiday as is a holiday," in the midst of the African wilds and in the presence of the earth's most terrible beasts.

Eager to get away, to shake the dust of civilization from his feet, to breathe the free air of uncultured nature, to feel the thrill of new adventure, the released President hurried his preparations. The members of the expedition were carefully selected, the juvenile of the party being his youthful son Kermit, who was trained to be its photographer, but who has since shown himself to be a true "chip of the old block" in his hunting intrepidity and success.

Everything likely to be of need in the wild was carefully selected, with the judgment and skill of one who knew just what the hunter requires and what he can well do without. The sporting pieces especially were chosen with care, with the knowledge that life might often depend on the accuracy of the rifle and the trustworthy character of the ammunition.

The 23d of March, less than three weeks from the close of his Presidential career, was the date selected by Mr. Roosevelt for his start, and as may be imagined his life was a busy one during that brief interval. It is interesting to state that one of the last visitors at Oyster Bay before his departure was his mountaineer companion, M. F. Cronin, the Adirondack guide and stage driver who, seven and a half years before, had brought him through his breakneck midnight drive to the railroad station at North Creek, a rough and headlong ride in which it is said a pair of horses was killed.

Word had come of the perilous condition of President McKinley, and the bold driver felt that he was bringing a new President to his chair. Now, that his Presidential career was at an end, his mountaineer friend came to bid him godspeed on the eve of his setting out upon a new career.

On the morning of March 23, 1909, ex-President Roosevelt set off on his long journey from Oyster Bay to Mombasa. The ride to New York was an ovation. At every station a crowd had gathered to wave

good-bye and wish good luck to the departing hunter. On reaching the wharf of the Hamburg-American Line, where waited the ocean greyhound "Hamburg," ready to convey him to Naples, a cheering throng, thousands in number, awaited to give him an enthusiastic send-off. It was no easy matter to reach the deck of the steamer through this mass of admiring humanity.

Many friends and members of his late administration accompanied him on board, and as the great steamer slowly glided out from her dock the distinguished traveler stood on the captain's bridge, waving a parting farewell with his black slouch hat. By his side stood his son, Kermit, both gladdened by the cheers of the friendly multitude.

One of the latest and most pleasing incidents of the departure was the advent of a messenger from President Taft, who brought as a present a collapsable gold ruler, one foot long, with pencil attached, and inscribed as follows:

"To Theodore Roosevelt from William Howard Taft. Good-bye and good luck. Best wishes for a safe return."

That the outgoing traveler was highly pleased with this parting tribute need scarcely be said. The returning messenger bore back his grateful thanks.

What shall we say of the voyage? What can be said other than of the innumerable voyages of innumerable tourists, whose principal aim is to prevent the journey from becoming wearisomely monotonous. That there was little rest for Roosevelt on board ship, we may be sure. He is of the unresting type. Those who wished to interview him had to do so *en route,* for every day he walked a good ten miles to and fro on the deck. And the deck did not limit the range of his activity. He pervaded the ship. Not a part or a feature of it escaped his attention. From the bridge to the coal-heavers' den he made his way, everybody who knew anything was obliged to give up his last item of useful information, and by the time shore was reached again the traveler had learned enough about life on shipboard to write a nautical novel.

Meanwhile his diet was of the simplest, his meals being limited to two a day. The purpose of this abstemiousness was to keep down his weight. Lightness and agility were requisite in the purpose he had in view.

In former times the Atlantic traveler cut loose from the world. During his voyage the only world he knew was the cramped and narrow one bounded by the walls and decks of the ship. The ocean of tossing waves cut him off from all beside. But in these days we have "reformed all that." Wireless telegraphy keeps us in touch with the land we have left and the land to which we are bound, and all through his voyage the darting of the electric waves through hundreds of aerial miles told our traveler of what was being done on land and told the friends he had left the daily occurrences of his life at sea.

One of these was rather startling. The news came that a crazed Italian, a steerage passenger, had sought to assassinate him and had been seized and fettered in the stronghold of the ship. It gave, however, only a passing thrill to those at home, for it was quickly contradicted and proved to be based upon an event of small significance.

The harbor of Fayal, in the Azores, was reached on March 29. Roosevelt landed at Horta, the island capital, and was taken a two hours' drive about the town by the governor. A second stop was made at Ponta Delgada, the largest city on the group and the third in size of Portuguese cities. Here the ex-President met with a real peril, far more dangerous than that of the crazed Italian.

There was a rough sea on, so boisterous that only three passengers were willing to accompany the intrepid Roosevelt in the small boat that took him ashore. It was on his return, after visiting the United States Consul and seeing the city, that the peril was encountered. The small boat was tossed about like a cockle-shell on the unquiet sea, and as it neared the ship was dashed violently against its side. At the same time a ten-foot wave rolled over it, drenching the travelers to the waist. Roosevelt coolly waited his chance, made a leap at the right moment, his hand was caught by the first officer, and in an instant more he was safe on board.

The next stopping place was at Gibraltar, which was reached on April 2. Here Colonel Roosevelt had the opportunity to make a thorough inspection of this impregnable outlying fortress of Great Britain. Certain festivities also took place, including a dinner and a dance, in which Roosevelt, who is little given to "twirl the light fantastic toe," consented to open the ball with Miss Draper, one of his traveling

companions. Here also he made a brief speech, ending humorously with the words:

"Everybody has been very kind to me, but I think it must be an infernal nuisance to have a retired President on board."

Three days later, on April 5, the harbor of Naples was entered, the "Hamburg" reaching her voyage end at that great and famous metropolis of Southern Italy. Roosevelt's stay here was to be short, but it was one of continuous ovation. As the great steamer entered the harbor it was greeted by a deafening peal of steam whistles, the music of many bands, and a splendid show of bunting from the vessels of all types and nations that occupied the ample bay. There was present an Italian warship and a multitude of other craft, all gay with flags and bunting from stem to stern.

On land the welcome was as enthusiastic. Had our plain American tourist been a conquering king returning from a glorious campaign, he could not have been received more heartily by the vast crowd assembled to gaze on the late head of the American republic. Floral offerings were superabundant, among them a great group of red, white and black carnations from Emperor William and a splendid garland of fragrant blooms from the Empress. A letter from the Emperor accompanied the gift, cordially inviting him to stop at Berlin on his return and ending with "Hail to the successful huntsman!"

On landing, the Hotel Excelsior was sought, where the traveler met various Italian officials and was greeted by scores of prominent Americans. He subsequently had an interview with the Duke and Duchess of Aosta in their splendid palace at Capodimente, affairs of state preventing the King of Italy from meeting him during his brief stay.

From Naples the traveler proceeded to Messina, the scene of the recent devastating earthquake. His observations here were condensed in a telegraph cable message in which he warmly praised the splendid work done at Messina and Reggio with the building lumber shipped from this country. Visiting the American camp, he found two hundred and fifty houses already completed and arrangements made for the rapid construction of one thousand two hundred and fifty more. The work was under the general direction of Ambassador Griscom

and the immediate care of Lieutenant-Commander Belknap, assisted by other navy officers. Working under these were forty able sailors and a number of stalwart American carpenters. "In addition," he concluded, "there is a fine group of Americans, such as J. Elliott, Winthrop Chandler, J. Bush and R. Hale, who are giving their time and energies to help the philanthropic work. I wish to say that I consider that the American people are deeply indebted to each and every one of these men."

Two days only were given to the sightseeing at Naples and Messina, with the arrival and departure, the Roosevelt party leaving on the 6th in the steamer "Admiral," which was to carry them to Mombasa. A matter of some minor interest is that, while on board the "Hamburg," an army surgeon presented him with a syringe filled with an antivenom for snake poison. This was to guard him against possible perils more insidious than those likely to come from wild beasts. How efficacious it would be apt to prove is another question.

As may be seen, Colonel Roosevelt had lost little time so far in sightseeing on land. He would have enough of shore experience on reaching Africa; now straightforward to Mombasa was the cry. From Naples the "Admiral" sped through the most historic waters of the world, those of the eastern Mediterranean, the scene of the commerce and naval wars of Phœnicia, Greece, Carthage and Rome. Passing Port Said and worming its way through the narrow channel of the Suez Canal, it kept on down the Red Sea, famous principally for its tropic heats.

The only stop was made at Aden, at the extremity of Arabia, and this a brief one. Thence the steamer plunged into the waters of the Indian Ocean for its final goal at Mombasa.

This final lap of the voyage lasted a week, its only interesting incident being a dinner given by the captain of the "Admiral" to his distinguished passenger, the table being finely decorated and speeches and toasts being features of the occasion.

Mombasa was reached on April 21, the total voyage having taken rather less than a month. The "Admiral" entered Kilindin harbor in a heavy rain, almost a deluge, the water pouring in drenching floods. The steamer flew the American flag at fore and main, which was saluted by the British cruiser "Pandora," then lying in the harbor.

Darkness had fallen, but Roosevelt and his son lost no time in leaving the ship, being taken ashore in the commandant's surf boat and carried to a place of shelter in chairs on the shoulders of stalwart natives.

Such was the landing on Africa's shores, at night, in a downpour of rain, and on the shoulders of natives of the soil. But Colonel Roosevelt had no thought of bad omens. He was in splendid health and eager for the start to the hunting grounds, which he said he could not reach a minute too soon.

A military guard was drawn up to receive him and a picturesque crowd of Europeans, East Indians and negroes crowded to gaze upon the famous American potentate, while the governor of the place gave him a cordial welcome. He had intended to stay two days at Mombasa, but the flood of rain induced a change of plan, and on the following day he set out on a special train for the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, where his first fortnight was to be spent.

With this story of how Roosevelt reached Africa, let us proceed to describe the make-up of his expedition and the purpose for which this long journey was undertaken. That the desire to see the greatest animals of the world in their native haunts and to enjoy the exciting experience of facing these great creatures in a state of freedom, with an opportunity to fight for their lives, was a moving influence in his journey no one can justly doubt. But that he sought the African jungle moved solely by what the censorious Frenchman said was the Englishman's spirit: "Good morning; it is a fine day; let us go out and kill something," we should be loath to affirm. For back of Roosevelt's journey was a scientific purpose, for which we must give him due credit.

It is not "The Roosevelt African Expedition," but rather "The Smithsonian African Expedition," with which we are concerned, for it was outfitted by the Smithsonian Institution and its underlying purpose was to collect specimens of the African mammalia for this great educational institution. Mr. Roosevelt, it is true, proposed to pay his own expenses and those of his son Kermit, including their outfit and transportation, but he simply proposed to obtain an adult specimen of each sex of the big African game, and also of the smaller mammals

and birds so far as possible, and to do no other killing than was necessary to supply the camp with meat. The specimens collected were to be deposited in the United States National Museum for scientific study. Mr. Roosevelt has added more than any other man to our knowledge of the big game of the United States, and we can appreciate the desire of the Smithsonian scientists to secure the services of a man of his training in field life and the pursuit of big game to add to their scientific treasures.

The men who believe in the study of the mammal and the bird in their living state and in their native haunts, the hunting with the field glass rather than with the rifle, know the advantage of museum collections in order that field identification may be made certain and that the life study of mammals may be stimulated, and the purpose of these scientists was to secure such a valuable addition to its educational exhibit, for the use of students who need such material for comparative purposes.

The true nature lover gets the zest of outdoor life, the sense of the freshness and beauty of things to be obtained from a trip afield, and to obtain these laudable experiences it is not necessary to keep his rifle constantly at work, shooting at every crack of a twig or rustle of a leaf. And that Theodore Roosevelt has in his make-up much of this wholesome spirit everyone who is familiar with his history must acknowledge.

Back of this, however, there is also in him the spirit of the hunter, the zest of the bold heart's impulse, the love of facing and overcoming peril, the intense excitement of putting his own life in pawn in a struggle with a dangerous antagonist, and while feeling that science would be benefited by the results of his adventurous journey, there was in it much of the heroic spirit that moved him when he charged up San Juan Hill in the face of the Spanish batteries. His skill and daring were to cope with the strength and alertness of the lords of the wilds and the soul of the soldier stirred within him as much as the spirit of the scientist.

Mr. Roosevelt and the scientists of the Smithsonian were already familiar with every kind of big game that he was likely to encounter. As for the leader of the expedition, he had the name of every species

of antelope at his instant command and bore a picture in his mind of every kind of creature that through his instrumentality might be added to the National Museum's stores. During his last months in the White House a portion of the President's time was given over to the study of the fauna of that part of Africa which the American caravan would traverse. The smaller mammals and the birds had not been left out of Mr. Roosevelt's calculations. The scientific interest in a wild creature is not gauged by its size; the mouse has its interest no less than the lion.

The expedition into Africa was thoroughly equipped. Everything that knowledge of conditions could suggest had its place in the outfit. The quarry that was secured was instantly prepared for transportation. The skins and the hides were well salted and dried, and packed in a way that made their preservation certain. Such skeletons as were to be saved, and the skulls which were of first value for comparative purposes, were cared for as only field scientists knew how, and the collected treasures of the African trip were brought to Washington in a condition to delight the hearts of the government scientists.

We give below the names and personality of the members of the Smithsonian African Expedition. Of Theodore Roosevelt it is not necessary to write. What he has done as a scientist and as a hunter is known to all.

Dr. and Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, United States army (retired), is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. He has been in the military service for twenty-six years and during that time while on field duty and on detached service he has pursued his zoological studies. Admittedly Dr. Mearns is one of the first field naturalists of the country, and his reports and books are acknowledged authorities. His publications include studies of mammals, birds and plants. He was the naturalist accredited by the government to the Mexican boundary expedition, and as the result of his researches the scientific world has the work entitled "Mammals of the Mexican Boundary of the United States." This work includes a summary of the natural history of the region covered, with a list of the trees of the country adjacent to the boundary. Dr. Mearns knows birds as he knows mammals, and his knowledge of American ornith-

ology is second to none, while he is one of the most successful surgeons and physicians in the service list. He is inured to the hardships of field life. He is a good shot and a good companion. Of him a Washington scientist who has been in the field with him time and again has said of him: "He is the kindest man I ever knew. If it is cold he wants you to take his coat in addition to your own; if it is hot he wants to help take off your coat before he will take off his own. He knows nothing of contention and no man can be found to make a better camp companion."

Edmund Heller is a graduate of Stanford University of the Class of 1901. He is a thoroughly trained naturalist, whose special work was the preparation and preservation of specimens of the large animals that the expedition secured. Mr. Heller went with Carl E. Akeley into Africa on a collecting trip for the Field Columbian Museum. The expedition was successful in every way. Mr. Heller has conducted successful scientific excursions into Alaska and through the Death Valley. In the latter place he followed the trail which Dr. C. Hart Merriman, of the Biological Survey of Washington, had taken some years before and in a large measure he duplicated the Merriam collecting achievement. Mr. Heller has explored and collected in Mexico and in Central America, and it is said of him that he "always has made good." He has the faculty of making friends and never in the course of any of his expeditions has there been the slightest trouble with the natives.

J. Alden Loring, of Oswego, N. Y., is known as a successful collector of birds and small mammals. In addition to this Mr. Loring is a field naturalist who understands the preservation of skins in all climates. He was attached for some time to the United States Biological Survey, and later he was connected with the Bronx Zoological Park, New York City. Mr. Loring has made field trips in various parts of the United States, British America and Mexico. The United States National Museum once sent him abroad as a traveling collector of small mammals. In three months of field work in Sweden, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland he collected and shipped 900 specimens all carefully prepared. This stands as a record-breaking field achievement. Men who have been in the field with Mr. Loring say

that it is impossible to discourage him, and that his hopefulness and spirit make things cheerful on every day that otherwise would be a blue day in camp.

If preparation, enthusiasm, energy and ability to shoot straight, count as they should count, the Smithsonian African Expedition under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt was one that has rarely been surpassed and its fitness for its work was amply shown by its valuable results. Such a collection of specimens of African zoölogy was never before made, and he succeded in enriching the collections of the Smithsonian Institution to an extraordinary degree, greatly to the advantage of biological science in America. His duplicate specimens aid in enriching other museums, even those of London, already well supplied with the larger mammals, yet glad to get many specimens of smaller vertebrate animals which he generously contributed to them

CHAPTER XXII

The East African Railroad

LANDING at Mombasa the Roosevelt party boarded a train on the Uganda Railway to begin the long trip of more than five hundred miles from the east coast of Africa to the great Lake of Victoria Nyanza.

This long journey may be divided into three principal stages: The Jungles, the Plains and the Mountains. The first quarter of an hour is spent in traversing the island on which the city of Mombasa is built, and the train reaches the mainland by a long iron bridge which spans the separating channel. Westward the train runs, winding around among the uneven spots of the country on a fairly steep up grade, the landscape luxuriantly covered with vegetation thickly peopled with birds and butterflies of brilliant and beautiful colors. Palms and creeper-covered trees rise out of the glades on either hand, making a panorama of tropical vegetation calculated to prepare the traveler's eye for the wonderful luxuriance of Central Africa.

For it must be remembered that this railroad has been built only a few years, and principally as a means of transporting men and goods between Mombasa, the seaport on the eastern coast, and the rich Protectorate of Uganda, which lies on the north and northeastern shores of the enormous Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Mombasa is a town of more than 20,000 population, and was acquired by the British East African Company in 1890 from Zanzibar. It was occupied by the Portuguese in 1505, and towards the end of the sixteenth century a fort was built there. These possessors, however, were driven out in 1698, and in 1834 the city passed into the control of Zanzibar. It is a naval coaling station, and as the terminus of the Uganda Railway an important commercial port for the traffic into the interior of Africa.

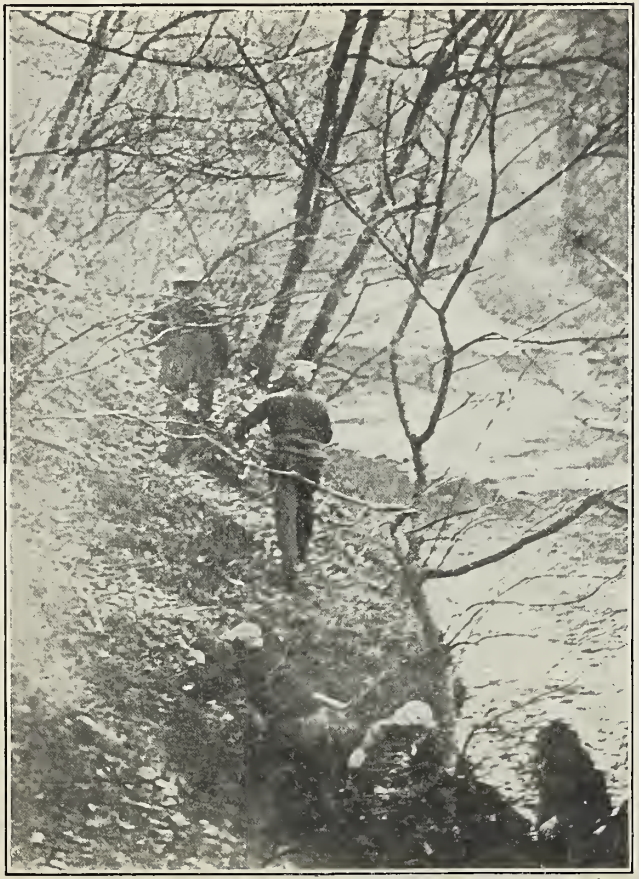
The Uganda Railway, although built primarily as a political neces-

Copyright by Clinedinst

JUMPING A FOUR-RAIL FENCE.

Copyright, 1898, by Pictorial News Co.

ADDRESSING THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "CONNECTICUT" UPON THE RETURN OF THE FLEET



Copyright by Harris & Ewing

President Roosevelt leading army officers on a strenuous walk.

Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood

Admiral Evans, commander of the fleet, with President Roosevelt.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CHECKING UP HIS BOXES.

A truck-load of guns and supplies being counted by the head of the Expedition.

PART OF THE ROOSEVELT OUTFIT.

Packed in London, sent to Mombasa in advance and taken inland by the party on arrival in Africa.

sity in order to secure Britain's hold upon the rich inland states of Africa, is actually paying its way, which it was not expected to do within any reasonable period. Nearly fifty thousand dollars a mile, were spent upon its construction, and every few miles are neat little stations with their ticket offices, water tanks, signals and flower beds, just as in a civilized country, though on all sides of them is the thick jungle of the tropics. Every telegraph post is numbered, the grades and curves are in line with modern development, and the trains, modelled upon the Indian railway pattern, are practically comfortable.

As the train winds inland and upward the traveler forgets that he is under the equator, until at a height of 4,000 feet above the sea the jungle changes into forest, characteristic of a cooler climate than the tangled luxuriance of the jungles. Farther on the railway emerges into the plains. Vast fields of green grass intersected by streams, densely wooded with dark trees and coarse scrub, are broken by rough ridges and hills. Here right from the railway train can be seen crowds of wild animals, herds of antelope and gazelle, zebras, wildebeeste, hartebeeste, wild ostriches and small deer. At Simba is a fruitful hunting ground. Lions and giraffes are abundant, and they say that in the early days of the railroad a rhinoceros measured his strength against the engine on the tracks with disastrous results to himself, after which the rest of his tribe retired to the river beds at some distance from the railway.

A favorite way of shooting game in this section is to ride up and down the line on a trolley. The animals are so accustomed to the passage of trains and natives that they do not suspect danger unless the moving object stops. Accordingly the sportsman drops off the car and allows it to pass on, frequently finding himself within range of some of the big game of Africa.

If anyone were asked the reasonable question why the multitude of animals which frequent the railway zone do so with such utter confidence and such lack of fear of their natural enemy, man, the answer is that they are protected within this zone, shooting being forbidden within a fixed distance of the railway, except in the case of such dangerous brutes as the lion, the leopard, the hyena and the rhinoceros. The strange thing is that the animals have come to recognize this fact

and avail themselves of it. No one has issued a bulletin in animal language to the effect that a treaty of peace has been signed between man and beast, so far as this region is concerned. Yet the fact is that since the shooting of innocent creatures has ceased within the railway zone, it can be traversed in safety from the death-dealing bullet, and its native inhabitants have come to recognize this interesting fact.

Much has been written in past times concerning the intelligence of animals. Some maintain that they are governed by instinct only, that they lack the faculties of thought and reason. But how are we to understand the fact just stated? Instinct is hereditary. It must develop as a native possession of the creature concerned. It cannot cover the question of adaptation to new conditions, unknown to the ancestry of the animal. We cannot well escape from the conclusion that thought is here involved, the power of recognizing a new situation and taking advantage of it. In the small brain of the antelope, the ostrich or the giraffe must awaken some such conception as: "This place is safe. We hear no more the thunder and see no more the blinding flash of those black tubes in the hands of two-legged murderers, and no more behold our fellows fall dead. Safety dwells near the thunder engine; we can trust ourselves there."

And this is not all. They not only say this to themselves, but seem able to tell the glad tidings to their fellows, so that multitudes of diverse creatures gather there in utter trust. Or the mere fact that some of these creatures have ceased to fear the engine and its laden train may inspire others to the same trustfulness.

The example of animal intelligence here seen is by no means confined to this corner of Africa. Something like it is known in many lands. It is a common experience of hunters that birds, which fly in fear from the vicinity of the gun-bearing man they have learned to dread, pay no heed to a passing wagon, experience having taught them that danger does not lurk within it. The protected animals within the Yellowstone National Park have learned a similar lesson and have ceased to fear man within its charmed boundaries. It is said that an elk, heedful and fearful outside its bounds, puts on a different attitude when the magic limit is crossed, stalking about in proud confidence and seeming disdain of its native enemy.

The fact is a strange one, and one whose significance cannot be ignored. It vastly widens our conception of the native intelligence of these lower forms of life. We cannot fail to admit that their brains work in somewhat the same manner as our own—not reaching as lofty conceptions, yet indicating powers of logical reasoning in the lower levels of thought. Certainly a significant evidence of this is the quickness with which the animal hosts of northeastern Africa have adapted themselves to the new situation, and seem to tell each other: "It is all right here. The thunder-wagon will not hurt you. You are safe where it passes."

The state of affairs here described did not always exist in this region. Years before the arrival of Colonel Roosevelt and his train a very different condition prevailed. In the early days of the railway enterprise, when the building operations were in progress, no restriction to the methods of the hunter existed and it was a common practice to shoot animals from the train. In those days, then, the happy confidence between man and brute did not exist and the approach of the engine was the signal for a wild scamper of the animals of the vicinity. They dreaded its approach then as much as they disregard it now. The animal intelligence of which we have spoken then acted to the opposite effect and the warning probably went out to avoid this death-dealing monster that had invaded their haunts.

But victory in the fray between man and beast was not solely upon the side of man. Lions haunted the locality, and though the hunter has found this maned and roaring animal to be anything but the king of beasts of old tradition, but rather a lurking and sneaking tenant of the wilds that fears and avoids the hunter, yet there is a phase of his career in which his whole character seems to change.

When the lion has once tasted human flesh he acquires an ardent liking for it and is apt to pursue man with an inordinate appetite, the man-eating lion becoming the terror of the locality in which he is found. He ceases in a measure to care for his customary food and lies in wait for man with the intense desire of an epicure of the wilderness.

We speak of this here from the fact that during the building of the railway a number of man-eating lions infested its locality and

made such havoc among the workmen that the situation grew very serious. These men were largely East Indians, who did the work under the direction of English engineers, and at times the ravages of the man-eating lions became so great that the directors of the work were at their wits' end how to deal with them.

These ravening creatures displayed a fiendish cunning, lurking in the thickets about the huts of the workmen and making sudden night rushes into their habitations in which they usually succeeded in carrying off some helpless victim. Various methods were taken to prevent their raids, the villages being surrounded with fences of barbed wire, but the least defect in the defences offered an opportunity for the cunning prowlers and the work of devastation went on.

One of the engineers tells a graphic story of his efforts to destroy one of these man-eaters and the keen intelligence with which it evaded his efforts. In vain would he lie in wait near the scene of some recent raid; the next day tidings would come that a group of huts several miles distant had been invaded and some victim snatched from his bed and borne off in the strong jaws of the powerful brute. And the hunter became the hunted, the lion stalked the engineer himself in his sleeping place and only good fortune saved him from becoming its prey.

Finally, driven to desperation by the nightly loss of his men, he instituted a ceaseless hunt for the brute, watching for it from the branches of a tree near one of its accustomed haunts, and finally succeeded in bringing it down. The hide of this Napoleon of the wilds now perhaps decorates some London drawing-room.

Since the railway has been finished the lion has largely deserted its vicinity. The noise of the trains may have disturbed his sulky majesty and caused him to shun the line, and the stinging thud of the hunter's bullet may have aided in this, for the lion is not classed among the protected animals.

Yet there are places where he may be seen from the train. Chief among these is Simba, "The Place of Lions," where the train passengers may have the fortune to see a half dozen or more of these great carnivora stalking proudly across the plain, a respectful width being left for them by the smaller animals. At Nakaisu, one traveler

incidentally tells us, he saw six yellow lions walk leisurely across the track in broad daylight, and spectacles of this kind are not uncommon in this locality. It may be, however, that the tawny brute measures his distance and keeps out of easy rifle shot from the train. There is another animal which avoids the train, or rarely comes within view, this being the huge and surly rhinoceros, who does not like this nearness of civilization and seeks in preference the wooded river beds and its native solitudes.

The means of observing the splendid and well-peopled zoological garden through which the road runs is one of which Roosevelt was quick to avail himself, that in which the cow-catcher of the engine is used as an observation car. One does not need to seat himself, however, on the iron bars, for an ordinary garden seat is fastened on to the engine front, resting upon the cow-catcher, and offering comfortable accommodation for four or five sightseers, from which they may observe in ease and safety the interesting country through which they are borne.

It should here be said that the road, though running through the heart of what was so lately a savage country, is admirably well built, its track neatly smoothed and ballasted, its grades and curves being like those of a well-appointed road in a civilized land, and the trains running along as smoothly and evenly as upon a European or American line.

This road is only a beginning. Taking passengers in comfort in forty-eight hours through a country which it formerly required months of hardship to traverse, it is but a pioneer, an iron wedge driven deep into the dark continent from which others are destined to branch out in various directions. Built with no special thought of profit, it is already paying its way. It is not yet a money-making concern, but it will be when that fertile land becomes gridironed with iron rails and its valued products are brought in increasing quantities to the seaport of Mombasa, thence to make their way to the civilized lands of the earth.

Roosevelt, a born lover of nature, had abundant opportunity to observe some of nature's choicest wonders and charms from his cow-catcher perch. Before him beautiful birds and brilliant butterflies

flew from tree to tree and flower to flower. Far below were deep and ragged gorges, over which the train passed on elevated bridges and down which ran flooded streams, flowing into glades of palms and trees embraced by climbing creepers. Everywhere was luxuriance, nature at her best. As the train ascended from the humid coast lands, with their heats and glories, the jungle was left behind and forest took its place, different but not less luxuriant. Here, at an elevation of four thousand feet, the olive replaced the palm and the country took on the aspect of temperate climes.

When Makindu station was passed the forest ended and a new phase of African scenery opened before the traveler. A broad prairie land succeeded immense fields of green pasture spreading out before the traveler. This was intersected by streams with well-wooded banks, while bluffs and ridges broke the monotony of the panorama.

It is on this grassy plain that the great multitude of animals of which we have spoken come into view. It must have given joy to Roosevelt's heart—a born lover of animated nature—to see these graceful creatures, never before beheld by him except behind the bounds and bars of a menagerie or a zoological garden, here wandering about at liberty and disporting themselves in their native haunts.

These came not singly before his eyes, but in droves and herds. Multitudes of antelopes in great variety, from the graceful gazelle to the great wildebeeste and hartebeeste; troops of zebras, at times as many as five hundred in a drove; ostriches walking sedately in twos and threes, and small animals of many kinds. With the aid of a field glass this spectacle could be traced for long distances, but many of the animals came within close view, and the traveler could readily see and admire the striped sides of the beautiful zebras, which would stand and watch the train with placid assurance, or perhaps scamper a few hundred yards away and then turn to gaze again. In it all was an innocent trustfulness which doubtless warmed the observer's heart.

If one wished to indulge in a hunt, the opportunity could easily be embraced. It is well to say here that a variety of what we may call trolley cars are in common use in that part of Africa. In Mombasa is a system of narrow-gauge railways which follow the main streets, with branches running to every house. No white man walks in that

tropic town if he can in any way avoid doing so. Each official keeps his private car, not moved by electricity, but pushed by coolies, and bearing him from office to house and back again.

It is such a conveyance of which the hunter avails himself. Leaving the train, he has only to get a trolley car and have himself pushed up and down the line. The animals pay no more attention to this than to the trains, becoming suspicious only when train or trolley stops. The shrewd hunter, therefore, slips off the car while it is in motion, and thus may find himself within a few hundred yards of his quarry, while the car goes on. His fortune then will depend upon his degree of skill with the rifle.

This is one way of obtaining game. It is not the way in which a trained hunter like Colonel Roosevelt would be inclined to indulge largely. It looks too much like taking an unfair advantage of the animals. There is a second method which proved more to his taste. This is to leave the railway and prowl about among the trees and undergrowth of a neighboring river bed. Here in a few minutes one may bury oneself in the wildest and savagest kind of forest. The air becomes still and hot over the open spaces of dry sand and the pools of water. High grass, huge boulders, tangled vegetation, multitudes of thorn-bushes obstruct the march, and the ground itself is scarped and guttered by the rains into the strangest formations. Around the hunter, breast-high, shoulder-high, overhead, rises the African jungle. There is a brooding silence, broken now by the voice of a bird, now by the scolding bark of a baboon, or by the crunching of one's own feet on the crumbling soil. We enter the haunt of the wild beasts; their tracks, the remnants of their repasts, are easily and frequently discovered. Here a lion has passed since the morning. There a rhinoceros has certainly been within the hour—perhaps within ten minutes. We creep and scramble through the game paths, anxiously, rifles at full cock, not knowing what each turn or step may reveal. The wind, when it blows at all, blows fitfully, now from this quarter, now from that; so that one can never be certain that it will not betray the intruder in these grim domains to the beast he seeks, or to some other, less welcome, before he sees him. At length, after two hours' scramble and scrape, probably without seeing a beast—lion or rhinoc-

eros—we emerge breathless, as from another world, half astonished to find ourselves within a quarter of a mile of the railway line, with its trolley, luncheon, soda water and other conveniences of civilization.

Let us now follow our hunter farther on his route, to where the train descends into the famous Rift Valley, one of the most remarkable phenomena of nature which Africa presents. This celebrated valley is a strange depression in the elevated region of eastern Africa, beginning in the southern portion of German East Africa at an altitude of about 2,500 feet, and rising in height as it passes northward till it reaches its highest elevation of 6,300 feet at Lake Naivasha. Then its level slowly decreases until at Lake Rudolf it is only 1,200 feet above sea level. From this point it dwindles in elevation, with occasional ridges, until sea level is reached at the Gulf of Aden. It varies from twenty to forty miles in width and is bounded by precipitous sides rising to a much greater elevation. It appears as though some convulsion of the earth had caused a section of the great eastern plateau to slip down about 3,000 feet below the ground level of the land, the great cut being traced by geologists from the lower end of Lake Tanganyika to the land of Palestine.

On looking at a relief map of northeast Africa it almost suggests the idea that nature had been considering whether she would not cut off another slice of Africa in addition to Madagascar. Madagascar may have been originally separated from Africa in that way. In this curious depression of the "Rift Valley" is a series of lakes, salt in some instances and fresh in others. Particularly noteworthy is a salt lake named Lake Hannington, after a missionary bishop murdered by the natives. (This commemoration was rather inappropriate because he was killed at a distance of nearly four hundred miles from this place.) Lake Hannington is visited at the present day by tourists who come to see the great number of flamingoes which make their home here.

On Lake Hannington it is no exaggeration to say that there must be close upon a million flamingoes. These birds are mainly collected around the northern end of the lake and on the submerged banks which break up the deep blue-green of its still surface. The shores where they cluster, and these banks in the middle of the lake where they are

above the water's edge, are dazzling white with the birds' guano. These flamingoes breed on a flat plain of mud about a mile broad at the north end of Lake Hannington, where their nests, in the form of little mounds of mud with feathers plastered on the hollowed top, appear like innumerable mole-hills.

The birds, having hitherto been absolutely unmolested by man, are quite tame. They belong to a rosy species (*Phoeniconais minor*) which is slightly smaller than the Mediterranean flamingo, but exquisitely beautiful in plumage. The adult bird has a body and neck of rosy pink, the color of sunset clouds. The beak is scarlet and purple; the legs are deep rose-pink inclining to scarlet. Underneath the black-pinioned wings the larger feathers are scarlet-crimson, while beautiful crimson crescents tip the tertiaries and wing-coverts on the upper surface of the wings. Apparently the mature plumage is not reached until the birds are about three years old. The younger flamingoes very soon attain the same size as the rosy adults, but their plumage gradually varies from a gray-white, through the color of a pale tea-rose, before its full sunset glow is attained.

The belt of flamingoes on the north side of the lake must be nearly a mile in breadth, reaching from the water's edge into the lake. As looked upon from above the great colony of birds is gray-white in color on the shoreward side, then in the middle of the mass it becomes white, while its lakeward ring is of the most exquisite rose-pink. This is due to the fact that the young birds frequent the outer edge of the semicircle, while the oldest ones stretch farthest out into the lake.

When these birds rise the noise they make can be heard nearly a mile away, their "kronk, kronk, kronk," mingled with splashings and swishings, making such a tumult of sound as to fill the air with uproar. Their mode of rising is an ungainly one, their flight being preceded by an absurd gallop through the mud before they can lift themselves on their wings. It is not easy to make them take to flight, they being so tame that one can approach quite near to them without causing any signs of disturbance.

Looking on the Rift Valley from above, as Colonel Roosevelt and his party did, one sees a magnificent view, full of the elements of grandeur. Standing on the northeastern edge of the lofty escarp-

ment, they were able to look down fully five thousand feet, to a shining river that followed the valley's level, threading in its flow a lake and many glittering pools. At this point begin those splendid forests of coniferous trees which form the characteristic feature of this region. Away westward may be seen the great blue mass of Mount Elgon and in the nearer view a land of noble aspect. Before the eye stretch rich rolling downs of luxuriant grass, bits of leafy woodland, forests of acacia, and lower down, along the watercourses of the valley, vegetation of tropical type. The downs, which slope away northward for fifty or sixty miles, are clad with a soft, silky grass, with hues varying from a pale pink to mauve, gray or russet as the wind bends the flowering stems.

In passing over this plateau region the American visitors were warned not to follow any seeming native path, as these were usually cunning devices to tempt wandering antelopes or other unsuspecting animals to concealed game-traps. Such a trap would probably be an oblong pitfall concealed by sticks and cut grass, through which the unwary creatures might fall into a pit from which they could not escape, perhaps to be impaled on a sharp-pointed stake planted in the bottom of the pit.

Animals of various species roam here in countless numbers, and the few trapped in game pits by the nomad natives are too few in comparison to be considered. What will be the effect, however, if the British sportsman is let loose among them, with his desire "to kill something," we cannot consider without alarm; especially when we consider the fate of the buffaloes of our western plains. These huntsmen do not usually go abroad, as did Roosevelt and his companions, to bring down only a pair of each species, for scientific purposes, but rather to be able to boast how many creatures they had killed, with no object but that of pure slaughter in a morning's outing.

To a nature-lover like Theodore Roosevelt, with his joy in the existence of animal life, the scene before him must have been one of inspiring delight. Gazing from his point of vantage he could see large herds of stately giraffes, standing or stalking about as one may see cattle peacefully standing in an American grazing field. These giraffes—the camelopards of our old animal story-books—are the

finest examples known to us of the northern variety of this strange creature, a species which extends from east to west far over the northern part of Central Africa, with the exception of Somaliland, where a species of peculiar color is found. These animals are striking objects when they are beheld, as is often the case, standing on the tops of some of the numerous ant-hills of this country and keenly surveying the region surrounding. Poised thus like a sentinel on a mound, a giraffe stands rigidly erect, scarcely moving his head; so that, with his short body and long, tapering neck, he looks not unlike an unbranched tree trunk which has been struck by lightning or scorched by a forest fire.

The giraffes are by no means alone in this well peopled country, which looks like a vast zoological garden with its tenants uncaged. Here at times may be seen herds of huge elephants, tramping massively along, though as a rule the elephant prefers the forest to the open plain. The same may be said of the rhinoceros, which is apt to haunt the thick bush, though it is not uncommon to meet it on the plain.

These are the big game, visible afar off. Nearer at hand many smaller animals are to be seen. These include herds of zebras, striped black and white, mingled with hartebeests with their coats of red-gold hue. The elk-like eland, a forest-loving creature, may occasionally be seen; and many other antelopes, including the wildebeest, otherwise known as the gnoo or horned horse; the reedbuck, quietly browsing or bounding at great speed; the dainty sable antelope or damiliscus; the noble waterbuck, with wide-branching antlers decorating the males, and herds of graceful gazelles.

Other creatures of less attractive mould are the dirt-colored, uncouth wart-hog, the slinking and snapping jackal, the repulsive hyena, and perhaps at intervals the maned lion and spotted leopard lurking in search of prey on the skirts of the browsing herds. In fact, the spectacle visible from this elevated point of view is one of most remarkable character, Africa standing alone in its great variety of strange and attractive animal forms.

Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, and a place frequently visited by Roosevelt during his African trip, lies at the foot of wooded

hills on the railway, three hundred and twenty-seven miles from Mombasa. The town is built on low swampy ground, in a rather unhealthy situation, without a very good water supply. It was planted in this situation because the location was convenient for shops and supply depots used in the construction of the railway. The government buildings, however, with the hospitals and barracks, are placed a mile farther west on higher ground. About 15,000 people, less than 1,000 of them being whites, occupy the tin houses which constitute the town, but the stores are equipped to supply the needs of a very large neighborhood, and Nairobi is therefore headquarters for this portion of the world. A brigade of the King's African Rifles and the Central Offices of the Uganda Railway are also stationed here, and the incidentals of civilization which the English always carry with them make a strange contrast with the surrounding wilderness of the country. To see, for instance, a large company of men sitting down to dinner in evening dress would seem to us scarcely in harmony in a spot where ten years before lions and other wild beasts were undisturbed.

To add to the incongruity of this landscape under the Equator, one hundred miles away rises the snow-clad peak of Mt. Kenya, visible on a clear day from the higher ground above Nairobi. The flanks of the mountain can be reached by a fairly good road in an automobile. It passes through a fertile country, undulating and marked by numerous water courses, shaded with flourishing trees. A number of colonists have taken up large estates of many thousand acres, raising ostriches, sheep and cattle, or coffee and other staple crops. It was at Nairobi that the Roosevelt expedition picked up a great part of its hunting outfit, and on the estates of the colonists much of its early hunting was done.

Lion hunting is good here. The traveler's host insists on providing him with a lion, and to do this they first beat him up out of the reed beds and try to bring him to bay. Ordinarily this dreaded beast does not seek a quarrel unless it is forced on him. So the hunters in this neighborhood ride on ponies, and when they have aroused the monarch they pursue him as fast as they can, never losing sight of him for a moment, trying to head him off and enrage him by

their harassing. Naturally, he resents this treatment and begins to growl and roar, perhaps making short charges at his pursuers to scare them off. At last, when he sees that the huntsmen intend to attack him, he turns at bay, and then there is no fear that he will try to escape. He will fight to the death, and when a lion frantic with the agony of a bullet wound is at bay death is the only thing that will stop his frenzied charges; broken jaws or legs, and body full of bullets rarely daunt the courage of this ferocious beast. Either he must be killed before he reaches his pursuer, or the man will die for it, crushed by the powerful paw, poisoned with claws and feet, or crunched in the lion's mouth.

Yet lion hunters tell us that, unless one encamps in the vicinity of a genuine man-eater, there is little to fear. Much as we have been accustomed to speak in terms of respect of this "noble" lord of the wilds, African hunters frequently describe him in accents of contempt. He is never "spoiling for a fight"—at least with man—and unless goaded to anger and cut off from retreat, takes care to avoid battle with this new and perilous foe. There are those who tell us that if an unarmed man comes by chance into close vicinity with a half dozen or so of lions, all he need do is to speak to them sternly and they will slink away like scolded curs, the more rapidly if he throws a few stones at them to hurry up their pace. This course of treatment is highly recommended by some Afrikanders under such circumstances, but it is doubtful if many of us would care to try the experiment. The results of early education cannot but instil in us a certain wholesome respect for this powerful and dangerous brute. How Colonel Roosevelt would have acted if he had met a half dozen of these tawny prowlers when unarmed, we are not prepared to say, as he never met even one of them without his trusty rifle in hand.

Following the East African Railway to the west of Nairobi the traveler soon finds himself in the midst of more magnificent scenery than that seen on the journey from Mombasa. The train ascends the high plateau for sixty miles by a series of wooded slopes to a height of over 6,000 feet. Then the ground falls away apparently more than 2,000 feet, almost like a precipice. Farther than the eye can see

the Kikuyu Escarpment stretches away as straight as a ruler to right and left. The train zig-zags downward along its western face, opening vistas of a wonderful panorama. Far below, the level surface of the plain is broken by volcanic hills and extinct craters, and in the far distance the opposite wall appears dimly like the other side of a gigantic trough.

Lake Naivasha lies on the route, about ten miles square, with the rim of a submerged crater making a crescent-shaped island in its centre. The water is brackish and thronged with wild fowl and hippopotami. Long before reaching Naivasha we leave behind us the highland region and descend the steep Kikuyu Escarpment, the lofty and precipitous eastern wall of the Rift Valley. Crossing this wonderfully fertile valley, we reach the opposite wall, the Mau Escarpment, the lofty western ridge, up which the train creeps with as much difficulty as it had met with in descending the opposite wall. Throughout this whole region the railway is engaged in a constant battle with the luxuriant forces of vegetable nature in the tropics. Over the line hang great trees. The cuttings are invaded by multitudinous creepers, which trail downwards, covering the embankments, and seeking incessantly to bury the roadway. Every neglected clearing is quickly taken captive by these swift-growing plants. Only for the ceaseless care with which the line is cleared and weeded it would soon be overrun. If abandoned for a year it would be difficult to discover where it ran.

The valley level left, we now crawl slowly up the Mau Escarpment, getting steadily higher and finding changes in the aspect of the country as we advance. The forest through which we have long rolled onward, begins to give way to rolling hills covered with grass. And the odd feature of this is that there is no border of scattered trees or straggling brush. The woodland ends abruptly and the fields of grass run up to its very edge. The top of the Mau Escarpment reached, at an elevation of about 8,300 feet, the highest level of the railway is attained. Thence it descends gradually to its terminus on the shores of the great lake, the waters of which may be seen from the top of a hill which looms upward about five hundred feet above the line of the road.

As we go onward down a steady slope, and mile by mile the train descends, we throw off the overcoat worn in the cool air of the higher level, and by the time the train reaches the lake shore we find ourselves in a warm and damp tropical climate, though we are still at an elevation of 4,000 feet above sea level. The goal so long before us, Kisuma, or Port Florence, is reached, the railway ends, and before us, like an inland sea, stretches the liquid level of the greatest African lake, the noble Victoria Nyanza.

CHAPTER XXIII

In the Wilds of British East Africa

THE interesting country through which runs the East African Railway, and in which Colonel Roosevelt hoped to have the time of his life in his hunt after the earth's greatest, savagest and most abundant game, is one whose story has been of late years revealed to the world by a series of famous discoverers, the first of white men to penetrate the secret depths of the Dark Continent and lay bare to mankind its long-hidden mysteries. The names of these great explorers, and especially those of Livingstone and Stanley, are in the same rank as those of Columbus and Magellan. They are among the leading discoverers of the world and their names will always stand high among those who have sought to penetrate the marvels and solve the problems of the earth.

After these pioneers there came into the African wilds a series of daring men of different mould. These were the great hunters, the men who bearded the lordly lion in his den, stood boldly before the horned and ferocious rhinoceros, invaded the path of the furiously charging elephant, fearlessly faced the most savage of animals and lived to tell of their boldness and their triumphs. There have been many of these men, the Nimrods of the African wilderness. We have not told their names nor described their deeds, reserving the story of hunting exploits in Africa for one of the latest and boldest of them all, Theodore Roosevelt, the first great American to meet these savage creatures on their native soil. The records of hunting adventures are much alike, and the exploits of our hero were of the same type as those of his predecessors.

It is well here to say that making preparations for an African hunting trip was formerly a very complicated affair, but the tide of travel has set so strongly in that direction during the last ten years that all possible wants are systematically taken care of by European outfitters. Practically the only necessary thing is to write to one of the

MAIN CAMP OF THE ROOSEVELT OUTFIT.

The large dining tent in the foreground, to the right a mosquito-proof sleeping chair and a smaller sleeping tent.

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT LANDING AT NAPLES.

The Mayor of Naples greeting him, and American Ambassador Griscom walking at his left.

COL. ROOSEVELT SHOOTING A LION.

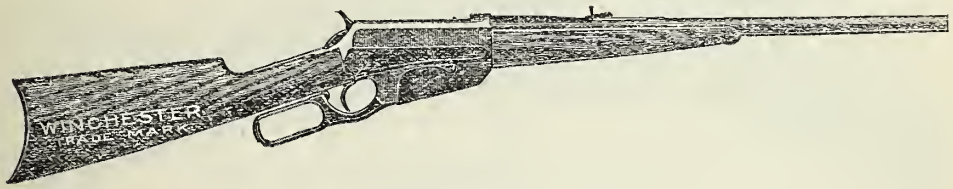
Once wounded by a hunter the lion of Central Africa becomes a raging demon of destruction. One blow from its paw crushes the body of its victim, one snap of its jaws mangles beyond recognition. In spite of the dangers of this hunt Theodore Roosevelt brought down several of these monarchs of the jungle.

ROOSEVELT SURPRISED BY A GIANT HIPPO.

This enormous brute, the hippopotamus, is amphibious, equally at home in the water as on land. His thick hide shields him from fatal wounds unless delivered by a high-power rifle, while his great strength makes him a terrific antagonist.

great London outfitting houses, stating the probable duration of the stay in Africa and the number in the party. With this information these houses are equipped to deliver to any African port an entire outfit packed for porters in sixty-pound packages, with canvas covers and handles, consisting of all food with the exception of the sugar, flour and like heavy supplies, which are easily bought at the starting point in Africa. The outfit also contains tents, cutlery, axes, folding bath tubs and in short everything needful except guns and ammunition. These also can be readily procured in London or New York of the proper type and size. Mr. Roosevelt found everything ready and waiting for him on his arrival. He had only to disembark with his guns and personal equipment and entrain for the interior, picking up the outfit at Nairobi.

The selection of guns is a serious matter on a trip of this kind. Very often a man's life depends entirely on the accuracy and per-



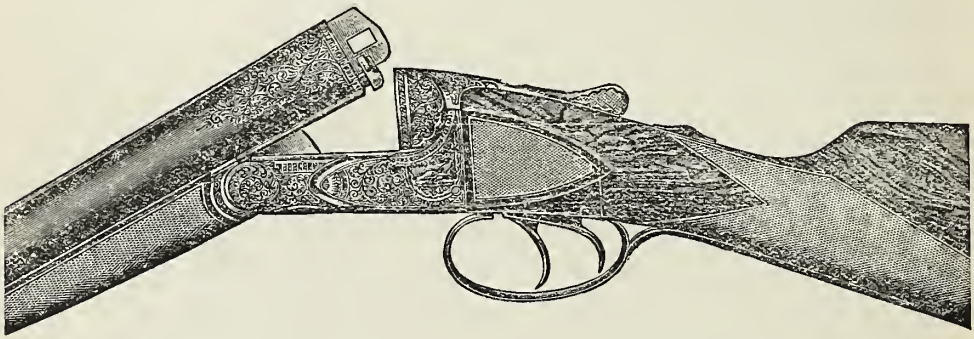
WINCHESTER SPORTING RIFLE
A high power, long range rifle

fection of this part of the equipment. A defective lock or weak ejector has cost more than one life in the jungle. Most hunters of late years have taken the following assortment: First and most important, of course, is the heavy double barrel .450 (45–100-inch) express rifle, using cordite and usually either soft-nose or explosive bullets. This rifle is used for the largest game, such as elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, etc., when the range is not too great. Next come the lighter guns with smaller bore and greater range. Many hunters prefer the Mannlicher sporting rifle of eight or nine millimeters bore (about as large as a drawing crayon, 33–100 and 35–100 of an inch). Others prefer the Winchester. Mr. Roosevelt used the latter in most of his work. These smaller-bore rifles are very useful for the fleet antelope family, zebra, giraffe and the wary

and easily frightened gazelles or smaller antelopes. Their range is greater than that of the express and a kill can be made at 1,000 yards or more. In addition to these weapons, a 12-bore repeating shot gun and a service revolver usually suffice to complete the list.

Alterations in guns are sometimes necessary. For instance, Mr. Roosevelt is said to be somewhat color blind. In trying out his rifles it was found that with the regulation gun metal sight he was rather a poor marksman, but when a pink bead had been substituted for this his targets were remarkably good.

In the past chapter we have given a description of the picturesque country which he traversed on the way to the hunting



FOX DOUBLE BARREL SHOT GUN
A gun of this model was made for Mr. Roosevelt

grounds he sought, the remarkable scenes of animated nature which met his eyes, a vivid photograph of the remarkable region transversed by the railway which runs from the seaport of Mombasa to Port Florence, on the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. That chapter was intended simply to lay out the country before the eyes of the reader before following our hunter into its wilds and telling the story of some of his chief exploits.

The railway station at Kapiti Plain lies nearest to the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, who had invited the distinguished American to spend a few weeks in hunting on his estate. The train from Mombasa on which our traveler had taken passage reached this station on April 23, and the Roosevelt party left the cars and pitched their

tents near the station, proposing to spend here their first night under canvas in Africa. The advent of the hunters was hailed with cheers and wild howls and shouts of welcome as the train rolled into the wayside station, a group of some two hundred men, nearly all half naked and of deep sable hue, being lined up on the platform to hail the newcomers.

It was their chief who was coming and they greeted him with loud acclaim, for these were the native porters chosen for the party and gathered at this point by Mr. R. J. Cuninghame, the Scotch scout and hunter, who was to lead the hunting excursion through the African wilderness. As Colonel Roosevelt stepped down from his post of observation on the engine front, Sir Alfred Pease, his waiting host, stepped forward to greet him. A sturdy figure he appeared, in khaki hunting suit and with a white helmet on his head. There was a look of warm gratification on his face as he heard the shouting blacks and vigorously grasped the extended hand of his English host, who was evidently equally gratified in greeting his illustrious guest. That night the whole party rested, as we have said, under their tents near the station, the negroes seeming glad to dwell under the shadow of the American flag, new to their eyes, as it waved in starry folds over the leader's tent.

Sir Alfred gave his guest a graphic description of the hunting opportunities of the region, to which he listened with warm appreciation and delight. That he was in a country probably fuller of game animals than any equal region elsewhere upon the earth he had become convinced from the seemingly numberless animals he had seen from his perch of observation on the train, and that they were not all of the harmless kinds he had evidence from the low but threatening growls of prowling lions that night in the vicinity of the camp, doubtless attracted thither by the scent of hoped-for prey. He went to sleep to dream of the delights and perils of a hunter's paradise.

All were up and about at an early hour the next day, hoping for a shot at the surrounding game before setting out for Sir Alfred's ranch. The first opportunity came to the ardent young Kermit. While his father was unpacking his kit, the eager youth went afield

with an old settler who had taken a fancy to him, and proved his marksmanship by bringing down a passing antelope with his first shot. His father's maiden effort was made on the 25th, when he bagged two wildebeests, the African name for the species of antelope known in our old story books as the gnoo, or horned horse. He also brought down a Thompson's gazelle—a Tommy, in the patois of the residents. He was anxious to get a Grant's gazelle, the massive horns of which are valued prizes, and the hunt was continued for several hours, but without meeting one of these wished-for natives of the plains. It is well to state here that there are some twenty species in all of the small and graceful variety of antelopes known as gazelles, the largest of them being the springbok. The speed of the beautiful animals of this species is common to all the gazelles, which are able to outrun the swiftest dogs. When taken alive the gazelle, though wild and timid by nature, is easily tamed and if captured when young becomes quickly familiar with its captors. Its beauty and gentleness make it a favorite in many parts of southern Asia, where it is found as well as in Africa.

The country in which Colonel Roosevelt and his party now were proved to be cool and pleasant despite its tropical location, its elevation above the sea reducing the temperature except under the intense rays of the midday sun. It held many white settlers, Britons and Boers, who had taken up and developed plantations in its fertile areas, and many of whom were ardent hunters. All these settlers vied in efforts to give their notable visitor a good time, and though he was the guest of Sir Alfred Pease, the houses of all were thrown open to him with the utmost freedom and warmest hospitality.

It was a true hunter's paradise in which the expedition now found itself, animals of a great variety of species roaming over the Kapiti and Athi plains in extraordinary abundance. The most common species appeared to be the zebra and the hartebeest, but there were also to be seen the wildebeest, several species of gazelle and various other antelopes. Hunters in that country are rarely out of sight of game. There were miles of it to be ridden through. But this was chiefly of the smaller grazing variety. The lion and

the monster herbivora were naturally less numerous and needed to be sought in their lurking places in thicket or forest. They rarely appeared on the open plain.

It is a somewhat general impression that Colonel Roosevelt is a marksman of unusually keen and sure aim, a trained expert with the rifle, and such would seem to be the case from many examples of skill told of him in Africa. But he modestly disclaims any such powers, and tells us that, while he sometimes shot fairly well, at others his aim was very poor. He goes on to say that, as a rule, every head of game won by him was at the cost of a goodly number of bullets. This was especially the case when shooting at long range, or at the alert little grass antelopes known as the steenebok and duiker, the habit of which is to hide in the long grass until danger is very near, then to dart from their coverts at such speed and with such quick twists and leaps that it needs a marksman of unusual ability to hit them in flight.

Such game as this did not long suffice our ardent hunter, whose soul burned for encounters with the more dangerous creature for which Africa is famed, the prowling and ferocious lion, the king of the carnivora, or for such huge creatures as the rhinoceros, elephant and hippopotamus. These, with the buffalo, the leopard, and the crocodile, are animals which cannot be hunted without peril to the hunter, and large numbers of whites, with multitudes of the natives, have been killed by them since the opening of Africa.

Which of these savage beasts is the most to be dreaded is a question as yet unsettled. Some hunters give precedence to the rhinoceros, some to the elephant, others to the buffalo, and still others to the lion. In British East Africa the lion seems to have been the most destructive to human life within recent years, and F. C. Selous, one of the most famous of hunters, whose unerring rifle has brought down more than three hundred lions and great numbers of the larger animals, and who was for a time one of Roosevelt's companions in the African wilds, is inclined to give the lion the palm as a man-killer.

While the habit of the lion is to keep close in its lair by day, making the night its hunting time, and is not apt to disturb man

if left alone, it is often very ferocious and dangerous when cornered, and Africa is full of tales of perilous adventures with this great carnivorous beast. Its hereditary habit of crouching and creeping on its prey has made it very cautious when on open ground, though bold enough when there is cover; but as it hunts for food rather than for glory, it prefers to kill the antelope rather than attack prey better able to defend itself. Thus it fears man, of whose powers as an antagonist it has become well aware, and this may be the cause of its seeming cowardice, as described in the last chapter. It is certainly bold enough when cornered or when a wound has aroused its ferocious spirit. If, however, it has once had a taste of human blood its eagerness to make man its prey is such as to overcome all sense of danger and it becomes a persistent and deadly hunter of the human invaders of its haunts.

The natural desire of the American hunter to cope with this lord of the African wilds was quickly gratified, Sir Alfred Pease inviting his guest to spend a day in lion hunting shortly after the latter had reached the ranch of his host on the Athi River. With Sir Alfred as guide, Roosevelt and some members of his party, accompanied by the usual native aids and hunting dogs, set out on their pioneer lion hunt. The Americans were naturally eager and excited. A new and perilous experience was before them. Roosevelt had brought down many specimens of every game animal of which America can boast, not omitting the ferocious grizzly bear, yet he had never coped with a creature of the fame of the lion, and his heart throbbed with anticipation when the behavior of the dogs showed that the scent of this creature was in the air.

Their way had led down a dry water course, the natives throwing stones into each patch of bushes they met in the hope of stirring up some lurking brute. The honors of the day were reserved by Sir Alfred for his guest, and when the growling alertness of the dogs showed that the prey they sought was close at hand, Sir Alfred fixed his eyes on a nearby covert in which he had caught significant signs of game. "Shoot!" he called out to his guest.

Roosevelt gazed intently into the clump of bushes close beside him and caught through the green leaves indistinct glimpses of a

tawny hide. Without an instant's hesitation he raised his piece and fired, Kermit following with a second shot. The next instant there bounded out of the bushes two wounded animals of the size of a large dog. They were lion cubs which had been hiding there apart from their dam and met with their fate in consequence.

Disappointed at this unsatisfactory outcome of their first effort to bag a lion, the hunters rode on to another donga, or shallow water course, first making sure of the death of the cubs. In every case possible Colonel Roosevelt took care that no wounded animal should escape to die in misery, and at times would follow such a victim for miles with the merciful purpose of satisfying himself that it died a painless death.

On resuming their hunt down this donga better fortune awaited them. The stone-throwing of the natives into a high bushy clump was followed by growls and a thrashing as if some large creature had been disturbed in its siesta. Then from its lair in the bushes, at a point about a hundred feet from the hunters, the tawny bulk of a lion broke into view.

It was Roosevelt's first glimpse of this lordly creature in its native wilds and he could have been excused for some trepidation on seeing the monarch of the wilderness uncaged and so near at hand. He might even have been pardoned for missing the great brute. But no signs of loss of nerve appeared, the bullet sped true, and the lion gave a wild spring when the leaden messenger of death struck it. Two more shots were needed to fell the beast, one a miss, the second bringing him down with broken back. But the great brute was yet far from death, and three more shots by as many of the hunters were needed to give him the *coup de grace.*

All this had taken place within a minute and the attention of the hunters was now given to a second lion which had broken from the same covert and was bounding with quick leaps across the plain. Instant pursuit was given, Roosevelt on foot with his black attendant. The lion, finding itself thus closely pursued, came to bay in a grassy hollow, where it stood in a threatening attitude as its pursuers came up. There were indications of a coming charge of the angered brute and, resting his gun on the black fellow's

shoulder, Roosevelt toppled it over with a quick shot. But the fight was not taken out of the animal. Springing fiercely to its feet, it was on the point of making a fierce charge on its nearby foes when a second ball broke its back. A third reached a vital point and the animal fell over dead.

Success had attended Roosevelt's first hunt. He had himself brought down two good-sized lions and shared with Kermit the honor of killing two cubs. These, the first of their enterprise among carnivorous beasts, were quickly skinned by Mr. Heller and his aids, the black beaters loading the skins on poles and bearing them into camp on their shoulders, singing their hunting song as they bore the prizes homeward.

In a second lion hunt, which took place a few days later, Kermit began the day's sport by downing a cheetah and two antelopes, but his father bagged the first lion, a half-grown male. Riding on, they found they had entered a well-peopled lair. In a patch of grass a few hundred feet away a lion rose with an angry grunt, faced the hunters for a brief instant and then hotly charged. The moment was a critical one, but Roosevelt was equal to the occasion. His piece rang out and the furious beast fell in mid career with a fatal wound. Two more bullets were sent to make sure of its death.

This quick shot at close range very likely saved the lives of some of his escort, on whom the beast was charging at a pace that meant business. As it was they had a narrow escape and warmly praised the accuracy of the hunter's aim, which had hit the animal at a fatal spot between neck and shoulder.

A little farther on a lioness was put up and she in turn charged the line of beaters. She was toppled over, like her late comrade, by Roosevelt's deadly weapon, but rose and gained the shelter of some bushes. She was still dangerous and a second shot was needed to close her career. Thus in a few days our daring hunter had bagged no fewer than five lions, and had much warrant for a feeling of exultation when the bearers came home after nightfall bearing the skins of the slain animals and singing a chorus of savage triumph as they swayed along with their burden in the light of the full May moon.

An adventure of a different character, and one that caused

some consternation in the party, took place a day or two later. Kermit Roosevelt, while out riding alone on May 7th, lost his way in the trackless wilderness and was obliged to spend the night in a region strange to him, leaving his father and friends in a state of intense anxiety. On the following day he succeeded in reaching a station on the railway and was directed how to find the camp of the expedition.

Colonel Roosevelt's excellent fortune in lion hunting was followed by a desire to add to his collection of animal specimens some examples of the stately giraffe, an animal peculiar to Africa and one of the most remarkable of the inhabitants of the dark continent. With its long legs and extraordinary length of neck the giraffe lifts its lofty head to a higher elevation than any other inmate of the animal kingdom and can browse with ease off trees at a height which even the tip of the elephant's trunk would fail to reach.

Our ardent hunting naturalist wanted a good bull and cow of this interesting species, and by careful stalking he succeeded in bringing down a big bull. But this giraffe, though badly hurt, was not disabled and struggled to its feet again, running from the hunters with all the speed of its long legs. Though hotly pursued, the best of African horses would never have been able to run him down had it not been for the serious wound he had received. This caused the tall beast to totter and lose speed and he finally succumbed to the bullets of his unrelenting foes.

While Roosevelt was engaged in this hunt, Sir Alfred Pease and Kermit set off in chase of another member of the same herd, which they in turn had succeeded in wounding. While chasing it hotly on horseback, Sir Alfred's ride came suddenly to an end, the horse getting its foot in a hole which caused it to turn almost a somersault, wrenching its shoulder and flinging its rider half stunned over its head.

Kermit, with boyish ardor, followed on the track of the speeding giraffe until his horse, weary with the day's work, completely gave out. This misadventure did not check the ardent young hunter. With a college record for sprinting, he sprang from the saddle and chased the wounded animal on foot for more than a mile. The

poor creature had been badly hurt and its bleeding flight fast used up its strength, so that the pursuer had at length the satisfaction of seeing it halt, totter on its long legs, and fall crashing to the ground, stone dead. That day's hunt had added two giraffes to the hunters' record.

On May 15th the Roosevelt party left the ranch of Sir Alfred for that of Mr. George McMullen, a wealthy American from St. Louis, who had been led by his love of hunting to take up a lodge in that wide wilderness. McMullen was a hunter of prowess and his wife shared his enthusiasm and had herself brought down a lion. The ranch, an extensive one, was kept for its owner's use alone, though he raised the embargo in Mr. Roosevelt's favor and gave him every facility in his power.

On this ranch J. H. Judd, a professional hunter, took part in the Roosevelt raids, and helped him in a successful hunt, in which he added to his record specimens of the stately waterbuck and the beautiful impalla, one of the most graceful of antelopes. On this same day's hunt game of a different character fell to Roosevelt's lot, for he had the good fortune to kill a python, the great serpent of the African forests. Some of these monsters of the snake family grow to the length of twenty feet, with a girth in proportion. The one killed on this occasion was twelve feet long and weighed about forty pounds.

As seems to have been somewhat usual, Kermit had his adventure on this occasion. He had put up a leopard, an animal which, despite the fact that it is much smaller than the lion, surpasses it in courage and ferocity, as the youthful hunter was to learn. The leopard had taken to the bush and as Kermit approached it made a fierce charge upon him, being less than twenty feet distant when he pulled trigger and stopped its charge with a bullet.

Taking to the bush again, the beast crouched growling and as a beater came incautiously near made a sudden spring from its lair. McMullen, who was close by, gave it a second wound, but the badly hurt animal seized the beater and but for its weakened state and the strength of the powerful black would have torn him badly with its teeth and claws.

Thrown off by the negro and hit again by McMullen, it took refuge in the long grass. But the fight was not yet taken out of the furious beast, and as Kermit drew near it charged him again. This time his bullet went true and the ferocious creature fell dead.

During his hunting on this ranch Roosevelt added to his record some of the great beasts of the African wilds. On one of his outings he went out with the purpose of seeking crocodiles and hippopotami in the Athi River. He found traces of them, but was disturbed in his hunt in an unexpected way. His first glimpse of a crocodile consisted in the show of a snout, only the eyes and nostrils appearing above the water. A hippopotamus next came into view, but while endeavoring to get within rifle range of it there came a wild thrashing of the nearby bushes and the huge hulk of a rhinoceros suddenly broke into the open.

This was not to his taste. He was out for hippos, not for rhinos, and had no wish to kill this unlooked-for visitor. But a rhino is an ugly customer to deal with and will often charge the hunter without waiting for cause or provocation. This was the case with the present vicious brute. It rushed in mad fury upon the hunters and was not checked until two bullets had torn through its thick hide. Several other shots followed and the wounded brute sought refuge in a neighboring thorn thicket.

Not wishing to leave the wounded animal to die in misery they followed it, tracing it by its blood, though they found the passage of the thicket slow work. Their hunt was ended by another furious charge from the wounded brute, but two more heavy bullets finished the work and the rhino fell dead. It was one of the most vicious met with in the Roosevelt hunts.

The rhinoceros disposed of, the sportsmen returned to their hippo hunt, and succeeded in hitting one of which only the head was visible above the water. It vanished when struck, but on their return the next day the huge body was found dead.

The Roosevelt party remained guests of Mr. McMullen for ten days, leaving the ranch for Nairobi on May 26th. On their last day's hunt Roosevelt added a buffalo to his score, while Kermit brought down a bull wildebeest. On their arrival at Nairobi they

became the guests of Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, who made every effort to give them a pleasant recollection of the capital of British East Africa. They had now spent about a month in the hunting fields and had as relics of their skill the skins and skulls of eighty animals belonging to twenty-two species. These had been carefully prepared by Mr. Edmund Heller, the skilled naturalist of the expedition, preparatory to shipping them to the Smithsonian Institution for scientific study and display.

During these days of hunting and the subsequent brief stays at Nairobi, Colonel Roosevelt displayed the characteristics of energy and activity for which he had become famous in his native land. He astonished all those with whom he came in contact alike by his power of endurance and his versatility. There was no subject with which he did not seem familiar, almost as much so as if he had made it a special field of investigation. He was ready to discuss the art of farming with a farmer, finance with a banker, politics with a statesman, in every case showing a familiarity with the subject and a freshness of suggestion that surprised those with whom he conversed.

His endurance was equally notable. He was ready at any time for a thirty miles outing on horseback or on foot as occasion served, and might have gone farther if the laden porters could have borne the strain. After a hard day's work in the field and a hearty meal at the close, his labor was by no means at an end. At night he might be seen at his table, pen in hand, a lamp dangling from a pole over his head, writing away until after midnight. Yet when the new day came he was often astir before dawn, ready again for the field. It is no wonder that his companions pronounced him a "glutton for work."

The natives were equally astonished and admiring. They styled him Bwana Tumbo, an African title signifying in its literal sense "portly master," but in its usual employment "great chief." They were warranted in this, for rarely had they beheld his equal. As for himself, brown as a berry with the bronzing of the African sun, he appeared to enjoy with zest every moment of his outing, keeping in the prime of health and vowing in his vigorous fashion that he was having a "bully good time."

While at Nairobi on the occasion of a later visit a public banquet was got up in his honor at which the American residents (few in number) presented him with a handsome and fitting memorial of his trip. This consisted of the foot of a rhinoceros beautifully mounted in silver and scooped out so that it would serve as a box. It was fitted with a cover of solid silver made to resemble the head of a rhinoceros with a horn of polished ivory.

The British officials and residents, not to be outdone in this gift-giving, presented him as their memorial an elephant's foot mounted in gold, a magnificent example of the art of the jeweler.

That the guest of the banquet was highly gratified and deeply touched by these testimonials of friendliness and esteem need scarcely be said, and that he will long cherish these gifts cannot be doubted. Addresses were made during these presentations to which he warmly replied, and took occasion, in his usual hearty manner, to predict a great future for the land which was so rapidly falling under the care and intelligence of these men. He asked from them good treatment for the blacks, the natives of the land, to the intent that civilization should be to them a blessing instead of an injury. As for the large population of East Indians, who had made their way into the country during the previous Arab rule, he thought they might become very useful members of the community, developing regions specially adapted to their methods of agriculture and introducing plants fitted to the soil and climate of certain districts.

On the whole, however, it was Mr. Roosevelt's opinion that this pleasant plateau region was destined to become essentially a white man's country, an outlying province of the British Isle which might be made to resemble the home country in its conditions and products.

In that fertile soil and cool air could be grown wheat, potatoes, apples, and other productions of the temperate zone. The grassy plains, browsed over by such multitudes of antelopes and zebras, could be made to feed great herds of choice cattle. The wild olives which grew on the hills suggested another form of agricultural industry. The trees of the region, while chiefly mimosas or other

thorn-bearing plants, could be varied by trees yielding valuable lumber of many kinds. Already a settled country, it was easy to foresee for British East Africa a highly prosperous future.

As for the natives, though there were among them warlike tribes, they had none of the untamable fierceness of the American Indians. They were readily amenable to good treatment and could be employed as farmers, herders, or in other occupations suited to their tribal traditions and customs. The Masai, the most warlike of the tribes, were already being usefully employed as cattle herdsmen and suitable work might be found for every tribe.

Most of the tribes in this region of Africa have herds of goats, sheep, and especially of small humped cattle, in which they take great pride. These are kept at night in enclosures of thorn-bush to save them from the attacks of lions or leopards. It is curious that the only use made by the natives of these cattle is for milk. They do not think of using them as draft animals or of feeding on their flesh. Even when on the verge of starvation their cattle are safe from the butcher's hand. They might die by hundreds without killing for food one of these pet cattle, for such they seem to regard them.

A people like this is certainly a very gentle one and susceptible to the influence of kind treatment. In the Wakanda settlements of the country in which Roosevelt then was the elders gave much of their time to the care of their herds of small cattle, the children looking after the calves. Ostriches were also domesticated, these being looked after by the boys. Thus the natives of this region of Africa are well fitted to become active and skilful keepers of the animals of the farm and field and can be utilized in various fields of labor.

CHAPTER XXIV

Hunting the Giant Animals of the Dark Continent

IN menageries of civilized lands we gaze with wonder and at times with dread on the giant animals of Africa's plains, the huge, lumbering elephant, the treacherous, horned rhinoceros, the clumsy, water-haunting hippopotamus, the ferocious buffalo. But it is another thing to face these mighty creatures in their native haunts, free from bonds and bars, reigning in nature's majesty as lords of a broad domain, and resenting with brute fury man's intrusion within their empire. This Theodore Roosevelt, America's daring hunter, was to learn in his first encounter with the lordly elephant, the tusked and trunked monarch of the African plains.

The story of this encounter is worth telling as one of imminent peril and thrilling incident. Untrained in the work before him, ignorant of the peril he braved, he rashly invited death, and would have met it but for the warning voice of his comrade, F. C. Selous, one of the ablest and most experienced of African hunters. The incident in question took place on May 14, about three weeks after the party had reached the hunting fields and while they were yet new to the dangerous work before them. The party of hunters on this occasion consisted of Mr. Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and Mr. Selous, the three having set out on a hunting excursion near Machukos.

No report had come in of elephants in that vicinity and no thought of meeting a herd of these huge creatures was in their minds as they made their way over the grass-grown and brush-covered plain. Animals, which are rarely out of sight in that part of Africa, were visible in the distance, antelopes and other harmless creatures, but the first to rouse in the minds of the party the hunter's thrill was the sight of a dusky lion, moving half visibly through the tall grass on its way homeward to its lair after its night's scout. A shot

slightly wounded the great cat, and with a snarl of pain and fear it broke into a quick gallop across the plain, leading its pursuers for several miles and finally taking refuge in a close thicket.

A wounded lion in such a covert is a dangerous beast and Selous strongly advised his companions not to follow it into its hiding place. But Roosevelt, excited by the hunt, was not to be restrained. In the absence of native beaters to drive out the lurking beast, he plunged into the thicket himself, finding it so close in places that he was obliged to creep forward on hands and knees. Selous followed this risky venture and Kermit brought up the rear.

Selous was soon startled to see Colonel Roosevelt rise suddenly to his feet at a spot where a small opening was visible through a fringe of tall grass. He was gazing keenly forward and lifting his rifle hastily to his shoulder. The trained hunter looked in the same direction and to his surprise and alarm he saw a herd of about a dozen elephants advancing with stately tread through the open space, led by a huge, swaying tusker, at which Roosevelt was on the point of taking aim. The great-bodied animal was less than two hundred feet away. A shot at that distance was a perilous risk. Selous sprang forward with a start of alarm and whispered excitedly in the ear of his inexperienced companion:

"Don't shoot! On your life, don't shoot! A bullet will bring a charge of the herd and we may be trampled to death! Follow me!"

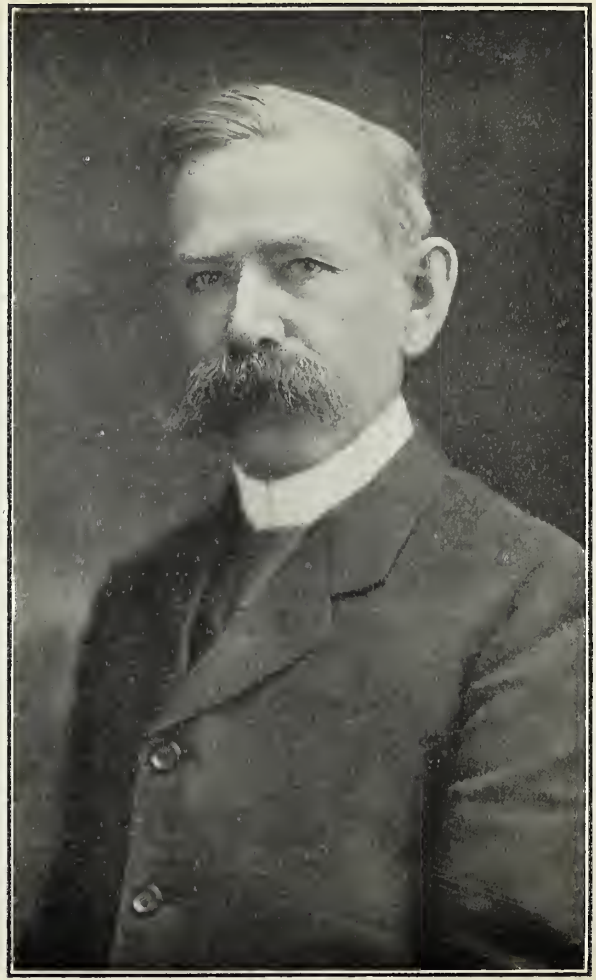
The ardent sportsman with reluctance lowered his rifle and followed the experienced hunter, who led them on a long detour to the leeward of the quick-scented animals. Reaching a safer spot, he bade his comrades to climb a tree nearby and hastily followed them himself into the branches. As they scrambled up the trunk they could hear the bushes and reeds cracking before the advance of the heavy-footed elephants, and in a minute or two more caught sight of them through a screen of lofty reeds that bordered their path. In a whisper Selous advised his excited comrade how to aim, and Roosevelt, raising his trusty Winchester, sent a half dozen bullets in rapid succession into the bulky leader of the herd.

The wounded tusker, with a scream of pain, instantly charged in the line of fire, but fortunately for the hunters he had received a death

Copyright, 1908, by Harris & Ewing.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Who accompanied his father on the expedition to Central Africa.



Copyright, 1908, by Harris & Ewing.

DR. AND COL. EDGAR A. MEARNS

Surgeon-Doctor of the African Expedition and Noted Scientist

Copyright, 1908, by Harris & Ewing.

J. ALDEN LORING

Naturalist with the Roosevelt African Expedition.

Copyright, 1908, by Harris & Ewing.

PROFESSOR EDMUND HELLER

Zoologist and Taxidermist of the Roosevelt African Expedition

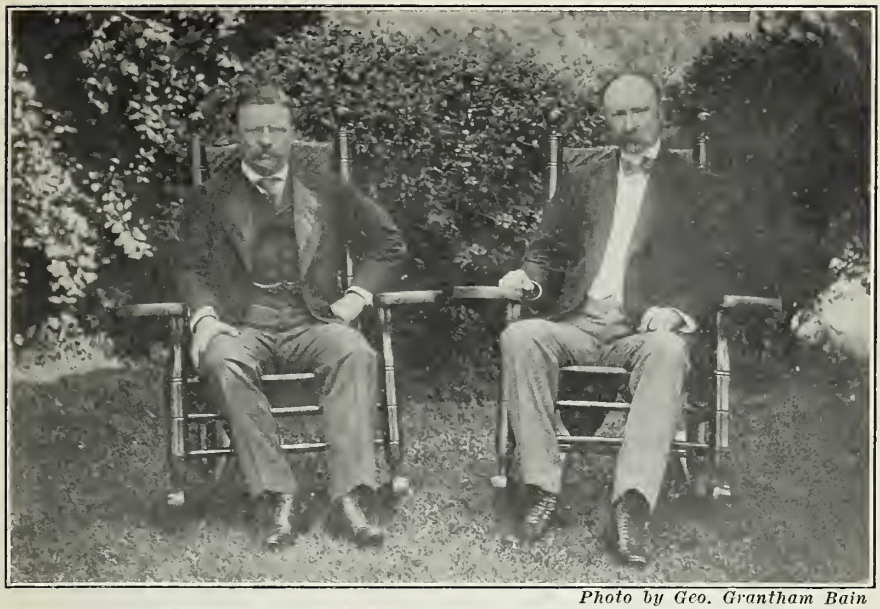


Photo by Geo. Grantham Bain

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS

Photo by Geo. Grantham Bain

PRESIDENT McKINLEY—VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Copyright, 1908, by Harris & Ewing

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LAST CABINET MEETING

Reading from left to right: President Roosevelt, Secretaries Cortelyou, Bonaparte, Newberry, Wilson, Straus, Bacon, Wright, Postmaster General Meyer, Secretary Garfield.

wound, and when close to the tree went down with a crash on his knees. One more shot from the magazine gun and the huge brute rolled over dead. The remainder of the herd, terror stricken by the fall of their leader, broke and fled wildly through the bushes, heedless of the rain of balls which Kermit sent after them. Thus ended in safety one of the most perilous moments in Theodore Roosevelt's life. Had that first reckless shot left his gun the chance was great that not one of the party would have left that thicket alive. Providence, in the form of the hunter Selous, saved him from the imminent peril invited by his nervous and reckless haste.

This was not the only event of that day's hunt. An hour later the party had the luck to meet a baby elephant, about two months old, a tiny creature which had probably been left behind in the wild flight of the herd and had since been blindly wandering over the open plain. A rope in the hands of a party of natives made it prisoner and it was brought alive into camp, its captor proposing to send it as a gift to the Zoological Garden of New York. For this purpose it was taken to Nairobi by a band of natives, to be sent thence to the seashore by rail. As for the fallen giant, it gave its hide and tusks to the cause of science.

Such was one exciting example of Colonel Roosevelt's various encounters with the elephant, the monarch of animals alike for size and inborn intelligence. Capable of thought as this huge beast has proved itself to be in captivity, in its wild state and before the man with the rifle it has but two resources, flight from or a charge upon its foe. The latter is always a serious matter for the hunters, many of whom have been crushed under the feet or killed by the trunk of the elephant when infuriated by a wound. Such would probably have been Roosevelt's fate on the occasion in question but for the warning of the trained hunter at his elbow.

In hunting the rhinoceros the danger is equally great—greater, in fact, for this dull-brained but irate monster frequently does not wait for provocation, but is apt to break into blind rage at the sight of a man in its vicinity and charge upon him in sudden and sullen fury. Huge and clumsy as it appears, its speed of movement is never to be despised. Fortunately for the hunter, its little eyes have a short range

of vision and its charge is a straightforward dash from which the alert hunter can escape by a quick spring to one side. But while the power of sight of the rhinoceros is poor, its scent is remarkably keen, and it can only be approached in safety from the leeward side.

Colonel Roosevelt had many experiences with this thick-skinned brute. One of these we have described. Another worthy of mention, as showing the alertness of this great beast, took place while he was out hunting with Captain Slatter, the proprietor of an ostrich farm in the vicinity of Mount Kilimakia.

On this excursion our hunters found game in abundance and of many kinds, the surly and grunting wart-hog being especially numerous. An interesting feature of this country was the numerous trails that crossed it, made alike by animals and men, the tracks of the latter being found everywhere, worn deep by thousands of feet during many generations. The trails were never straight, bending aside to right or left, doubtless to avoid some obstacle that originally existed. The fact that it has long disappeared never leads to a straightening of the path, the blacks following undeviatingly in the steps of their forefathers.

As for the great beasts, these do not turn aside for minor obstacles, but tramp straightforward through their muddy haunts, alike in the open, in the sombre forest depths, thorny thickets, or reed-covered marshes. The trail of the hippopotamus is an especially curious one. With an enormous body, borne on short, widely separated legs, the paths followed by this great creature in its nightly food raids on land consist of two deep muddy tracks with a grassy ridge between them, high enough to be swept by the belly of the waddling brute. An enormous appetite has the hippo, its yawning jaws sweeping in a barrel full of grass and plants at a mouthful. As a result, a hippo invasion of a plantation of the settlers is apt to be serious, and it is no wonder that they look upon this hungry river-hog as a nuisance to be eradicated.

To return to the rhinoceros adventure from which these remarks have led us astray, we must put ourselves on the trail of Colonel Roosevelt and Captain Slatter in their hunt in the Mt. Kilimakia country. The first important fruit of this hunt was a bull eland, a fine

example of Mr. Roosevelt's marksmanship, it being brought down at a quarter mile range. It had hardly fallen when the hunters caught sight of a large rhinoceros not far away and braced themselves for a more perilous encounter.

As the wind came from the direction of the brute its keen powers of smell failed to warn it of the presence of man in its vicinity, while its twinkling eyes caught no sight of its human foes. So oblivious, indeed, was it of the presence of enemies that it actually lay down when they were only a hundred yards away and they had come within thirty yards before the recumbent brute became aware of their nearness. Then, with extraordinary lightness and quickness for so heavy a creature, it sprang to its feet and turned upon its foes.

At this critical moment Roosevelt pierced the leathery hide of the great brute with a bullet from a Holland rifle, the heaviest piece in his possession. With blood spurting from its nostrils, the maddened animal charged in fury upon its foes. A second bullet pierced its heart, but even this would not have stopped that mad rush had not Captain Slatter pierced its neck vertebræ by a shot and toppled it over dead when within thirteen paces. The day's hunt had thus brought the hunters two valuable specimens, the eland and the rhinoceros, which were duly skinned for museum purposes by Mr. Heller the next morning.

One cannot read of a hunting expedition to Africa without being astounded by the vast multitude and great variety of animals in the interior of that long-hidden continent. It is the true paradise of the zoologist. There is nothing to match it anywhere else upon the earth. And an interesting feature is that its animals differ from those to be seen elsewhere. With the exception of the elephant, rhinoceros and lion, which are found in Asia, there are few representatives of the African fauna in any other lands.

This fact appealed strongly to Colonel Roosevelt. He had hunted in all parts of the United States and had been on the western plain before the bullet had robbed it completely of its swarming herds of buffaloes. His trusting rifle had brought down the grizzly bear, the Rocky Mountain sheep, the prong-horn antelope, the great elk and moose, and the graceful deer of the American hunting grounds. But

what were these few species to the immense variety of African game animals, and what their numbers to the endless swarms of antelopes and various other strange creatures to be found on the East African hunting grounds, where the American hunters now found themselves?

Hardly a day did they go abroad without astonishment at the multitude of life surrounding them. The great herbivora—the elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus—were comparatively rare, while the skulking, night-hunting lion and leopard were rarely in evidence except when specially sought; but the very many and often very beautiful species of antelopes, the swift zebra and lofty giraffe were rarely wanting, some species of them haunting the plains in extraordinary multitudes. Mr. Roosevelt gives abundant testimony to the vast numbers of these animals. While one day in ambush near Heatly's ranch he saw swarming herds, each of them hundreds in number, of zebras and hartebeests sweeping past his covert. These came on at an easy lope, the hartebeest (known also as the red kangoni and as the caama) running with their mouths open. This odd custom was usual with them, but the zebras opened their mouths only to neigh.

He could have brought down dozens of these animals if his purpose had been merely to make a score of useless murders, but as he already had the specimens of these species that he needed and as the camp was fully supplied with meat, he let them pass unharmed. A true sportsman, he was very little given to shoot for the mere purpose of killing, and preferred to keep his bullets for the kind of game that was a peril to the country, the death of which might save human life.

Thus when a fine ostrich passed him within easy rifle range he forbore to shoot, on the mental plea that ostrich farming was becoming an industry of that region. On the day in question the chief game got by him consisted of wart-hogs, which were plentiful, feeding on the open plain. After several failures, he succeeded in bringing down a good-sized boar, while Kermit got a sow with unusually long tusks. This he chased on horseback for about two miles and shot from the saddle as he galloped past, pulling trigger without bringing the piece to his shoulder.

In regard to the other species of animals seen by Colonel Roosevelt in his hunting excursion, we must speak again of the great variety

of antelopes, from the beautiful little gazelle, with its slender limbs and graceful body, to the great eland, as large as an ox. These are the animals which form the chief food of the lion and leopard; while another creature not yet spoken of, the hyena, lurks about to destroy dead or weakened animals of any species. Even the lion, when old and weak, is not often left to die a natural death, but is apt to fall a prey to these prowling scavengers. Cowards as they have the reputation of being, the hyenas are very strong in the jaws and can easily crush the bones of their prey.

Mr. Roosevelt was especially interested in the birds of Africa, of which he observed many varieties strange to him, frequently remarkable for beauty of color or form, while many of them were excellent singers. Among those that especially attracted his attention were the black whydah finches, the odd dancing habit of which struck him as highly curious. The male bird, which develops a splendid tail during the breeding season, makes dancing rings in the grass about two feet wide, a tuft of grass being left in the center and the rest cut close down. The dancing consists of a succession of hops into the air, and where there are many of these rings it is a singular sight to observe the continuous leaping up and down of the birds.

The country in which the Roosevelt party did their chief hunting differed little in appearance from one of our own prairie states, and might have resembled them still more but for the superabundance of animal life; monkeys and leopards in the trees, zebras and antelopes on the open plain, the great variety and abundance of birds, and in the rivers the huge hippopotami and scaled crocodiles. The latter haunt the rivers of tropical Africa in great numbers and are so ferocious and dangerous as to add greatly to the perils which that country presents to its dusky inhabitants as well as to its white invaders. Fortunately Colonel Roosevelt and his party passed through all the dangers from wild beasts and deadly diseases in safety, their hunting trip being in every sense one of complete success, while few had ever dwelt so long in Africa and preserved such rugged health.

CHAPTER XXV

In the Sotik Wilderness and on Lake Naivasha

MR. ROOSEVELT'S hunting was done in two methods. One of these was that described in the last chapter, in which our hunter made his headquarters in some gentleman's residence and took daily excursions into the ample surrounding plains: now for the mere pleasure of an outing in the African highlands; now to bring down some coveted specimen of the superabundant animal life—antelope, zebra, or giraffe; now in pursuit of such dangerous game as the rhinoceros or elephant. The other method was that with which we are now concerned, in which the hunter cut loose from civilized ways, marched with his train of porters into the wilderness, tenting at night, hunting when the sought-for grounds were reached, and carrying his prizes with him as he made his way through untrodden wilds.

Shall we describe the train of Mr. Roosevelt on one of these expeditions? Had we been there when he went "on safari," we should have seen a long line of sturdy blacks, heavily laden yet cheerful and happy under their loads, for had not each received a new suit of clothes and was not each to be well paid at his journey's end? Strong, good-natured fellows these, fond of song and dance, yet little more than grown-up children, with hasty tempers and apt to become surly with no good cause; yet at most times easily managed and ready to stride along under their fifty- or sixty-pound load for as many hours or miles as their leaders wished them to go.

Odd-looking fellows they, wearing the blouse or jersey and the drawers which the government demands, but fond of adding some fantastic addition to their attire, perhaps a ragged coat, a skin cap, or a red fez, with feathers thrust into it, or some more savage head dress, mayhap made up of strips of skin decorated with an empty tin can. An

umbrella to them is a delight, though they are quite able to walk during the midday hours with bare heads under the tropical sun. Even a folded and faded umbrella serves the purpose, that of winning the admiration or the envy of their fellows.

The route of the safari, or traveling excursion, is rarely a silent one. The jolly porters are fond of enlivening their way by blowing horns or whistles or beating on little tomtoms. At intervals they chant some savage ditty or repeat in unison some favorite word or phrase, often destitute of sense or meaning.

At the head of the line, and at intervals along its course, march the askiris, or rifle-bearing soldiers, men mostly unable to hit a barn-door with a bullet, yet good for camp police duty. Next comes the head-man, bearing no burden, and carrying a dirty-white umbrella in his hand as his symbol of authority. After him is the flag-bearer, holding aloft the American flag—a banner which the porters view with respect and pride and not without awe. Next in the line is a man blowing on an antelope horn or beating an empty can as a drum. Then the long line of burden bearers in single file stretch out far over the plains.

Their loads consist of tents, bedding, provisions, cooking utensils, etc., done up in packages and carried on head, back, or shoulder. Camping ground reached, the tents are quickly set up, water and firewood sought, and all made ready for the night's rest. The tents are pitched in two long lines, the front one for sleeping purposes, the rear one containing the cook, provision, store, skinning, and other service tents. The scene at night is a picturesque one. Before each of the porters' tents a little cooking fire may be seen, with pots and pans upon it, and here and there larger fires, surrounded by chatting groups of tired and hungry men. Before the tents of the whites marches an askari, rifle on shoulder, doing sentry duty. In fact, soon after Roosevelt and his comrades reached the camping place the porters might be seen coming, singing or chanting, into camp, the tents being put in place, the fires lit, the supper cooked, and all quickly looking as if the camp were a week old.

During the period spent by the Roosevelt expedition in the hunting grounds of West Africa various such excursions needed to be

made, occasions in which they cut loose from civilized conditions of the settled region and marched into the wilds, uninvaded as yet by the plantation and the lazy ease and comfort of civilization, and left free to the rule of untamed nature. It is the experience of the American hunters on one of these untrammeled excursions which we here propose to describe..

They had hitherto been hunting in a partly settled and civilized land, traversed by a railway, the country divided largely into gentlemen's estates, with a city in its midst, and rapidly becoming a white man's land. Game was there still in abundance, of many varieties, partly on these estates, partly on the unclaimed district. But this was not the Africa of which Colonel Roosevelt had read. It was growing too civilized. He wanted to see the continent as Stanley and Livingstone had seen and traversed it in its pristine state, with only the negroes for inhabitants and as yet uninvaded by civilization. Such was the motive of his journey to the hunting grounds of the Sotik wilderness.

The district which he now sought lies in the southern part of Kiskuni province, about fifty miles from Lake Naivasha and seventy-five miles east of the Victoria Nyanza to the southwest of the route of the East African Railway. It is difficult, if not dangerous, of access, the region between it and the settled country being a broad stretch of rainless and waterless desert. A journey of two and a half days was needed to cross this barren tract, and to do so water had to be carried. The thirst belt was its appropriate name. To accomplish this necessary purpose four African carts were obtained, three of them being drawn by seven or eight yoke of oxen each, the other by a smaller number. There were difficult gulleys to cross, needing a powerful train to surmount them.

In that tropical climate, high above sea-level as they were, the sun shines with an intensity that renders travel under a cloudless sky anything but agreeable, and the journey to the Sotik district was made mostly by night. While more comfortable, this was more difficult, and would not have been attempted but that it was the period of a full moon and Luna lighted their bushy path with her mild rays. The party rested during the hotter period of the day,

covered, as they lay on the ground, with their overcoats and blankets. This was necessary to save them from the attacks of the multitudinous insects that hunted the hunters with insatiable appetite.

That Colonel Roosevelt lost no time, but kept himself and those with him incessantly active, need not be reiterated. On June 4th, the day before setting out for Sotik, he visited the local station of the African Inland Mission and made one of his characteristic speeches, in which he warmly lauded the work of the mission. During the morning he had been in the field with his comrades in search of monkeys, the chief prizes on this occasion falling to Mr. Heller, the naturalist of the expedition, who bagged three Colobus and one green-faced monkey. Kermit Roosevelt won two Colobi as his share of the game.

When the Sotik district was reached, after their tramp through the waterless wilderness, the hunters found themselves in a well-watered region and one abundantly supplied with wild game. It was a land of grassy meadows and clumps of forest, interlaced by streams, its inhabitants being a tribe calling themselves the Kisii, a warlike but good-natured and intelligent race of blacks. Their industry consisted in farming, which they practiced with skill and success.

In this district and the adjacent one of Guasi Niryiso the hunters met with gratifying success, game being abundant. The much-desired white rhinoceros, however, was not in evidence, though they sought for it over many miles of country. At a later date, however, they got all the specimens desired of this rare beast.

Their experience in these hunting grounds was much like that around Nairobi and need not be given in detail. It will suffice to say in general that wild beasts fell in goodly numbers and wide variety before their death-dealing weapons, and important additions were made to the tributes to science obtained for the Smithsonian and National Museums.

On June 22d camp was made on the Loretta Plains and before that day ended Colonel Roosevelt had added another lion to his score. His son Kermit was still more successful, his unerring rifle bringing down a very large tawny-maned lion, the largest of this

variety obtained by the expedition. In addition his well aimed bullets reached two cheetahs.

The cheetah is an animal which is often spoken of as the hunting leopard. It is of about the size of the leopard, but is much less fierce. While wild in Africa, it has long been domesticated in Persia and India, packs of cheetahs being kept by Indian princes for the purpose of hunting deer and antelopes. In the domestic state it resembles the dog in being very fond of attention and repaying kindness with affection. When used in the hunting field the head of the cheetah is kept covered with a leather hood until it comes within two hundred yards of the game. When the hood is removed and the animal permitted to see the game, it creeps stealthily towards its prey, taking advantage of every bush or inequality in the ground. This goes on until the animals stalked show signs of alarm, when the alert creature is among them with a few bounds, strikes down its victim with a blow of its paw, and instantly tears open the throat and begins to suck the blood of the fallen deer or antelope. If unsuccessful it does not follow the herd by running, but comes creeping back to the hunters as if ashamed. In fact, it seems incapable of a burst of sustained speed and depends solely on a lurking approach and a sudden dash.

There succeeded an adventure in which Colonel Roosevelt ran one of the greatest risks in his hunting career, one of those ever-present perils to which the hunter in Africa is at all times exposed. On one of his hunting trips a large black-maned lion had been put up and had taken refuge, as is its wont, in a small clump of bushes. Roosevelt followed it with his usual daring enthusiasm, while the beaters sought to drive the lurking beast from its lair.

Suddenly the infuriated creature, with a growl of rage, broke from the bush, its head erect, its tail waving. The hunter stood before it, not many paces away. Roaring defiance the great maned cat sprang forward, charging upon him with the speed of a catapult. It was a moment of deadly peril for the ex-President, one in which only his cool courage and skill as a marksman saved him from probable death. Rifle at shoulder, with quick but steady aim he let drive at the charging brute. The bullet caught the animal in

mid career, striking in a mortal spot, and down came the ferocious beast in a heap almost at the hunter's feet. Death had met the bounding animal full face in its charge, but it had been a narrow call for the hunter, who, as he rested for a moment on his rifle, felt that he had been nearer death than ever in his life before. But with this feeling was one of gratified pride that he owed his safety to himself alone and had in that moment of peril taken rank with the great hunters of the world. The bullet had struck the animal full in the middle of the chest and torn through heart and body in a death-dealing course.

We have given only a few of the adventures of the hunters in the Sotik country. While the one just described was much the most perilous, their trip was attended with daily perils. To Mr. Roosevelt's bag of game he added a splendidly maned lion, a lioness, four rhinoceroses and three buffaloes, while Kermit brought down a big bull eland, a lioness and two rhinos. To these must be added a great variety of other game which fell to the lot of both.

Of these the eland must be classed among the big game, though it does not rank with the perilous ones. Trusting to its legs for safety and very alert in its movements, it is hard to approach within sure rifle range, and the hunter is often obliged to try his luck at four hundred yards or even greater distances. Roosevelt brought down a big bull on the Athi plains when a quarter mile away, but a mortal shot at this range is a very uncertain problem. He tells us that the eland is as heavy as a fat ox and that a herd of them looks like a troop of handsome cattle, yet their agility is so great that he had seen a cow leap clear over the backs of others that were in its way.

While the eland trusts to flight from the hunter for safety, the buffalo is far more likely to make its flight towards the hunter, on deadly work intent. It is, in fact, one of the most savage and dangerous of African animals, probably surpassing the lion in the number of hunters slain by it. The three buffaloes brought down by Mr. Roosevelt in this excursion were not got without greater risk than that run in shooting the four rhinos which he scored to his credit.

In one of his hunts for buffalo in the Nairobi district, a herd of

nearly a hundred of these savage brutes was put up. These had their lurking place in a papyrus swamp bordering a small river, the animals having made many trails through the swampy ooze. It was their habit to graze in the neighboring grassy plains, spending the night in the swamp and feeding by day. If they had devoted themselves to the grass alone no harm would have been done, but there was always danger of their invading the planted fields and seriously damaging the growing crops. In addition to this was their tendency at times to charge furiously on any one who came near them, a habit which had led to many deaths. For this reason the planters welcomed anyone who helped to abate this nuisance and were glad to abet the desire of the Roosevelt party to add to their prizes a number of these ferocious creatures.

The buffalo is a wary beast and not easy to stalk, but on the first outing of the American hunters in the swamp district they were able, by keeping under shelter of the bushy fringe of the swamp, to approach within fifty yards of four bulls which were grazing out on the plain. At this close distance the animals showed signs of alarm, and Mr. Roosevelt and his son quickly let them have it right and left. Instead of making for the swamp, the startled animals ran out into the plain, with the result that in the end all four of them were bagged. Two of the bulls fell dead in the field, the others, desperately wounded, took refuge in the swamp, and the hunters sent their dogs in to rout them out. This proved unfortunate to one of the dogs, which crawled out with a mortal hurt from the horn of one of the wounded beasts. These died in the swamp and eventually science was enriched with the skins and skulls of three of the slain animals.

On a later trip the hunters stalked some buffaloes in the swamp land, wounding two of them. There was nothing to show that more than a few were present, when suddenly, to the surprise and alarm of the party, a herd of not less than seventy or eighty of these great creatures rushed out into the plain, swung round in a long curve, and halted facing the hunters.

The lives of the whole party at that moment were in imminent danger. Had the brutes charged upon them with their accustomed fury not a man of them could have escaped alive. Nerve was wanted.

Had any man shown the white feather and started to run it would have been sure to provoke a charge. Had a shot been fired it would have roused the latent ferocity of the dangerous beasts, with the same result. The imperiled hunters were obliged to stand motionless and stare back at the staring herd. As it proved, the movement of the animals was due only to curiosity. After a few seconds of intense suspense, the hunters were overjoyed to see their horned foes wheel again and rush away across the plain. The peril had passed; their lives were saved; but never before had any of them gone through a minute of such deadly risk.

At the end of the five weeks' hunt in Sotik the Roosevelt expedition set out on their return, heading now towards Lake Naivasha, in the Rift Valley, where it was proposed to hunt for hippopotami. Mr. Roosevelt desired to bag three of these animals for the Smithsonian Institution, a bull, a cow, and a calf; also to obtain a specimen of the rare dig-dig antelope, a bushback and a baboon. He had been invited to spend a season on Captain R. Attenborough's farm, Saigai Sai, adjoining the lake, the captain offering him the use of his launch in his hippo hunts.

The journey outward from Sotik resembled the inward one. Though pursuing a different route, it was over a practically waterless country as before, long marches being made with such supplies of this necessary liquid as they could take with them in their carts Near the end of their journey the water gave out and they sought a known water-hole on the line of march, only to find it absolutely dry. That night they had to go without water.

Reaching the shores of Lake Naivasha, the camp was pitched in a sandy and dusty spot, the water-side being fringed with a growth of papyrus, bush and thorn trees. This place was reached on July 13. On the 14th the camp was visited by a newspaper correspondent who had ridden thither twenty-five miles on a bicycle. He was warmly greeted and had the good fortune to see ex-President Roosevelt on the lake in a hippopotamus hunt. It gave the looker-on a thrill of apprehension to see the daring hunter in a frail rowing boat at the moment that a huge hippopotamus was in the act of charging the craft. Unused to such scenes, the newspaper man found it difficult to control

his nerves as he witnessed what seemed the imminent danger of the distinguished man before him. Yet his spasm of dread was changed to delight when he saw Roosevelt take quick but steady aim and pull the trigger and beheld the great beast flop back in the water, killed by the close shot. He described it as a thrillingly sportsmanlike act.

The situation of the camp was one not unattended with danger, the route round the lake being infested by lions. Three of these brutes had chased the correspondent on his ride. But a more exciting experience was that of Leslie A. Tarleton, a citizen of Naivasha, who had gone with the party to the Sotik district as a scout and left it on July 19 to return home. Riding on horseback across the plain, to his alarm he found no less than five lions on his path, "big, black-maned man-eaters," as he described them. They kept close on his track, now skulking away when in the open, now closing in on him when bush began again, and more than once seeming near enough to spring on the lone rider. The frightened horse made all the speed it could from the chase of these dangerous brutes, but the rider was glad enough when the town came within view and the man-eaters skulked in disappointment away.

While at Captain Attenborough's ranch Colonel Roosevelt had an adventure with the great water beasts of the lake far more thrilling than that which the correspondent had seen. On this occasion, while on Lake Naivasha in search of hippopotami with two native attendants in a small boat, the party was unexpectedly assailed by a herd of these huge monsters. The peril was extreme, as at the critical moment the natives were thrown into a panic. Some of the brutes had dived under the frail craft and sought to lift it on their clumsy heads. Had it been overturned it would have been fatal to the hunters. Coolness and nerve were needed at this moment of peril and they did not fail the daring American. He shot two of the largest of the hippopotami, scared away the others with his shots, and came triumphantly ashore, sending out a launch to tow in his floating prizes.

While at Naivasha Colonel Mearns, the physician of the expedition, was sent for in haste to give the benefit of his experience to three natives, who had been attacked and severely mauled by a lion. The

doctor rode forty miles for this purpose, but succeeded in saving only one of the lion's victims, the other two dying.

After his stay at Captain Attenborough's ranch Roosevelt proceeded to Njoro, the ranch of Lord Delamere, one of the gamewardens of the protectorate, where he enjoyed a ten days' hunt. From there he returned to Nairobi in early August, with the intention of making a hunting excursion to Mount Kenya. In the latter place he and the party under his command proposed to spend six weeks, hoping to get a few more elephants as part of his game. As the hunting party had no adventures of thrilling character there we shall not follow them to that region.

On August 5 Mr. Roosevelt returned to Nairobi, then the scene of an exciting event, for it was the week of the annual race meet and the ranchers from a long distance round had gathered for the festive occasion. It was made an event of special interest at this time by the presence of the recent President of the United States, a man of international reputation and who was made the guest of honor at many dinners. It was at one of these that he was presented with the silver and gold mounted rhinoceros and elephant feet described in a former chapter. He enjoyed the races with the zest of a born sportsman and was very willing that Kermit should take part in several of the racing events. There was too much going on in town for him to trouble himself with hunting on this occasion, though he did make one field record in shooting hares at night with the aid of a bicycle lamp.

Mr. Roosevelt's plans included a hunt with Lord Delamere in the Njoro region in November and a journey to Uganda in December, preliminary to his seeking the Nile in the following February. On October 20th he reached Naivasha in company with Cuninghame, the Scotch scout, having just finished an extended hunt. Those who met him found him extraordinarily embrowned from the rays of the African sun, but in the pink of health, and he and his son alike proud and delighted in the stories they had to tell of their prowess in each bringing down an elephant when no professional hunter was with them.

CHAPTER XXVI

On the Victoria Nyanza

PORT FLORENCE, at which the lake station of the East African Railway has been established, is by no means the best terminus that could have been found for this road. The location is unhealthy, partly from its climatic conditions, partly from the tendency of the sewage to accumulate in the shallow inlet. A far better terminus, one seemingly prepared by nature, would have been at Port Victoria, where there is much deeper water and a more salubrious climate. The only thing in its way was the question of cost, as the road would have had to be carried considerably farther and over difficult ground. Yet, as traffic on the lake increases, the road will eventually have to be taken to that point, unless the whole level of the lake is lifted by a dam across its outlet at Ripon Falls.

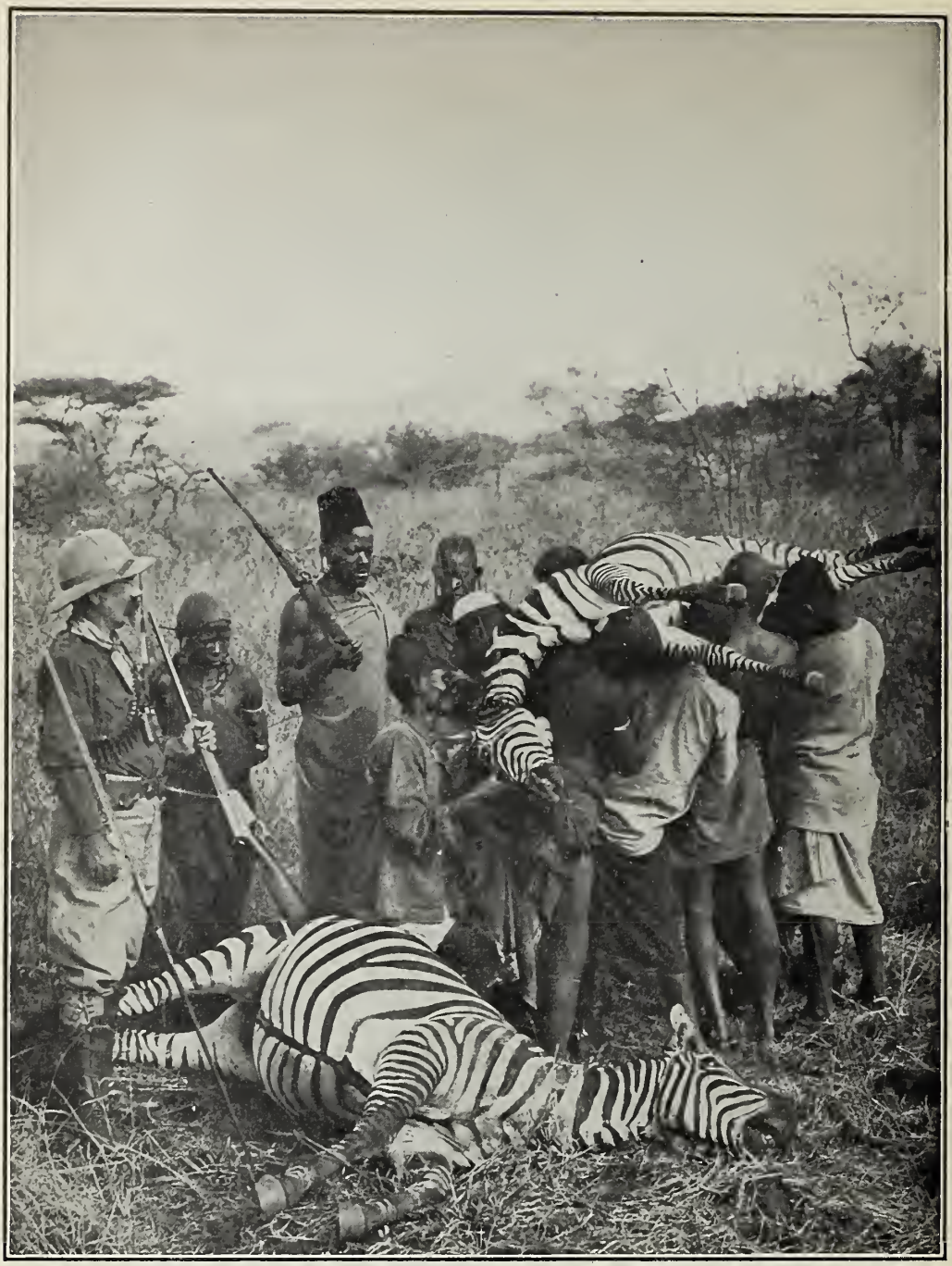
The landing from the railway train at Port Florence is, fortunately, not the end of civilized rapid transit in this region. From the wharf one may step on board a steamboat of spacious proportions and as neat and perfect in its appointments as if its port of entry was New York or Liverpool. Its low and wide decks are kept spotlessly clean; the crew, though of ebony complexion, are smartly dressed and very efficient under the command of skilled British officers; the table is excellent, there is a well-furnished library, together with baths, electric lights and all needed conveniences.

Those who find themselves on board this modern ship in the depths of the late savage Africa, certainly have reason to bless their lucky stars that they are not confined to the crude former methods of navigation on this magnificent inland sea. Darting along at a speed of ten miles an hour upon a great freshwater lake as large as the whole of Scotland, and at an elevation higher than that of Scotland's highest mountains, is a pleasant sensation worth the journey to experience. With cool air and splendid scenery, except when out of sight of land and environed only by sea and sky, the travelers of our day

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

ROOSEVELT RECEIVED WITH ROYAL HONORS.

This photograph shows Colonel Roosevelt reviewing a company of the Royal African Rifles at Entebbe. These soldiers a few years ago were almost naked savages, and the great change wrought by discipline is apparent. The photograph shows them drawn up for the inspection of the ex-President, an honor accorded to few civilians.



Copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood

REWARD OF A ZEBRA SHOOT

Zebras are as common as deer in the jungle. Ex-President Roosevelt added them to his collection for the Smithsonian Institution

ROOSEVELT IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

This photograph shows Colonel Roosevelt fording an African stream and reveals the denseness of the jungle through which most of the journey was made. The picture was taken by a photographer who accompanied the hunting party.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

NATIVES OF UGANDA GIVE ROOSEVELT A HEARTY WELCOME.

The photograph was taken of Colonel Roosevelt at Mengo and shows the native children with flags escorting the ex-President to the High School. The American and English flags waving together testify to the warm welcome given the visitor.

now they glide past forested coasts with blue mountains rising in the distance, now other scenes of varied beauty attract them, and all this in the heart of Africa, on the line of the Equator, and at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea. Certainly it is an experience greatly to be enjoyed and long to be remembered.

Voyagers on the lake, except those intent on geographical discovery, do not follow it for its entire length or trace the extended line of its coast waters, but simply cross its northern waters to the port of Entebbe on its northeastern side. This is the administrative center of the British Protectorate of Uganda, an interesting country with which we must deal in a chapter by itself. In the present one our interest lies in the lake itself.

This immense body of water, an inland sea occupying a large section of east central Africa, is notable not alone for its size and for its high elevation, but is of the highest interest for another reason, since it is the source of one of the greatest and most famous rivers of the world, the historic and world-renowned Nile, the stream which has made Egypt and to which Egypt has given fame and glory. The source of this grand river was long unknown. It was traced farther and farther into Africa, travelers following southward step by step through endless hardships and difficulties. Still it held its own, a broad, deep stream, evidently coming from a great distance, but its origin was not discovered until about fifty years ago, when Captain John H. Speke reached the great lake which he named Victoria Nyanza, in honor of the English queen.

This signal discovery was made on the 10th of July, 1858, at the end of a long and toilsome journey which he had made with Captain Richard F. Burton from Zanzibar. Speke was satisfied in his own mind that this great lake was the source of the great river whose origin had long excited so much interest, and on his return home succeeded in inducing the Royal Geographical Society to send him out on a second exploring expedition to this interesting region.

Setting out in 1860 with another British officer, Captain Grant, he found himself in the summer of 1862 again gazing on the noble lake, and being confident now, from information received from the natives, that the Nile flowed from the northern end of the Victoria

Nyanza, he set out in search of its outlet. Success now attended his efforts, and on the 21st of July he reached the river whose source had been sought so long and with such ardent enthusiasm.

His discovery of its outlet from the lake is a story replete with interest. The northern shore of the lake is long and broken, being diversified by hundreds of gulfs and inlets, with nothing to distinguish one from the other. No current is felt until within a few miles of the falls, and the explorers might have searched the lake for a year without discovering the spot. Yet as he drifted and paddled over its broad surface a slight increase was felt in the pace of his canoe and a far-off murmur told him of the nearness of the place he sought, that in which the waters of the lake were drawn into the mighty river.

We give in his own words the story of how he finally reached the much-sought-for stream:

"Here at last," he writes, "I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene, nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by the fishermen's huts, the latter by many crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between fine grassy banks, with rich trees and plantations in the background, where herds of the hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikin and guinea-fowl rising at our feet."

They proceeded up the left bank of the Nile, at some distance from the stream, passing through rich jungle and plantain gardens, and reached the Isamba Rapids on the 25th of July. The river is here extremely beautiful. The water runs between deep banks which are covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli. On the 28th, they reached Ripon Falls, after a long march over rough hills, and through extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants. But they were well rewarded, for these falls, down which the waters of the lake pour into the river, were the most interesting sight that Speke had yet seen in Africa. "Everybody," he says, "ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-book was called

into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks, with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see."

"The expedition," he adds, "had now performed its functions. I saw that Old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much time I had lost by the delays in the journey which had deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the northeast corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by a strait frequently spoken of, between it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish, for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

The cataract by which the Nile leaves its parent lake was named by the discoverer Ripon Falls, in honor of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and the area of water from which it issued he named Napoleon Channel, out of respect to the French Geographical Society, which had presented him its gold medal in honor of his discovery of the lake.

Since this day the source of the Nile has been frequently visited and Ripon Falls looked upon by hundreds of tourists, among them

the members of the Roosevelt expedition. Many descriptions of it might be quoted, of which a brief and graphic one is the following from the pen of Winston Spencer Churchill:

"Although the cataract is on a moderate scale, both in height and volume, its aspect—and still more its situation—is impressive. The exit or overflow of the Great Lake is closed by a natural rampart or ridge of black rock, broken or worn away in two main gaps to release the waters. Through these the Nile leaps at once into majestic being, and enters upon its course as a perfect river three hundred yards wide. Standing upon the reverse side of the wall of the rock, one's eye may be almost on a plane with the shining levels of the lake. At your feet, literally a yard away, a vast green slope of water races downward. Below are foaming rapids, fringed by splendid trees, and pools from which great fish leap continually in the sunlight."

At the output, on the lake shore, has grown up a town with the unmusical name of Jinja, of which Mr. Churchill writes:

"Jinja is destined to become a very important place in the future economy of Central Africa. Situated at the point where the Nile flows out of the Great Lake, it is at once on the easiest line of water communication with Lake Albert and the Soudan, and also a place where great waterpower is available. In years to come the shores of this splendid bay may be crowned with long rows of comfortable tropical villas and imposing offices, and the gorge of the Nile crowded with factories and warehouses. There is power enough to gin all the cotton and saw all the wood in Uganda, and it is here that one of the principal emporia of tropical produce will certainly be created. In these circumstances it is a pity to handicap the town with an outlandish name. It would be much better to call it Ripon Falls, after the beautiful cascades which lie beneath it, and from whose force its future prosperity will be derived.

"The Ripon Falls are, for their own sake, well worth a visit. The Nile springs out of the Victoria Nyanza, a vast body of water nearly as wide as the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and this imposing river rushes down a stairway of rock from fifteen to twenty feet deep, in smooth, swirling slopes of green water. It would be perfectly easy to harness the whole river and let the Nile begin its long

and beneficent journey to the sea by leaping through a turbine. It is possible that nowhere else in the world could so enormous a mass of water be held up by so little masonry. Two or three short dams from island to island across the falls would enable, at an inconceivably small cost, the whole level of the Victoria Nyanza—over an expanse of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles—to be gradually raised six or seven feet; would greatly increase the available water-power; would deepen the water in Kavirondo Bay, so as to admit steamers of much larger draught; and, finally, would enable the lake to be maintained at a uniform level, so that immense areas of swampy foreshore, now submerged, now again exposed, according to the rainfalls, would be converted either into clear water or dry land."

The hundred and fifty thousand square miles, with which Mr. Churchill credits the lake, must be due to a slip of the pen—unless he includes in it the whole catchment basin. The actual area is under thirty thousand square miles, but even with this it is nearly the size of Ireland or Scotland and forms a very respectable body of water. Yet it is fed by only a few small affluents, and it is thought that much of its water must be derived from springs in its bed. Of these streams, the Kagera, entering from the west, is the longest, and may be regarded as the ultimate source of the Nile. This great river, therefore, rises several degrees south of the Equator and stretches its sinuous length through more than thirty degrees of latitude.

We are here epitomizing the story of this splendid and beautiful lake, almost the size of our own noble Lake Superior, and upon which Colonel Roosevelt gazed with all the delight of a born lover of nature. It must be taken for granted that he did not fail to see Ripon Falls, so picturesquely described by Speke and Churchill, or to take the opportunity to visit the other chief points of interest on the lake, during his extended stay in that region.

On its eastern banks he saw much to interest him in the natives, as yet hardly touched by the transforming hand of civilization, and wearing still their primal garb, which consisted chiefly of a jet-black skin. Sir Harry Johnstone cleverly describes them, saying that those

who visit this region before the advent of civilization, will see before them coal-black, handsomely formed negroes and negresses without a shred of clothing, though with many adornments in the way of hippopotamus teeth, bead necklaces, earrings, and leglets of brass. They are very picturesque as they strut about the streets in their innocent nudity, decked with barbaric ornaments.

"The men wear not one earring, but fifteen! Holes are pierced all round the outer edge of the ear, and in these are inserted brass fillets, like melon seeds in shape, to which are attached coarse blue beads of large size and dull appearance. These beads the knowing tourist should collect while they can be purchased, as they are of mysterious origin and great interest. They have apparently reached this part of the world from Nubia in some very ancient trading intercourse between Egypt and these countries of the upper Nile. As the figures thus exhibited are usually models for a sculptor, this nudity is blameless and not to be discouraged; moreover, it characterizes the most moral people in the Uganda protectorate.

"This ebon statuary lives in pretty little villages, which are clusters of straw huts (glistening gold in the sun's rays), encircled with fences of aloes, which have red, green, and white mottled leaves, and beautiful columns and clusters of coral-red stalks and flowers. There are a few shady trees that from their appearance might very well be elms but are not, and some extraordinary euphorbias, which grow upright with the trunk of a respectable tree and burst into uncounted sickly green spidery branches. Herds of parti-colored goats and sheep, and cattle that are black and white and fawn color, diversify these surroundings with their abrupt patches of light and color.

"They belong to the better class of Bantu negroes, of that immense group of African peoples which has dominated the whole southern third of Africa from the regions of the White Nile and Victoria Nyanza to the upper Congo, Kamarun, Zanzibar and Zululand."

Speaking of the herds of the natives, it may be said that the scientists of the Department of Agriculture have done much to improve them. There is a government stock farm at Naivasha in the work of which Mr. Roosevelt took great interest. Official experi-

menters are there engaged in crossing herds to obtain domestic animals adapted to the climate and country and at the same time superior in profit-yielding quality. The hump of the African ox, for instance, disappears in the first generation, and in the next he more nearly resembles the European animal. By supplying settlers and natives with stock improved in this way, it is expected that the herds will be multiplied many times in value.

The same may be said of the sheep, which has been similarly improved. In the various flocks visible may be seen the native breed, the half-bred, three-quarter bred and full bred English, the improvement visible being surprisingly great. That Mr. Roosevelt was thoroughly interested in this transformation goes without saying. He saw specimens of the native sheep, rough and hairy, to the untrained eye looking more like a goat than a sheep. Yet this undeveloped animal, when crossed with the Sussex or the improved Australian type, becomes a woolly beast that is very evidently a sheep. A second cross makes another great improvement, and soon the breeder has a flock that it is hard to distinguish from those of English fields, yet one that is better adapted to the sun and clime of Africa.

In this way a remarkable change is produced alike in the ox and the sheep. The purpose of the experimental farm is not only to produce an improved type adapted to the conditions of the locality, but also to supply the farmers with blooded animals which will add greatly to the value of their flocks. This work is prosecuted with the greatest zeal and enthusiasm, though the experimenters are hampered by want of funds and seriously troubled by the ravages of the East Coast fever.

This malady, to which their animals are very subject, came into the province from German East Africa several years ago, and is gradually spreading despite all efforts to check it. A cow attacked by it will live thirty days or more, during which the ticks which attack it are infected with the poison of the disease and transmit it to other cattle which may pass over the same ground. Experiment has shown that the ticks hold the virulent disease germs for a year, and in that time they may infect many animals.

Thus the efforts of the stock-breeders are largely negatived. Left to themselves the natives would be helpless and the disease spread until all their cattle were exterminated. But that is not the method of the trained workers of the Department of Agriculture. One way to clear the ground of its peril is to put sheep upon it, which are not harmed by the poison from the tick. Others are to divide the country up into fields by wire fencing, and thus keep the cattle within uninfected areas; to destroy suspected animals; to search for remedies to the disease, and to bring to play upon the evil all the resources of modern science.

CHAPTER XXVII

Beautiful Uganda and the Nile

WHEN the traveler in the "dark continent" crosses the great East African lake, Victoria Nyanza, and lands at the port of Entebbe, he finds himself on the threshold of one of the most fertile and beautiful kingdoms in the dark continent, lovely Uganda. This was formerly the seat of the most remarkable of the African native governments, and is now of as remarkable a colonial realm, for the old governmental system has been left unchanged under the shadow of the British protectorate. What the British have brought are the blessings of peace, of civilized habits, of education and Christian teaching; while no burden of foreign rule rests upon the neck of the natives, whose old system persists unchanged.

What is to be found there can best be indicated by a brief description of this singular civilization in the heart of East Africa. Extending westward and northward from the Victoria Nyanza, reaching to and embracing the Albert Nyanza, and traversed by the upper channel of the Nile, Uganda is an extensive equatorial realm, its administrative capital of Entebbe lying nearly on the Equator, yet its elevation of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet gives it a partly temperate climate, while its vegetation has all the regal luxuriance of the tropics.

Nowhere else in Africa is there a region to be compared in charm and attractiveness with Uganda. Different from all others in scenery, in vegetation, and in the character and condition of its people, it stands alone. In reaching it by sail, we leave the breezy uplands lying east of the great lake and enter a garden spot of the tropics. Entebbe glows with floral beauty—violet, yellow, purple and crimson blooms. Plants and trees of beautiful form and color grow in profusion, before the Government House is a stretch of level green lawn, and in the distance the great blue lake and purple hills attract the

eyes, while the soft, cool air seems to belong to climes far removed from the tropics.

Such is Uganda, from end to end a charming garden spot, where food grows in abundance with the least quota of labor, and anything which can be grown anywhere seems to grow more luxuriantly here. The soil is phenomenally rich. Cotton yields an abundant product, and its other useful plants include coffee, tea, coca, vanilla, cocoa, cinnamon, oranges, lemons, pineapples, rubber, and other native or introduced fruits and products. Among these, of course, must be named the banana, that most productive food plant of the tropics, yielding more nutriment with less care and labor than any other vegetable production of the earth. From an agricultural point of view the banana groves form the distinguishing feature of Uganda, the plant being indispensable to the inhabitants. It supplies him not only with a nourishing vegetable pulp and a dessert fruit, but also with sweet beer and heady spirits, with soap, plates, dishes, napkins, and even materials for foot bridges.

Passing along the road from Entebbe to Kampala, the native capital, one gets an idea of the delightful aspect of the country and also of its wealth of useful products. On both sides of the road, along its whole length, extends a double avenue of young rubber trees, and back of these are broad fields of cotton, beautiful alike when in flower or when snowy white with expanded bolls. It is said that the cotton grown here, from American upland seed, commands a higher price in the Manchester market than the same variety of cotton from the United States.

We cannot do better here than quote a description of some interesting features of Uganda scenery and life from Sir Harry Johnston's "Where Roosevelt Will Hunt," in the "National Geographic Magazine":

"There is a remarkable similarity about all the landscapes in Uganda. There are rolling, green downs rising in places almost into the mountains and every valley in between is a marsh. This marsh is often concealed by a splendid tropical forest. Sometimes, however, it is open to the sky, and the water is hidden from sight by dense-growing papyrus.

"The broad native roads make as straight as possible for their mark, like the roads of the Romans, and, to the tired traveler, seem to pick out preferentially the highest and steepest hills, which they ascend perpendicularly and without compromise.

"The road is as broad as an English country road, quite different from the ordinary African path (which is barely the breadth of the space occupied by men walking in single file). On either side of the road the grass grows high, perhaps to heights of seven or eight feet, but it is interspersed with gayer-flowering plants and shrubs. The road ascends a steep hill through this country of luxuriant grass. The hilltop reached and the descent begun. the traveler sees before him a broad marsh in the valley below. The descent to this marsh is possibly so abrupt that it is deemed wiser to get off the horse or mule and leave that beast to slither down sideways.

"Looking on either side as the marsh is being crossed, the traveler will notice first of all the gigantic papyrus, which may be growing as high as fifteen feet above the water and interspersed amongst papyrus roots are quantities of fern, of amaranth, or "love-lies-a-bleeding," and the gorgeous red-purple *Dissotis* flowers, a yellow composite like a malformed daisy, and large masses of pink or lavender-colored *Pentas*. There are also sages and mints which smell strongly of peppermint, and a rather handsome plant with large white bracts and small mauve flowers.

"In and out of this marsh vegetation flit charming little finches of the waxbill type. One of them is particularly beautiful, with a body of black, white, and dove color and a crimson back. The next ascent of the inevitable hill which succeeds the marsh may lead one through a more wooded country, where, among many other flowering shrubs, grows a species of mallow (*Abutilon*), with blush-pink flowers in clusters, like dog-roses in general appearance.

"The forests and marshes of Uganda abound in remarkable monkeys and brilliantly colored birds to a degree not common elsewhere in tropical Africa; but the Kingdom of Uganda, as may be imagined from its relatively dense population—a population once much thicker than to-day—has been to a great extent denuded of its big game.

"One prominent feature in the landscape of Entebbe, and in fact of much of southern Uganda, are the lofty incense-trees (*Pachylobus*). These grow to a great height and are perennially covered with a rich green pinnate foliage. The rugose trunk of thick girth sweats a whitish gum, which, scraped off and burnt on hot coals, produces the smoke of fragrant incense. These trees produce at certain seasons of the year enormous quantities of blue-black plums, which are the favorite food of gray parrots, violet plantain-eaters, and the great blue *Corythoeola*, besides monkeys and hornbills. Wherever, therefore, there is one of these trees growing those who live in the neighborhood may enjoy all day long the contemplation of the gorgeous plumage of these birds, the antics and cries of the parrots, and the wild gambols of the monkeys."

Let us now take a glance at the people who inhabit this rich realm of Uganda. Landing at Entebbe, we seem to be on another planet than the country on the opposite side of the lake. The inhabitants are blacks, but blacks of a different type. Here is to be seen a polite, well-clad, genial and intelligent people, with a fully organized government. They have their king, their parliament and a powerful feudal system; with a court, ministers and nobles; laws and courts; industry, peace and education. It gives us a new idea to learn that more than two hundred thousand of these ebon natives are able to read and write. This they owe to the devoted labors of a large body of earnest missionaries, who have made Christianity the state religion of Uganda.

Such is the status of the Baganda nation, and its governmental system is of old date. The native government which now exists has persisted for at least several centuries, and though now under the British flag, the old system has not been disturbed, except to correct the abuses that had crept in. Safe now from attack by external enemies or rebellious outbreaks, all goes on swimmingly. The present king, Daudi Cehewa, is a half-grown boy; but, surrounded by his officers of state, he presides at the meetings of his council and parliament, the prime minister, Sir Apolo Kagwar, being the power behind the throne.

Associated with this political organization, and with the con-

trolling authority of the British officials, is a system of missionary labor on an unequaled scale. The workers are of different nations and different churches, yet are united in their charitable labors, working together with none of the discord which has at times attended the endeavors of different sects in a single field. At Kampala, the native capital, may be seen on different elevations a Protestant cathedral, a Catholic mission, and a White Father's monastery, each engaged in the same good work in harmony.

Dressed in their long white robes, the Baganda people carry their native politeness to an extreme. Sir Harry Johnstone has well called them "the Japanese of Africa." Their system of friendly salutations approaches the ludicrous in its elaborate expressions of regard. Two Bagandas meeting begin to salute each other while still yards asunder.

"How are you?" cries one.

"Who am I that you should care to know?" asks the second.

"Humble though I be, yet I have dared to ask," rejoins the first.

"But tell me first how are *you?*" requests the second.

"The better for the honor you have done me," is the ceremonious reply.

"The honor is mine and I shall treasure it."

By this time they have passed each other, and their expressions of polite good-will die away as they go on. Of course the dialogue may be greatly varied, but the above will suffice for an example.

Happiness is easily conferred on a Baganda. Simply say to a native, "*Way wally*" ("splendidly well done"), likely enough he will fall upon his knees, clasp his hands together and sway them from side to side, while his face beams with the gladdest of smiles, and he purrs forth his delight as if to say, "You have filled to overflowing my cup of joy."

Yet we must not take this as indicating servility. It is simply the Baganda idea of good manners. The people are not wanting in self-respect, and while yielding to the constituted authorities, do so without loss of dignity. Yet it adds an idea of a new type to our conceptions of the native African to find a nation of blacks with

exaggerated forms of greeting similar to those prevailing in China and Japan.

And they do not end with verbal signs of good-will, but are kindly in nature and extremely hospitable. Sir Harry Johnstone tells us that when he traversed their kingdom, he would be met by hundreds of people, sent by the local chiefs, and each bearing a bunch of bananas. In some instances cows, goats or sheep would be sent. They would go so far as to send spies into his camp to find out his tastes. In this way they learned that he was very fond of tea between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Then, judging from his time of starting what point he would reach at this hour, a resting place would be prepared near the road, a table set, and a clean cloth spread on it. At the proper time the kettle would be set boiling, and when he appeared near by the tea would be poured out and handed to him in a shady arbor.

In his opinion the Bahima—the aristocracy of Western Uganda —may be descended from the people of ancient Egypt or bear some affinity to them. Though black in complexion and with negro hair, their profile is of the Caucasian type, and the indication is that a people of Hamitic race gradually made their way southward, infused their blood into that of the native tribes, and built up a political system far in advance of that native to the land. From this infusion the people on the west and northwest of the lake gained a refinement of manners and a culture far in advance of those on the opposite side of the lake. Yet the mingling of races has been so complete, and the negro element in it so much in excess, that the modern people of Uganda differ from ordinary negroes in appearance only by having larger and clearer eyes and slightly paler skins.

Kampala, the capital of the present king, or Mengo, to use the native name of the king's quarter, is a city of seven hills, each suburb of the straggling town being a separate hill, the sides being often so steep that they cannot be ascended on horseback. Between these hills are marshy bottoms, with streams slowly percolating through them. The inhabited parts of the town, which has a population of about 70,000, are clean and picturesque, from the king's palace to the dwellings of the common people.

On each side of the broad roadway are reed fences, behind which are yards in which bananas grow and back of these the family mansions rise. Everything is kept neat and clean and the handsome trees and abundant vegetation make it a city of gardens. In fact, so dense is the growth of bananas, which afford shade and food to the people, that the huts of the people are quite concealed. All that the traveler sees in approaching the city are the government buildings and residences neatly built on one hill; the palace of the king and dwellings of his ministers on another; on still others the cathedral and other Christian churches. Everything else is lost under a broad sea of leaves between which run the wide and straight roadways. The whole place is extraordinarily unlike what one would look for in an African kingdom and very different from what is to be seen elsewhere in that continent.

An interesting fact in regard to Uganda is that within it lies the source of the Nile, one of the noblest and certainly the most famous of rivers. One can follow this splendid stream from its headwaters in the Victoria Nyanza to its delta on the shores of the Mediterranean, finding it navigable for nearly the whole of its course. The first and one of the most interesting parts of the Nile route lies within the kingdom of Uganda, and has much within it that merits description.

About two hundred miles from the Victoria Nyanza lies another lake, the Albert Nyanza, small in comparison with the former, yet anything but a dwarf, as it is more than one hundred miles long and correspondingly wide. Between these two lakes, like a silver chain of connection, wanders the Nile, now in a broad deep flow, now rushing down many miles of rapids, now tumbling sheer downward in great cataracts—the Ripon and Murchison Falls. Down this splendid river—known as the Victoria Nile in this section—we shall journey and gaze upon its varied and attractive scenes.

The whole length of the Nile, from its lake course to its outlet in the Mediterranean, is three thousand five hundred miles, and those who follow it to its termination have a long journey to make, part by foot-paths past the rapids, part by canoe and steamboat on the stream, part by rail down its lower course, where for many miles

now runs the northern length of the Cape to Cairo Railway, a dream of Cecil Rhodes, which is now in process of being realized.

The Great Victoria Lake is lifted high in the air, almost on a mountain top, for it is higher than the highest mountain in England. From this lofty elevation of nearly four thousand feet the Nile flows ever downward, now descending slowly, now rapidly, the steepest part of its course being that with which we are now concerned.

The Albert Nyanza lies at a height of two thousand three hundred feet above sea level, so that in its first two hundred miles the Nile makes more than one-third of its whole descent. This is done in its fall and in two long stretches of rapids, one about thirty miles long below the Ripon Falls, and another of the same length above the Murchison Falls. Between and below these rapids it flows level and smooth, midway in its course running through another large body of water, Lake Chioga, which, like the other two lakes, forms one of the feeders of the Nile.

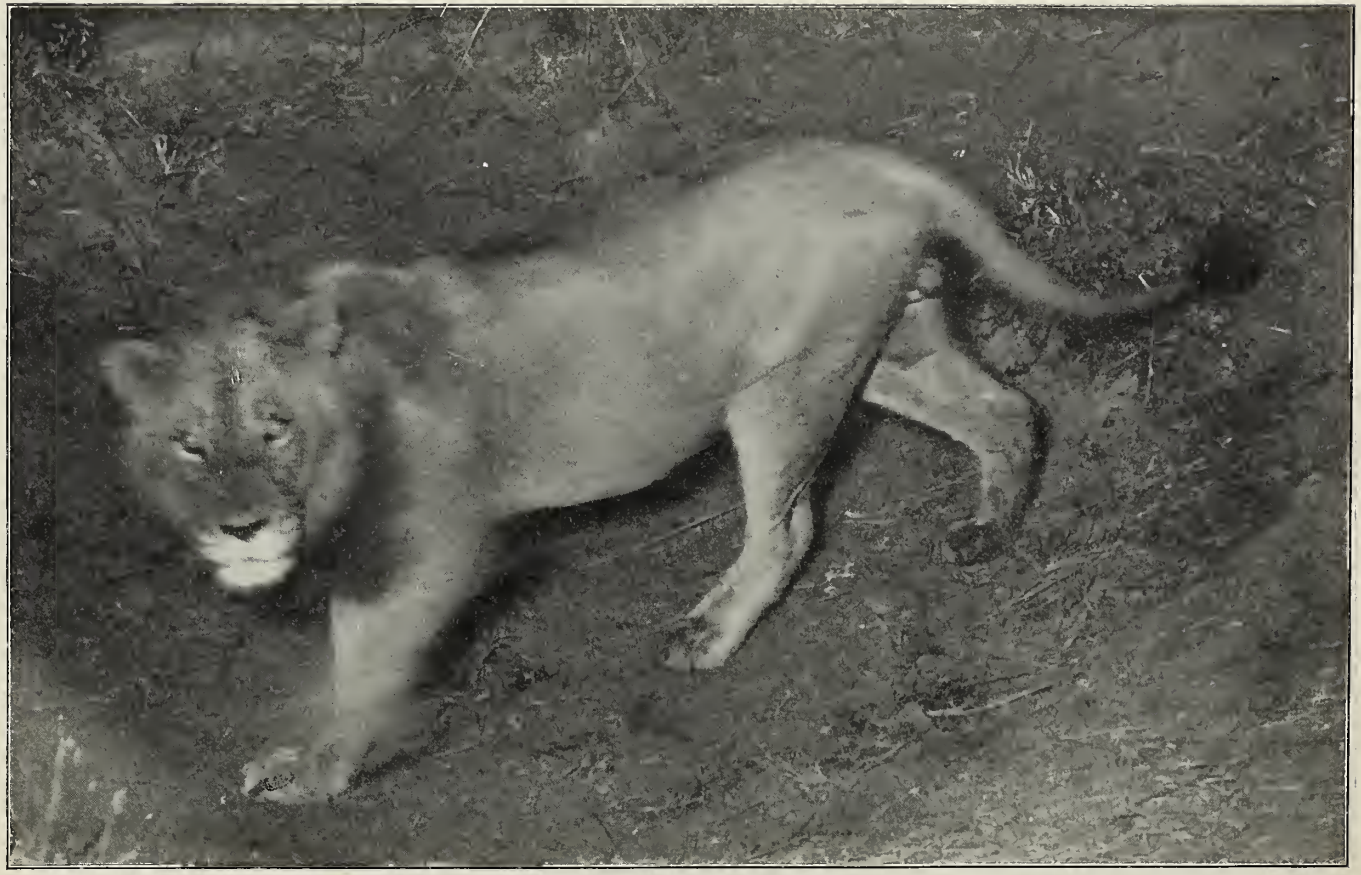
With this necessary explanation, we can go on in our path down the Victoria Nile, the first part of which must be made in a march through the forest to Kakindu, the head of navigation on the Nile; the second part by canoes or motorboats down the stream and across Lake Chioga; the third part again through the forest past the Murchison rapids, and then by boat or through the woods along the lower stream to the Albert Lake.

The forest travel of our first stage, from camp to camp, is a customary incident in the life of a Central African traveler. He goes "on safari" as the Boer goes "on trek." The British officer, on an official expedition, comes to think of a ten or twenty days "safari" as we would of a journey to Alaska or Hawaii. Instead of making the wearisome journey ourselves, let us follow in the footsteps of a traveler who gives us a graphic and picturesque description of the route. Here is the experience of Winston Churchill, in his forest trip down the stream. After taking a long and lingering look at Ripon Falls he committed himself to the forest depths. The porters had already been long on the road with their burdens and he thus describes the route by which he followed them:

"The native path struck northeast from the Nile, and led into a

STARTING FOR A SHOOT

Colonel Roosevelt in hunting costume examining a new gun while watching a native dance near Mt. Kenia. The natives in typical costumes are shown in the background. The photograph was taken by special permission.



SURPRISED IN HIS NOCTURNAL PROWL.

This photograph was taken by flashlight and shows an African lion which attacked the photographer just after the picture was taken. This photographer accompanied the Roosevelt party by special permission.

ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS IN BATTLE

Both these animals were found in the course of Roosevelt's travels, and both belong to the class called Pachyderms, or thick-skinned animals. The tusks of the one and horn of the other are dangerous weapons

AN ELEPHANT HUNT

A fate which sometimes overtakes the hunter

hilly and densely wooded region. The elephant grass on each side of the track rose fifteen feet high. In the valleys great trees grew and arched above our heads, laced and twined together with curtains of flowering creepers. Here and there a glade opened to the right or left, and patches of vivid sunlight splashed into the gloom. Around the crossings of little streams butterflies danced in brilliant ballets. Many kinds of birds flew about the trees. The jungle was haunted by game—utterly lost in its dense entanglements.

"Our first march was about fourteen miles, and as we had not started till the hot hours of the day were upon us, it was enough and to spare so far as I was concerned. Up hill and down hill wandered our path, now plunged in the twilight of a forest valley, now winding up the side of a scorched hill, and I had for some time been hoping to see the camp round every corner, when at last we reached it. It consisted of two rows of green tents and a large 'banda,' or rest-house, as big as a large barn in England, standing in a nice, trim clearing. These 'bandas' are a great feature of African travel; and the dutiful chief through whose territory we are passing had taken pains to make them on the most elaborate scale. He was not long in making his appearance with presents of various kinds. A lanky, black-faced sheep, with a fat tail as big as a pumpkin, was dragged forward, bleating, by two retainers. Others brought live hens and earthenware jars of milk and baskets of little round eggs. The chief was a tall, intelligent-looking man, with the winning smile and attractive manners characteristic of the country, and made his salutations with a fine air of dignity and friendship.

"The house he had prepared for us was built of bamboo framework, supported upon a central row of Y-shaped tree stems, with a high-pitched roof heavily thatched with elephant-grass, and walls of wattled reeds. The floors of African 'bandas' when newly made are beautifully smooth and clean, and strewn with fresh green rushes; the interior is often cunningly divided into various apartments, and the main building is connected with kitchens and offices of the same unsubstantial texture by veranda-shaded passages. In fact, they prove a high degree of social knowledge and taste in the natives, who make them with almost incredible rapidity from the vegetation of the

surrounding jungle; and the sensation of entering one of these lofty, dim, cool, and spacious interiors, and sinking into the soft rush-bed of the floor, with something to drink which is, at any rate, not tepid, well repays the glaring severities of a march under an Equatorial sun. The 'banda,' however, is a luxury of which the traveler should beware, for if it has stood for more than a week it becomes the home of innumerable insects, many of approved malevolence and venom, and spirillum fever is almost invariably caught from sleeping in old shelters or on disused camping-grounds."

Thus on and on the traveler goes, through the forest shades, and out of sight and hearing of the Nile, till at length, after a three days' tramp, the latter part of which is through a native settlement, with its crop of bananas and other plants, the Nile again appears, a glowing breadth of deep, clear water, nearly a third of a mile wide, and flowing calmly onward, free from the turmoil of the rapids through which it has tossed and tumbled for the first forty miles of its course.

But, without following the Nile step by step throughout its course, let us make a leap forward to its greatest cataract, the Murchison Falls. On leaving Lake Chioga, a body of water fifty miles long and eleven miles wide, it spreads to a broad stream of more than a mile in width, flowing between walls of solid papyrus and dotted with floating islands of plant formation. After a considerable length of level stream we reach Karuma Falls and the rapids again set in, ending, about forty miles further down, in the great cataract above mentioned.

If we seek it through the jungle-like Hoima forest, it is to find ourselves in such a wilderness of vegetation as is seldom seen. The forests of Uganda in general are, for magnificence of tree growth, for varied form and color, for profusion of life, for the vast scale on which nature's processes work, almost unequalled; and the fecundity of animal life is astonishing. Here are birds as bright as butterflies; butterflies as big as birds. The air hums with flying creatures, the earth fairly crawls with creeping life. Through it passes the telegraph wire running north to Gondokoro, the very poles of which break into bud. In the forest itself huge trees jostle each other for room to live,

lower plants throng the soil, and the trees are fettered together with a thick tangle of twining parasites, which at intervals burst into a sea of bright blossoms.

But we must hurry on to the falls themselves, the most remarkable in the whole course of the Nile. The cataracts begin many miles above, the river hurrying forward in foam down a continuous stairway inclosed by rocky walls. It is still, however, a broad flood, but, about two miles above Fajao, these walls suddenly contract until they are less than *six yards apart*, and through this narrow opening the whole great stream shoots like water from the nozzle of a hose, pouring in a single jet and with a far-reaching roar down an abyss one hundred and sixty feet in depth.

On seeing the great size of the river below the falls it is difficult to believe that this vast volume of water comes through that single spout. On climbing to the summit of the rock, through clouds of spray and a thunder of sound, the observer can walk within an inch of the edge, and lying down can look over into the torment of foam below. It seems as if the rock must have been worn away to a great extent below, for otherwise it seems impossible for so much water to pass through so narrow a space.

The Nile below the falls swarms with crocodiles, and farther down are herds of hippopotami, so that the stream throbs with life. The crocodiles haunt this spot on the lookout for the dead fish and animals carried over by the water, even the great hippos from the upper river being often caught and hurled down the watery cliff. So numerous are the saurians that when alarmed by a rifle shot hundreds of them may be seen rushing from the banks into the Nile, the water of which they churn into milk-white foam.

From the splendid cataract we have described the river flows sluggishly onward, becoming so slow at length that no current is discernible, and after a course of about twenty miles glides gently into another large body of water, the Albert Nyanza, above spoken of. It does not cross this lake, but joins it near its northeast corner, and flows out again on the north, after a short journey within its confines. At the lake it ends its career as the Victoria Nile and takes the Arab name of Bahr-el-Jebel. Further down, after being joined

by some other streams, it becomes known as the White Nile, and at Khartum is swollen by the waters of the Blue Nile, flowing west from the hills of Abyssinia. From this point onward move the united streams, to reach, after a long desert journey, their final goal in the ample bosom of the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Successful End of the African Hunt

KAMPALA, the capital of Daudi Gehewa, the boy king of Uganda, lies about twenty-four miles from Entebbe, the port of the lake traffic and the seat of British authority in that part of midland Africa. A protectorate Uganda is called. This is to cater to the susceptibility of the partly civilized natives. It is wise to let such a people fancy that they are an independent nation, but the gloved hand of British authority has iron in its grasp and the African ruler is only a useful puppet to be cajoled and played with by the actual rulers.

In this city of Kampala Colonel Roosevelt found himself after his long hunting career; resting let us say, but it was a Rooseveltian rest. Here is a record of one day, December 22, of our hunter's life in the Uganda capital. The morning began with an antelope hunt on the surrounding plain. This was only an appetizer for the day's work. On his return to the verdant, leaf-shrouded town he made a call on Mother Paul, the American superior of the convent, and had a long interview with her. On leaving he visited the Catholic mission; following this up by taking part in the ceremony of dedicating a wing recently added to the Church Mission Society hospital. This done, he finished the morning's work by taking lunch with Bishop Hanlon. This series of performances was followed in the afternoon by a reception of the King of Uganda, who paid a visit of ceremony to the distinguished visitor then honoring his capital by his presence. Subsequently, in company with King Daudi, he became the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. F. A. Knowles, the British sub-commissioner, to the African monarch and the American ex-President.

Evidently Mr. Roosevelt was losing no time. He had now reached the climax of his African career, and was soon to turn his back on the hunter's paradise in which he had lived for months and begin his

journey back to civilization by way of the famous Nile, long one of the greatest of geographical mysteries but now known throughout its full extent from Ripon Falls to the Delta. Its discovery is one of the great triumphs of modern exploration. Colonel Roosevelt had reached Uganda after a December hunt with Lord Delamere at Njoro, which event brought to an end his hunting experience in British East Africa. This had been a long one, extending over nearly eight months, and had afforded him an opportunity to cope with nearly all the great game of the earth which remained after his American experiences in the hunting field. We must except in this the Bengal tiger and the Polar bear, animals worthy of his prowess, with which he will perhaps make acquaintance in coming years. That the love of hunting and of facing danger in the open was the main incentive to the African outing of our ex-President no one will doubt, but it was made conducive to science in supplying the Smithsonian and National museums with splendid specimens of all the great and nearly all the small African mammals, greatly adding to the value of their zoological collections.

Completing this long hunt by mid-December, the embrowned adventurer took the steamer at Port Florence for Uganda. Of the character of this steamer and its equipment for the comfort of its passengers we have spoken on a preceding page, and need but say here that Mr. Roosevelt found as civilized appointments in this pioneer craft in the center of East Africa as he could have found in the floating palaces of one of our American lakes. That he enjoyed the trip across this splendid inland sea, with its cool climate, its fine scenery, its beautiful islands, goes without saying. Through the journey from Port Florence to Entebbe presents but a partial glimpse of the lake and its surroundings, it is an illuminating one, and Roosevelt, with his warm love of nature in her every mood, enjoyed it with his usual outspoken zest.

As for Uganda—beautiful Uganda, as it is commonly termed—an anchorite could scarce fail to view it with enthusiasm, and a nature lover like Theodore Roosevelt was sure to greet it with warm expressions of delight. Entebbe presented itself to him with a glow of floral beauty, the native adornment of that tropic realm to which winter

never comes, and he especially admired the charming outlook from the Government House, with its smooth, green lawn, the beautiful trees which shaded it, the gleaming face of the sun-kissed lake in the near distance and the stately setting of the purple hills afar. And this in a clime which, with its soft, cool air, seemed to belong to summer lands far removed from the region of the equator.

After a brief stay in Entebbe as the guest of the Governor of Uganda, he set out on a motor trip to the Uganda capital. No one could follow the high road from Entebbe to Kampala without feeling himself in a bath of beauty, in which the pervading green was enlivened by blooms of all the colors of the rainbow and in the rich soil of which grew every variety of tropical fruits, with others introduced from the temperate zone and familiar to their new visitor.

The American visitors viewed Kampala with the same enthusiastic approval with which they had greeted all the Uganda scenes. As for the city itself, one scarcely discovers it even when in its center, the huts of the natives being so environed with clustering banana trees as to be scarcely visible. But beyond this sea of leaves rise the several hills on the slopes of which much of the city lies, one showing on its summit the king's palace, a second the buildings of the English resident officials, a third crowned with the Christian churches, etc. We do not know if Roosevelt ejaculated "Bully for you!" on observing the scene spread before him, but if he did it would have been characteristic.

Colonel Roosevelt had not sought King Daudi's capital as a haven of rest. He has the faculty of never resting while there is anything that seems to him worth doing or worth learning, and the account above given of one day's activity of his stay in that city will show that he did not come there with the hope of basking in inglorious ease. To up and be doing is his native motto and one which he rarely foregoes.

In the six or seven weeks of his projected stay in Uganda he did not propose that time should hang heavy on his hands. His months of hunting in British East Africa had not surfeited him. Uganda had its animals also, its broad domains over which wild beasts wander in multitudes, and there was always the possibility of bringing down some species new to his career, possibly of finding some animal new to science, a mate for the okapi found a few years before in the section of Africa in which he now was.

At any rate Roosevelt and his followers were soon up and doing, throwing off the soft blandishments of the Kampala type of civilization and going on safari into the wilderness in search of something new and strange. He was especially desirous of getting some specimens of the white rhinoceros which he had sought for, as stated, in Sotik, and in this effort it will suffice to say that he was here abundantly successful.

In this American invasion of Uganda there was one thing to be avoided, the subtle assaults of the fevers and other enervating afflictions to which the visitor to the tropics is exposed. Especially was it needful to be on guard against one of these epidemics, that fatal sleeping sickness which within a few years had laid twenty thousand of the Uganda natives in the grave and was afoot for new victims who should come within reach of the death-dealing tsetse fly.

When Mr. Roosevelt set out for Africa at the close of his presidential career many predictions were made that he would never return alive. Some affirmed that the sleeping sickness would surely claim him as a victim, others that he would fall before those nerve-racking tropical fevers which few explorers had escaped and by which many had been laid low. Still others of this weeping willow band of mourners were confident that some of the ravening beasts of Africa's clime, the maned lion, the horned rhino, the trunked elephant, the mailed crocodile, would with weight of paw, thrust of horn or snap of jaw close the career of America's favorite son.

These dismal forebodings were not without warrant. They were based on the experience of many earlier travelers. But they little disturbed the Roosevelt serenity and fortunately none of them were realized. One rumor, indeed, came from Africa that he had been killed, but like most such rumors it proved unbased. He passed unscathed through the terrors of field and fever, and finally reached the banks of the Nile in a condition of rugged health, such as few of his predecessors had enjoyed. But this was largely due to the fact that before his advent civilization had tamed that region of the tropics and he was saved from the enervating and disheartening experiences of earlier travelers, while every precaution to insure his safety was taken. Only for the presence of such trained hunters as Selous and Cunninghame there might have been a different story to tell.

It is not our purpose to describe the hunting adventures of the Roosevelt party in Uganda, that country which has been described as "the wildest and most beautiful, perhaps the most dangerous, and certainly the most interesting of those explored." These adventures were of the type of those already described. They consisted in wandering through the wilds, the constant crack of the rifle, the fall of fresh victims of the hunter's skill. To detail them would be but a repetition of the story of the past chapters, and of these hunting exploits "by flood and fell" our readers have already had a sufficiency. We shall therefore pass over these experiences and pass at once from Kampala to where the waters of the great lake rush down the slope of Ripon Falls to give birth to the noble Nile. Down that historic stream our journey now leads.

To go "on safari" down the Nile was an experience very different from that which the expedition had yet passed through. It had hitherto enjoyed the cool air of a high plateau, high even at the Victoria Nyanza, which is nearly four thousand feet above sea level. Before reaching the Albert Nyanza, about two hundred miles distant, more than one-third of its height had disappeared and our travelers found themselves approaching the steaming and enervating temperature of the true tropics.

On went the long caravan, the colored porters gay and lively in the early hours of the day, but with sober mien and dragging steps as hot noontide burned above them. Native paths led through the dense woodland, now along a level stretch, now up or down hill, and whites and blacks alike were glad enough to reach the "bandas," or rest houses, which awaited them at intervals along the trail, built by the authorities for the convenience of the growing tide of travel.

Day after day this was repeated; an early start, a long tramp, a rest during the hot hours of the day, with food provided by the chiefs of the country traversed and duly paid for by the travelers. Of course the Rooseveltians did not fail to turn aside to view the remarkable Murchison Falls, in which the whole flood of the Nile forces itself through an aperture less than twenty feet wide, plunging one hundred and sixty feet downward with a roar loud enough to awake the echoes miles away.

The Albert Nyanza, a lake much smaller than the Victoria, lies in the course of the Nile, but cannot be said to be traversed by it. On the contrary the river enters and leaves it at its northern corner, passing through only a few miles of its area, yet doubtless gaining from it important additions to its flood. Other additions come from the Albert Edward Nyanza, which receives the drainage of the Ruwenzori Mountains and is connected with the Albert Nyanza by the Semliki River. It is to these three central African lakes that the Nile owes the great volume of its flood, gaining the abundant waters which for thousands of years have brought to the land of Egypt perennial fertility.

After leaving the Albert Nyanza, the next point of interest is the former Arab slave-station of Gondokoro, more than two hundred miles to the north. Though this distance may be traversed by boat, the Roosevelt party made its way by land, journeying through a very difficult stretch of country, a wilderness so forbidding to the white men that even the enterprising telegraph companies have not yet ventured to carry their wires through it, all communication being made by native runners. But it presented excellent opportunities for hunting, and on reaching Gondokoro on February 17th the adventurers declared that the past ten days had been one of the most enjoyable parts of their entire African trip. Certainly they looked it, to judge from the healthy aspect of the whole party.

Gondokoro lies in the territory of the Bari tribe of the Soudanese negroes, on the east bank of the Nile, the west bank at this point being in the most northerly stretch of the territory of the Congo Free State. Long ago the Arabs made it a center of the slave and ivory trade, and though the former has been suppressed, the ivory trade is still active, a number of ivory merchants making Gondokoro their headquarters. Here the steamboats of the Soudan government call once a month, carrying passengers and the mail between this place and Khartum, nine hundred miles to the north.

The entrance of the Roosevelt expedition to this far inland Nile station was rudely picturesque, the British and natives alike doing their utmost to give a fitting welcome to the travel-hardened wanderers. A party of the Bari tribe, Chief Keriba and his band of native musicians at their head, met the Americans sixteen miles south and

during this final part of the journey gave them all the noisy honor that they could get out of their brass instruments and Indian drums.

Shouts of welcome from natives and citizens hailed the entrance of the Americans, awaiting whom on the Bahr-el-Jebel (as the Nile is here called) was the launch of General Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, who had sent it for the convenience of the coming distinguished traveler. At its mast-head flew the Stars and Stripes, and on entering its cabin Colonel Roosevelt was gratified to find there a large amount of mail, which had been forwarded to await his arrival. After a brief rest, he plunged into his mass of correspondence. In the town itself, which, in addition to the ivory traders, had a few shops belonging to Greek and Hindu storekeepers, a brick house had been set aside for his convenience during his stay in that frontier town.

The journey to Khartum was to be made in the Sirdar's launch, but before setting out the party decided on having a final week's hunting, and on the 18th three of the party, Roosevelt, Kermit and Heller, set out with the purpose of shooting such game as might be found along the river banks. The remaining members of the party stayed behind to pack the specimens they had recently gathered in their Nile journey and pay off and dismiss the porters who had so long been their faithful companions and helpers.

The day promised to be one of adventures. Before their start word came that a native had fallen into the river and been drowned. On learning of this accident Kermit and Mr. Loring dove into the river in an effort to recover the body, heedless of the peril from crocodiles and from the swift current. Fortunately no harm came to them. Meanwhile from Lado, a few miles north of Gondokoro and the extreme northeast station of the Congo Free State, the Belgian Commandant and other officials called on the guest of honor and presented their congratulations upon the success of his African hunting excursion, with a request that he should visit their town.

The shooting expedition also opened with an adventure, the small boat in which it set out beginning its record by landing its crew on a sand bank. It was soon afloat, however, and, reaching the Congo side of the stream, the party began its hunt, its native attendants carrying

the American flag, the first seen in the Congo Free State since the days of Stanley. As for the Congo natives, they greeted Roosevelt with the same names they had given Stanley and seemed to think the party similar to that led by the famous explorer.

The events of this excursion resembled those of former hunting trips, its most important prizes being a giant bull eland shot by Roosevelt and a bull and a cow brought down by Kermit. They had spent from twelve to fourteen hours daily in the chase, and returned to Gondokoro on the 26th, looking wonderfully well and in the best of spirits. They brought with them the skins and skeletons of the elands, the only specimens contributed by the Congo State.

With this week's shooting Colonel Roosevelt proposed to close his hunting experience in Africa unless an opportunity should arise lower down the Nile to obtain some specimens of rare animals they had so far failed to get. From Gondokoro the route lay down the Nile to Khartum, nearly a thousand miles to the north. At this outpost of Egyptian civilization in the Soudan he expected to meet Mrs. Roosevelt and their daughter, Ethel, who had left New York on February 15th, hoping to reach Khartum and meet the returning traveler by the 14th of March.

It is fitting here to state succinctly the general results of the expedition. In all about five hundred specimens of large mammals were obtained, including the following of special interest:

Seventeen lions, eleven elephants, ten buffaloes, ten black rhinoceroses, nine white rhinoceroses, nine hippopotami, nine giraffes, three leopards, seven cheetahs, three giant elands, three sables, one sitatunga and two bongos.

From the point of scientific importance, which has been kept throughout in view, the most highly-prized game may be rated as follows: First, the giant elands, the first complete specimens of which family were now being taken from the country; second, the white rhinoceros; third, the bongos, the first to be stalked and killed by a white man, and, fourth, the sitatunga, a rare species of antelope.

The naturalists secured a remarkable collection, including many thousands of birds and small mammals, the whole enbracing more than thirteen thousand specimens. The results in this line were most gratifying, and science was enriched by several new species.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Great Game Animals of Africa

The Elephant.—First of all in point of interest comes the elephant, the giant pachyderm, as his family is known to science. Attaining the height of twelve feet at the shoulders and a length of eighteen or nineteen feet, it is indeed an impressive sight to meet even a single elephant in his native forest. His strength is enormous, and the spectacle of whole trees torn up by the roots and broken off close to the ground as a result of a playful moment is an awe-inspiring one.

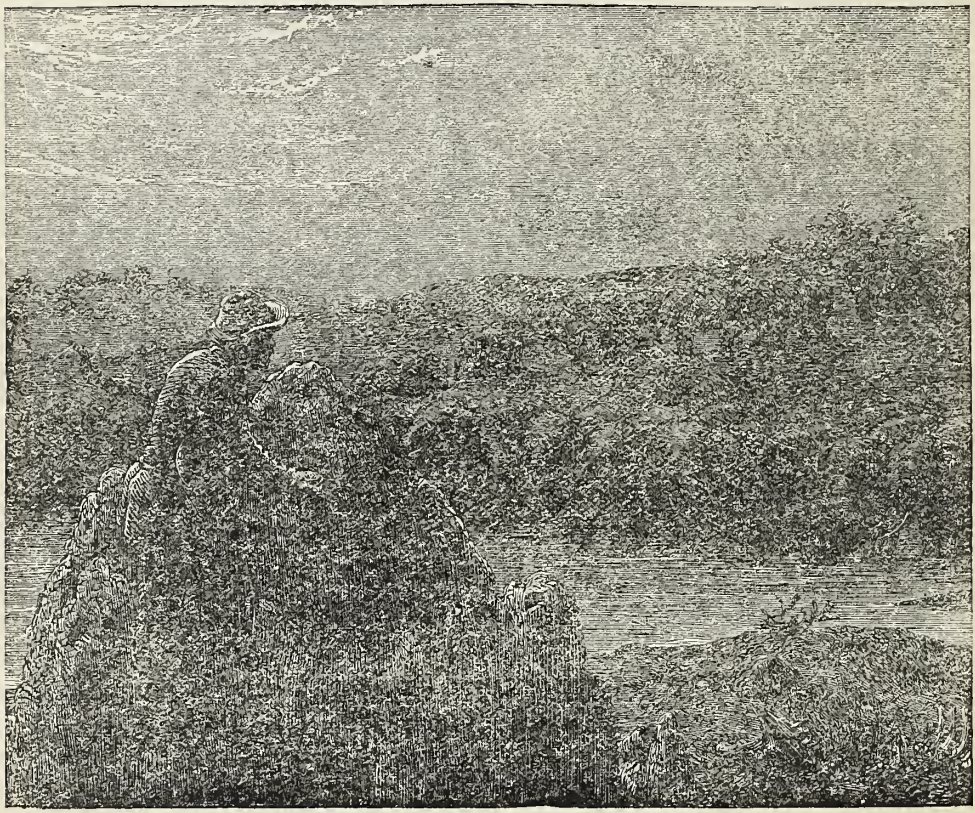
The African elephant differs in some respects from the Asiatic species more commonly seen. His skin is black and nearly destitute of hair and the tail is short with a tufted end. The head is rounder, forehead more convex and ears much larger than in the Asiatic elephant. The latter are very flat, reaching to the legs, and overlapping each other on the top of the neck. Each foot has five toes. The tusks are arched, between eight and nine feet long and weighing about one hundred pounds. The female is upwards of eight feet high and usually provided with tusks about four feet long.

The weight of a full-grown bull elephant is really immense; it may be imagined how wonderfully powerful are the limbs which can carry that weight over the ground at a speed nearly equal to that of a horse.

But nature has taken very good care that these limbs shall not be too weak for their task. Indeed, they are like so many pillars, so massively are they formed, and so firmly planted upon the ground. And, if you take notice, the hind legs have not the peculiar "knee-" joint, as it is often but wrongly called, which we see in the horse, and which would take away very much from the strength of those limbs.

Now, I dare say you will be rather surprised when I tell you

that the elephant, large and heavy though he is, can yet move over the ground, and even through the thick forest, with so silent a tread that you would be quite unable to hear his footfall, even though you might be standing close beside him. Indeed, hunters who have shot many an elephant tell us that the only way in which one can hear the animal moving is by listening for the sound caused by the water



ELEPHANTS DRINKING BY MOONLIGHT

contained in his stomach, which makes a peculiar "swishing" sound as he walks along.

Now, how is this? Here is an immense animal, standing eleven or twelve feet in height, and weighing two or three tons, and yet walking with the silent and stealthy tread of a cat! Are his feet furnished with soft cushions upon the soles, like those of the lion or the tiger? Yes and no, their structure being, however, perfectly different, and yet equally wonderful.

If you could look carefully at the foot of an elephant, you would see that it is encased in a kind of hoof, which protects it from injury upon the ground. But this hoof has other purposes as well, for it must serve to break the shock of the footfall, which must of course result from every step of so heavy a body. And consequently it is formed of a vast number of elastic horny plates and india-rubber-like pads, so that, when the enormous animal treads, its footsteps are nearly as noiseless as those of a cat.

If you have ever ridden upon an elephant, you must have noticed two things. As the animal moves the legs of one side nearly together, the body sways from side to side at each double step. Also, though the elephant is so heavy, and the legs so apparently clumsy, the step is so soft, that the rider not only does not hear it, but actually feels no jar as the foot touches the ground.

This gentle movement is partly due to the elastic plates, which act something like our own steel carriage-springs, but in a different direction, and partly to the pads, which act just like the india-rubber tires of a bicycle-wheel.

Now, if we had never seen an elephant, or a picture of one, and had not even heard the animal described to us, we might very well wonder how so large and bulky an animal, with a neck so short that the mouth could not reach within several feet of the ground, could possibly supply itself with food and drink. If we had been asked to invent a way in which this could be done, we should certainly have failed, for, clever as man is, such a task would be quite beyond his powers.

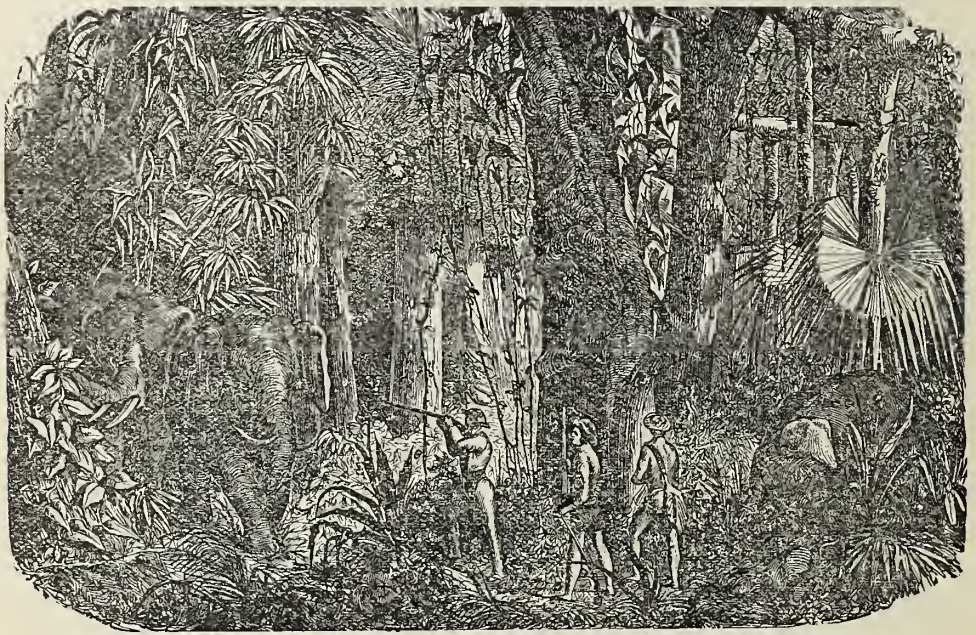
But nature found no difficulty in doing so, for she modified the snout and the upper lip into a long trunk, or proboscis, which is so wonderfully useful that it can be employed for a great variety of purposes. As one writer has very well said, with its trunk the elephant can uproot or shake trees, lift a cannon, or pick up a pin; by its aid it can carry both food and water to the mouth, while, upon a hot day, it can turn the same organ into a shower-bath, and sprinkle its body with cool and refreshing water.

A wonderful organ, indeed, must be the trunk, which can fulfil so many purposes, and one gifted as much with a delicate sense of touch as with great and almost giant strength. And this is in very

truth the case, for the tip of the proboscis is as sensitive as our own fingers, and is, moreover, furnished with two small projections which act in very much the same manner as a finger and thumb.

So powerful are the muscles of the trunk that an elephant can pick up a large and heavy log, raise it high in the air, and hurl it with great force to the ground, although its weight might be so great that a strong man could hardly move it.

Through the whole length of the trunk run the nostrils, and it is



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE FOREST

by the aid of these that the elephant is able to drink. When an elephant feels thirsty, he plunges the end of his trunk into the water, and draws in his breath until the nostrils are filled, just in the same manner, in fact, as a syringe is charged by drawing out the handle. Then the trunk is curled up, the tip placed in the mouth, and the water forced down the throat, the process being repeated as often as necessary.

Food is taken in much the same maner, excepting of course, that the nostrils are not employed. Small articles, such as fruit,

GIRAFFE IN THE LAGOON FIGHTING FOR HER YOUNG

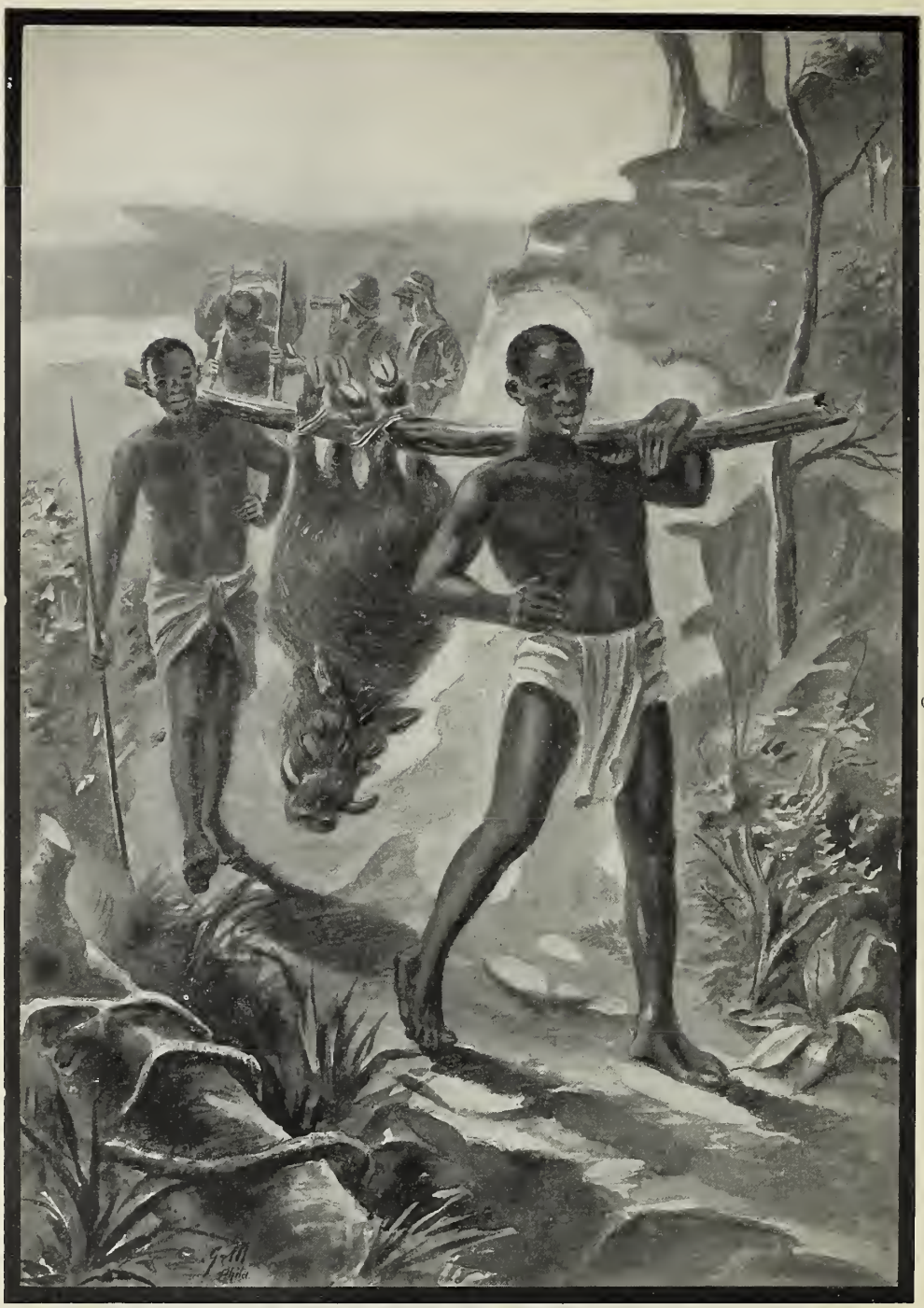
The Giraffe is found only in Africa. Its height is from 13 to 18 feet. Its beautiful long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of the trees. It fights with its feet

A CHIMPANZEE FAMILY

The Chimpanzee is an Ape and native of Western Africa. It lives in caves and under rocks in large bands, and fights with great fury

AFRICAN PORTERS ON THE MARCH.

This interesting picture shows a part of Colonel Roosevelt's pack train or *safari* traveling through the African jungle. Some idea of the loads carried by the natives may be gathered from this photograph, which was taken by a photographer accompanying the ex-President.



ONE OF ROOSEVELT'S WARTHOGS.

This curious specimen of the hog family is redoubtable for its ferocity when attacked. Its long tusks can rip open man or animal with ease, and their attacking power is increased by the strength and quickness of the beast.

leaves, and so on, are picked up by the little finger and thumb-like projections about which I told you, while larger objects are grasped by the trunk itself. I dare say that you have seen an elephant pick up and eat a biscuit; and, if so, you will very well remember the manner in which the trunk carried food to the mouth.

So useful, indeed, is the trunk, that if deprived of its aid, even for a few days only, the elephant would certainly die. His neck is so short that he could obtain neither food or drink, for he could not bend his head to the ground and so procure water, while his long tusks would prevent him from even plucking the leaves which might grow within his reach.

I dare say you will wonder why it is that the neck should be so short and stout. The fact is, that the head, with the teeth and the enormous tusks, is so immensely heavy, that the neck must be very large in order to contain the powerful muscles which are needed to sustain it. This accounts for its great size, and we may also see with equal ease, the reason for its shortness by trying a single experiment.

Mud-Bathers—Elephants.—Nearly every tropical animal, including the tiger, bathes either in water or in mud. Perhaps the best-known mud-bathers are the wild boar, the water-buffalo, and the elephant. The latter has an immense advantage over all other animals, in the use of its trunk for dressing wounds. It is at once a syringe, a powdering-puff and a hand. Water, mud, and dust are the main "applications" used, though it sometimes covers a sun-scorched back with grass or leaves. "Wounded elephants," writes an African explorer, "have marvelous power of recovery when in their wild state, although they have no gifts of surgical knowledge, their simple system being confined to plastering their wounds with mud, or blowing dust upon the surface. Dust and mud comprise the entire pharmacopœia of the elephant, and this is applied upon the most trivial as well as upon the most serious occasions. I have seen them when in a tank plaster up a bullet wound with mud taken from the bottom."

Once killed the elephant is of no use except for the ivory of his tusks. The natives and some Europeans, however, esteem elephant steak and baked elephant's feet great luxuries. The tusks are em-

bedded in massive sockets spreading over the greater portion of the face, and the operation of hewing them out with an axe usually occupies several hours. A female with tusks is an African oddity unknown in India.

The Rhinoceros.—The elephant, as the largest animal known, is entitled to first consideration, but the rhinoceros is a worthy rival from a sportsman's viewpoint. Upwards of six feet high at the

HEAD OF A RHINOCEROS

shoulders and about thirteen feet in extreme length, it is a ridiculous, yet awe-inspiring, sight to watch one charging along with short stubby tail angrily erect, the big ungainly body supported on short and seemingly inadequate legs. The head is large and long with small eyes placed well on the side. Their sight is very poor and this fact has saved many a man's life who had the presence of mind to lie down when facing a charge. However, their scent is so keen that it nearly compensates for the poor eyesight. The rhinoceros is bad tempered

and resentful of interference. He usually charges a man on sight, and his enormous weight and strength, coupled with the two horns on his snout, render him one of the most dangerous species of African game. The muzzle is long and somewhat flat and from this the two horns project, placed one behind the other and varying in length. Several men have been tossed on these deadly horns and by some miracle lived to tell the tale. All were badly crippled. The animal rarely fails to kill and mangle beyond recognition any hunter who either through an accident or nervousness misses his shot. There is a well known and authentic story of one terrible attack by a rhino. While a gang of twenty-one slaves was being taken down to the coast chained neck to neck, a big rhino broke out of the bush and impaled the center man on his horn, breaking the necks of all the others by the suddenness of the shock.

The rhinoceros is difficult to kill, as soft-nose bullets merely splash out on its thick, naked hide. Here again the big .450 express rifle with its steel-jacketed bullets is invaluable. The brownish-black skin, rugged but without folds, makes a good target, and a shot either just behind the foreshoulder or in the curve between the neck and shoulder is apt to prove fatal.

When pursued, the animal dashes through the forest with tremendous speed, and marks its path by the dead trees which it brings to the ground, and the broken boughs which lie scattered in every direction. The havoc made by a cannon shot in passing through the timbers of a line-of-battle ship may give some idea of the kind of destruction accomplished by the rhinoceros in its headlong course. It is not easily overtaken; nor is it easily surprised, for it is protected, as we have said, by its keenness of scent and hearing. It can discern the approach of an enemy from a considerable distance; and it is well for it that these senses are so powerful, inasmuch as, owing to the smallness and deep-set position of its eyes, its range of vision is exceedingly limited. It is said that it is also assisted by the warnings of a bird, the *Buphaga Africana*, which frequently accompanies the rhinoceros, and seems to be animated by a strong feeling of attachment for its unwieldy friend, indicating the approach of danger by a signal-cry.

Like most of the tropical animals, the rhinoceros rests or slumbers during the day. At nightfall, it proceeds to the nearest lake or river to quench its thirst, and, by wallowing in the mud, to cover itself with a coat of clay as a protection against insects. Then it sallies forth on a foraging expedition, and in the course of the night covers a considerable extent of ground. At sunrise it retires again to rest, and under the shade of a rock or a tree sleeps through the hot hours of the tropical day, either standing erect, or stretched out at full length.

A BATTLE BETWEEN A BUFFALO AND A HIPPOPOTAMUS

The organs of scent of the rhinoceros are very acute, and as the creature seems to have a peculiar faculty for detecting the presence of human beings, it is necessary for the hunters to use the greatest circumspection when they approach it, whether to avoid or to kill, as in the one case it may probably be taken with a sudden fit of fury, and charge at them, or in the other case, it may take the alarm and escape.

The upper lip is used by the rhinoceros as an instrument to seize or hold things fast, it can grasp the herbage on which it feeds, or

pick up small fruit from the ground. A tame rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens will take a piece of bun or biscuit from a visitor's hand by means of the flexible upper lip.

The Hippopotamus.—Next among the pachyderm family and in the hunter's estimation comes the hippopotamus, the *river horse* of the ancients, though there is hardly any basis for the name save that it lives chiefly in or near the water. Not as large as the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus stands from four to five feet high at the shoulders and is from ten to eleven feet long.

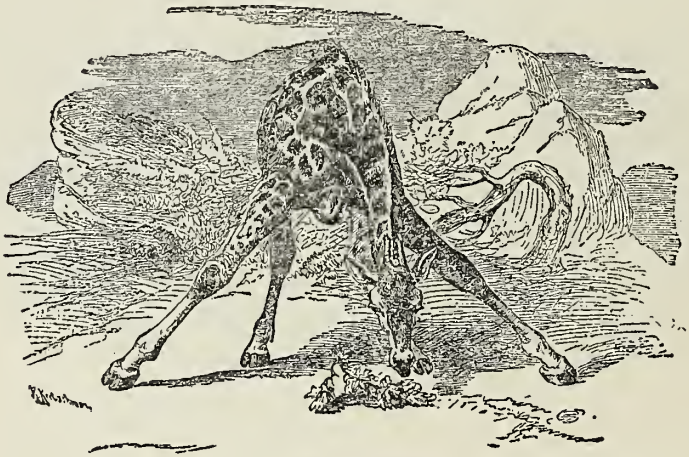
Hippo shooting is considered good sport. The hunter rarely ever secures an easy shot, as the animals are found chiefly in the water and almost entirely submerged. Further than that, the skin, which is pinkish-brown in color, is so hard and thick that a shot must be very accurately placed to take effect. The skin is naked, thick, and penetrated by pores which exude or give out a thick, fatty liquid, which may perhaps be of utility while in the water. The front part of the head is massive, and broader than that of any other living quadruped; the nostrils are comparatively small slits, which are closed and watertight during the frequent dives beneath the surface of the water; the eyes are prominent, and placed far back in the head; and the ears are so short that they look as if they had been cropped.

The best time to hunt hippo is at night and the place a "run" or path by which they go to water. There are often flattened places on the banks where the big ugly brutes come out to roll. The easiest and best thing to do is to climb a tree before moonrise near this run or rolling place and wait until the hippo's peculiar tooting challenge or the noise of the great beast crashing through the forest or pounding along the run is heard. This is the best sort of an opportunity to get a specimen, as, if the shooting has to be done from an island or from the bank on foot, a charge by the hippo may result very seriously. Though the enormous ungainly body is carried on very short legs, it is capable of considerable speed for a short distance on land and of swimming with perfect ease, and not only the rush but an attack with the heavy tusks placed on both sides of the big, thick, square head is to be feared.

CHAPTER XXX

The Giraffe, Buffalo, and Zebra

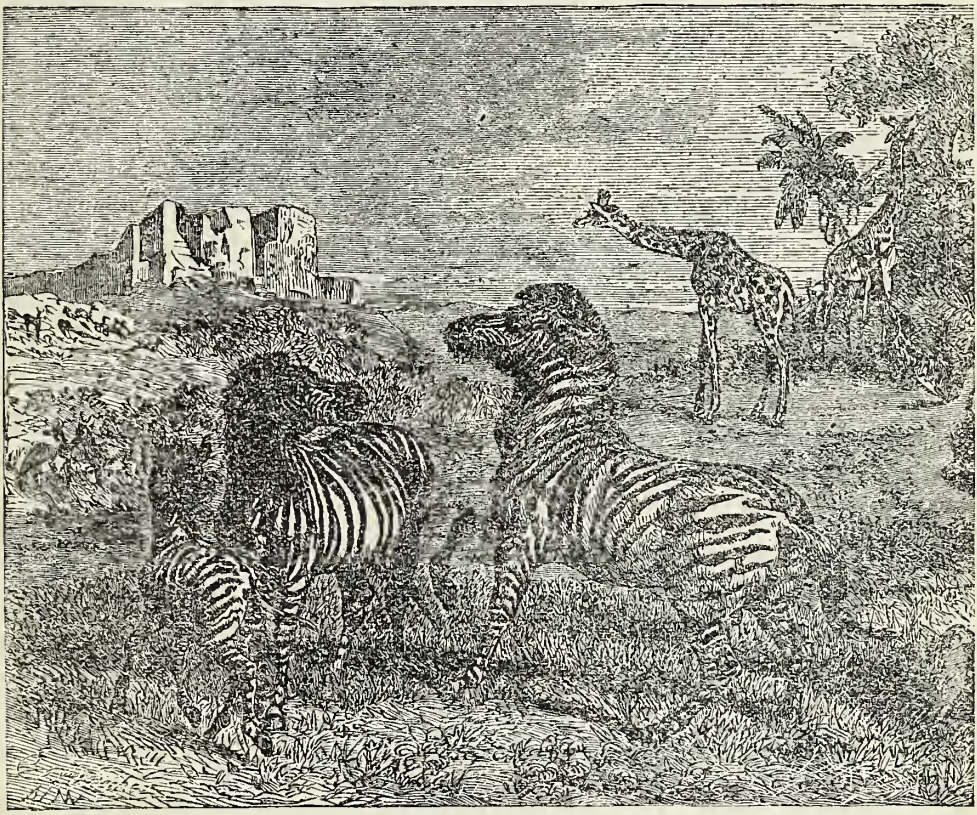
The Giraffe.—Passing on in the accepted order we come to the Ruminantia family or hoofed quadrupeds which chew the cud. The species under this heading are indeed interesting. First of all we find that marvelous animal the giraffe. Standing twelve feet high at the fore shoulders, his head towers majestically eighteen feet in the air, and the short sloping body mounted on legs seven feet long seems inadequately proportioned to the long tapering neck with its



THE GIRAFFE
With difficulty it can reach the ground with its lips

slender thirty-four inch head. This head is peculiar in itself. It is narrow and sloping, covered with a hairy skin and terminating in a tuft of black hair. The upper lip is entire and there is no muzzle. The ears are large and pure white in color. The tongue is very long, pointed and flexible. It may be well to explain here why the giraffe possesses the peculiarities which distinguish him from all other animals. His height, he is taller than any other living being that man

has knowledge of, is given to him in order that he may be able to reach up into the trees for the leaves which form his principal food. His peculiar tongue is so delicate that the giraffe is able to pluck a single blade of grass. The tongue can not only be lengthened or shortened at will, but can also be widened and contracted. In spite of the huge size of the animal, it can pass its tongue into a tube which would scarcely admit of an ordinary lead pencil. When we consider the



A HUNTER'S PARADISE

great height of the giraffe's head and that it sometimes feeds on grass, it may easily be imagined that it is difficult and awkward for it to reach the ground. It accomplishes the feat, however, by spreading its front legs to their utmost extent and making full use of its long neck and flexible tongue above referred to. The giraffe being naturally defenseless, is compelled to depend on speed to enable him to escape

an enemy. The long legs provide him with this, and one of the big animals at full speed is too fast for any beast in the forest or on the plains of Africa. The sportsman's only hope is to kill or injure badly with the first shot, for once frightened they are away like an express train. It takes only a few steps for them to acquire tremendous speed, and the little African ponies used as saddle horses are soon left far in the rear. It must not be imagined that man is the sole enemy of the giraffe. Lions and leopards kill great numbers of them, and it is to avoid such attacks that they are often seen running with their peculiar rocking, ugly gait across the plains at a tremendous pace. Their height and the odd deep sienna color of the body, covered with rust-colored spots darker in the center, makes the giraffe very conspicuous when in the open and the object of continual stalking by the beasts of prey. This naturally renders them so extremely wary and difficult shooting that the bagging of a giraffe is considered a big day's work. Nature has provided them with a means of protection little understood. When in the forest where the giraffe naturally belongs, his gaudy coloring blends so thoroughly with the tropical foliage that it is hard to distinguish one from a tree or a tree from a giraffe. Even the natives are unable to distinguish them at any distance in the forest. When on the run, as might be expected, the animal is very odd looking. It proceeds by a series of awkward bounds, while the tail is swung from side to side and the long neck rocks to and fro as if it were loose in its socket.

THE SWIFTNESS OF THE GIRAFFE.—A native came one day in great haste to inform his master, a great traveler, that he had seen in the neighborhood a giraffe browsing upon the limbs of a mimosa tree. "Full of joy, I instantly leaped upon one of my horses, and made my servant mount another, and, followed by my dogs, I galloped towards the mimosa indicated, but the giraffe was no longer there. We saw him crossing the plain on the western side, and we spurred on to overtake him. He was trotting along lightly, without, however, exerting himself unduly. We pressed the chase, and from time to time fired several shots after him; but imperceptibly he gained so much upon us, that after following him for three hours, we were forced to stop, our horses being quite blown, and we lost sight of him." Here is a graphic picture of a giraffe hunt:

"Our stealthy approach," says the writer, "was opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge. A discharge of musketry, however, put her to flight, and I set spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in picturesque confusion, clearing the ground by a series of froglike hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, in emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over a hill far in advance.

"In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and, after floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull being readily distinguished from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder with my right hand, and drew both triggers. But he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow; and then placing myself across his path until the tears trickled from his full brilliant eyes, his loftly frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly rifle, like a falling minaret bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust."

The meat of the giraffe is held in high regard by the natives, who cut it in strips and hang it out in the sun to dry. In the state of preservation that it acquires it is called *biltong*. The hide is used for making shoes and various other leather articles. The trail or footprint left by the giraffe is a curious one, easily followed. It is shaped somewhat like a parallelogram, about eleven inches long, rounded at the heel and tapering toward the toe. However, the African jungle

is so full of trails of animals of all sorts and it is so difficult to tell fresh ones from the old, that hunting is usually dependent on a sight of the animals themselves.

The Buffalo.—Among the wild ruminants of Africa we next reach the buffalo. It is only necessary to look once at this ugly brute to realize his dangerous possibilities. Of all the African animals, not even excepting the uncertain tempered rhino, the buffalo must be approached with the greatest caution. A savage brute, he will often charge a man on sighting or scenting him, and as his eyes are very good and his hide so thick that a bullet must be very well placed to stop him, the wise hunter sees to it that he is within reach of a tree which can be quickly climbed before interfering with even a single buffalo. The charge of a herd is simply irresistible and actually carries all before it. Even small trees offer no opposition, and they go through the jungle like a traction engine.

The full grown male stands about five feet six to eight inches high at the shoulders and is upwards of twelve feet in extreme length. His whole structure is very powerful, with a short neck and ponderous body, deep chested and mounted on short solid legs terminating in a divided hoof. The back is straight and hunchless and the head is short and small in proportion to the animal's bulk. It seems odd that the buffalo should be able to attain such high speed with the short legs nature has endowed him with, but one has only to witness one buffalo charge to be convinced of his great speed forever after.

The buffalo's eyes are a very good indication of its character. They are small and sinister, overshadowed by rough and ponderous dark colored horns, nearly in contact at the base, spreading horizontally, and turned upwards and inwards at the tips, which measure from four to five feet between. The hide is bluish purple, black and bare with the exception of a few bristles. The muzzle is square and moist, shaped like that of the ox. The female is like the male, but smaller. They inhabit the plains and forests of the interior in large herds.

The Zebra.—Another African animal of considerable size and much interest, alike for its speed and its curious coloring, is the zebra. It is not a ruminant, like the giraffe and buffalo, and has not a

divided hoof like these, its slender legs and small feet terminating in a single, solid hoof like that of the horse, of which it is a near relative. It is still more closely related to the ass, of the Asiatic plains, which it closely resembles in shape and in some other particulars. It stands about four feet high at the shoulders and is about eight feet long, has a high and bony head, with ass-like ears, and a blackish tail, tufted at the end.

In all this it resembles the ass, but differs greatly from it in its color scheme. The ground color of the hair is white, but the whole body, except the under side of the belly and the inside of the thighs, is covered with narrow black bands, so that it is alternately striped with black and white, presenting an attractive and peculiar appearance. The mane, which is erect and bushy, is also banded with black and white, as are the ears. On the face are brown stripes terminating in a bay nose. Another oddity is the bare spot on each of the four legs just above the knee. The female zebra is similar but smaller.

The true zebra inhabits the hilly districts of Southern Africa, and is remarkable for its beauty and fierce and untamable nature. It is by far the most conspicuous and most beautiful of the horse tribe. The stripes which distinguish it from the ordinary asses are remarkably like those of the tiger in their arrangement. Those on its legs are horizontal while those of its body are for the most part vertical.

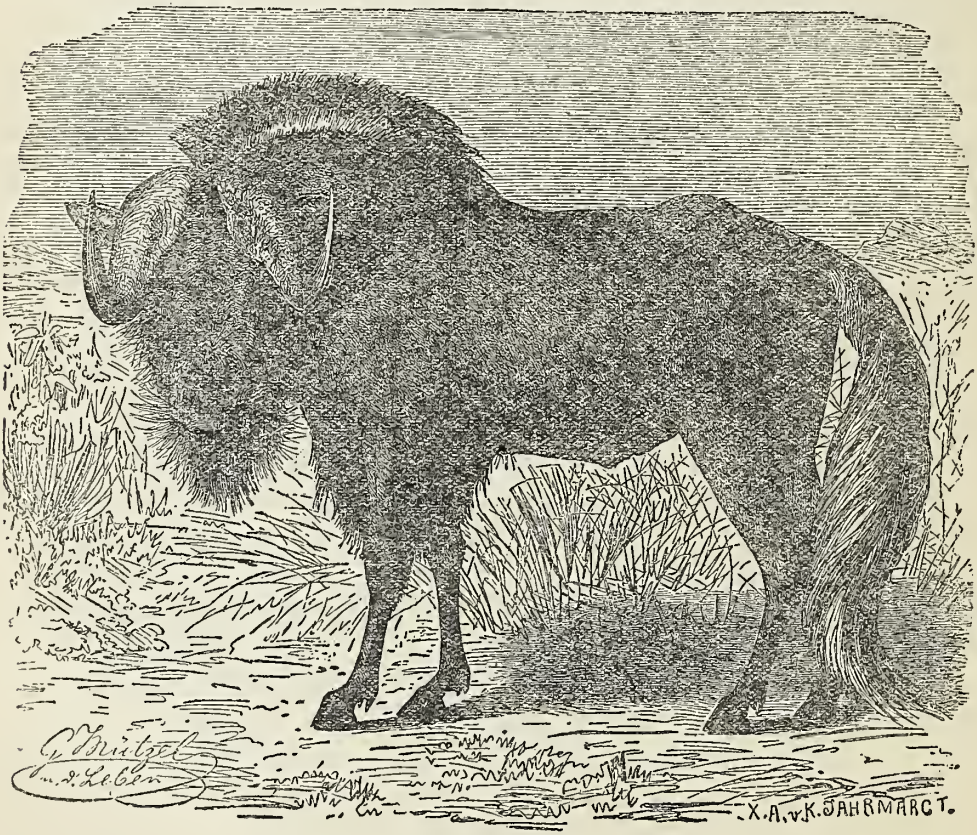
Burchell's zebra is another species, differing from the common zebra in some particulars. Thus its ears and tail are like those of the horse. The quagga, a third species of these ass-like animals, was a handsome creature, striped only from head to shoulders. It has been hunted so destructively that for years past no quagga has been seen and it is thought to be extinct.

There are two game animals of Africa of the hog family of which we may speak in passing. One of these is the ugly and savage wart-hog, a fierce creature armed with long and dangerous tusks. It is only when it is cornered, however, that it attacks the hunter. If he happens to be thrown from his horse he is in serious danger of being torn by the tusks. The wild boar is similar in its habits and has long been a favorite object of chase, largely from the fact of its fierceness and that it cannot be hunted without peril.

CHAPTER XXXI

Graceful African Antelopes

WITHOUT diverging from the species known as Ruminants, we now come to the division called Antelopes, a subfamily chiefly of the old world and nearly all belonging to Africa. They differ from cattle in their smaller size, more lithe and graceful form, slenderer legs, which are comparatively longer in the shank, and



THE GNOO
Resembles the Horse and Buffalo

longer neck with slenderer vertebrae, uplifting the head. The family of antelopes shades directly into that of the sheep and goats, being separated from them by no technical characteristic, but the horns usually differ. Upwards of fifty African species have been described, but we shall not attempt to deal with very rare species, but shall confine ourselves to those well known and commonly met with. No agreement has been reached by naturalists upon the different divisions of the group. The antelopes include the smallest and most delicate gazelles, steinboks and springboks, the bulky eland and hartebeest, as well as the misshapen gnoo or wildebeest. We shall begin our description of this graceful and interesting family with the latter.

The Gnoo.—Of all four-footed animals this is one of the most awkward and grotesque. Resembling in some respects both the horse and buffalo, the full-grown male stands upwards of four feet high at the shoulders and about nine feet in extreme length. In general contour, he is very muscular and exhibits great energy. The head is large and square with a large muzzle which is spread out and flattened, with narrow nostrils. Above the muzzle is placed a conspicuous tuft of black bristling hairs, which resemble a blacking brush. There is also a tuft of similar hair beneath each of the eyes. The latter are wild and fiery. The ears are pointed and short. White bristles surround the eye, spreading out like the radii of a circle. Similar white bristles appear on the upper lip. The horns are broad, placed close together at the base, furrowed upon the summit of the head and scarcely advancing from the skull, they taper out sideways over the eyes, and then take an upward turn, forming sharp and wicked hooks. The shoulder is deep and powerful, with a thick arched neck. The general color is deep brown with a white tail. It has been well said that the gnoo has the head of a buffalo, the mane and tail of a horse and the body and legs of an antelope.

As the name "wildebeest" by which they are usually known implies, they are very wild and as they usually have a hartebeest as sentinel, they are extremely wary and difficult to approach. It is a gregarious animal, fond of the society not only of its own kind, but of giraffes, and ostriches, and zebras, which all roam about together in one immense mixed herd. Its disposition is very much like its appear-

ance; for it is extremely suspicious, curious, yet shy, and timid, though irritable.

When frightened by any strange object, it begins to whisk its long white tail with strange rapidity, then takes a sudden leap into the air, and alighting on the ground, begins to paw and curvet like a frisky horse. It and its neighbors then chase each other in circles at their utmost speed; and when they halt to inspect the intruder, some of the bulls will often engage one another in the most violent manner, dropping on their knees each time they come in collision. Finally, they wheel around, kick up their heels, give their tails a final flourish, and scamper across the plain in a cloud of dust, as if pursued by some torturing demon!

The hunter avails himself of the curiosity of the gnoo, as the Eskimo does of that of the seal, to bring about its capture. He hoists a red rag on a stick or on the muzzle of his gun, and throwing himself on the ground, awaits the result of his stratagem. At first the gnoo rushes off at full speed, as if seized with some sudden fit; but soon its curiosity prevails over its fear. It turns; it trots towards the unusual object; it retires; it wheels round and round; it draws nearer; and at last advances close enough for the hunter to deliver a mortal shot.

The Brindled Gnoo.—There is another species of this remarkable animal known as the brindled gnoo. Slightly larger than the ordinary variety, it stands some four feet six inches high at the shoulder, and is about nine feet eight inches in extreme length. Other characteristics distinguish it. The neck is not arched, but the withers are elevated. The nose is aquiline and covered with coarse black hair. The muzzle is broad and square with large hanging nostrils. The horns are black, placed horizontally on the head with the points turned upwards and then acutely inwards. The neck carries a long and flowing mane which extends beyond the withers. The chin is covered with a bristly black beard descending to the breast. The eyes, too, are peculiar; they are small, black and piercing and mounted very high in the head. In contrast with the common variety, the tail is black and flowing, reaching to the ground. The general color is a dirty dun or brownish gray, variegated with obscure streaks or

brindles from which the animal gets its name. The female is precisely similar, but smaller.

The Eland.—The next in order is the eland or impoofo. This animal, while belonging to the order of ruminants, is the largest and most beautiful of the antelope family. Its height at the shoulder is about six feet six inches and the greatest length about twelve feet. In many ways the eland is much like the ox. The muzzle is broad and the facial line straight with a square forehead covered with a cluster

THE ELAND

of strong wiry brown hair, margined on either side by a yellow streak, commencing above the eyes, and nearly meeting half way down the face. The eyes are large and brilliant. The horns are placed on the summit of the forehead, are about two feet long, massive and nearly straight, with a ponderous ridge ascending in a spiral direction nearly to the tips. The neck is very thick and the shoulders deep and powerful. The larynx is very prominent and there is a long dewlap fringed with long wiry brown hair descending to the knees. From the fore-

head rises a crest of bristles which pass upward and along the edge of the neck. The legs are short and like those of an ox, with large hind quarters, and the tail is about two feet three or four inches long, tufted on the end with coarse brown hair. The hide of the eland is black, but the general color of the short hair which covers it is a sort of ashy gray tinged with ochre.

Except for the watchfulness and quickness of this animal, it is not hard to hunt. If an approach can be made on horseback up the wind in some sort of shelter from view, it is not difficult in good country to ride them down. If the going is bad, however, it is better to shoot on foot, and in this case the huntsman must take every precaution not to alarm the game, and even with the greatest care many disappointments must be expected. Very often, just as the hunter is preparing to shoot, an incautious movement will alarm the game and they will go off like the wind, and the stalk must be made over again.

The Koodoo.—Continuing the antelopes, we come to the koodoo. Majestic in its carriage and brilliant in its color, this species may with propriety be termed the king of the tribe. Other antelopes are stately, elegant or curious—but the solitude-seeking koodoo is absolutely regal! The ground color is a lively French gray approaching blue, with several transverse white bands passing over the back and loins; a copious mane and deeply fringed, tricolored dewlap setting off a pair of ponderous yet symmetrical horns, spirally twisted and exceeding three feet in length, brown in color, and the tips black with a white point. These are thrown along the back as the stately wearer dashes through the mazes of the forest or clambers the mountain side. The old bulls are invariably found apart from the females, which herd together in small groups and are destitute of horns. A full grown male stands upwards of five feet high at the shoulder and is over nine feet in extreme length. This beautiful animal is found chiefly in thickets and on wooded hills. The female koodoo is slighter, hornless and with fewer white markings. This species, as may well be imagined, is very attractive to the hunter and naturalist.

Of the remaining large antelopes we must speak more briefly. An interesting one is the hartebeest, otherwise known as the red kongoni and as the caama. It is of bright orange color and the eyes

are fiery red in hue. A peculiarity is that the horns are placed on the very summit of the head, on a prolongation of the frontal bone, instead of above the eyes, as in the other antelopes. A male hartebeeste stands about five feet high at the withers and is about nine feet long. A closely related species is the sassaby, of about the same size and with strong horns worn in the same manner.

An interesting species of the larger antelopes is the waterbuck, a creature of the size of an ass, but browner in color. It is a stately animal, with ponderous, overhanging horns, three feet long, ringed and almost vertical, the points coming to the front. The flesh of this animal is so coarse and ill-flavored that even the savages refuse to eat it.

One of the most beautiful, and most sought by the sportsman, among these creatures is the sable antelope. It is about four and a half feet high and nearly nine feet long, has a bushy mane and flat horns three feet long, curving in crescent shape over the back. The roan antelope—so called from its color—is as large as a horse and heavily built, with recurved horns with numerous rings. It lacks speed and can be easily ridden down, but is apt to charge viciously and put horse and rider both in danger.

Of the smaller antelopes an interesting one is the oryx or gemsbok, which stands less than four feet high and has long, straight, sharp horns more than three feet long. It knows well how to use these, charging the hunter viciously, while it not infrequently kills the lion with a thrust of its formidable horns.

A smaller species, the springbok, gets its name from the extraordinary leaps it makes when alarmed. The pallah, one of the forest-loving antelopes, is notable for its knotted and oddly twisted horns, of extraordinary size. It stands very high on its legs and moves with extreme grace. The bushbok is also a forest-haunter, as its name indicates, and differs in form from antelopes in general, approaching the goat in aspect.

We are now among the smaller antelopes, which are numerous in species, far too much so to be mentioned here. The smallest species are those known as gazelles, some of which are remarkable for beauty and grace. Least of all is the pretty little kleenbok,

about fifteen inches high and twenty-eight long, which is found in the forests along the sea-shore. Outside of Africa the best known antelopes are the chamois of the European Alps, the beautiful Asiatic gazelles and the prong-horn antelopes of the western United States.

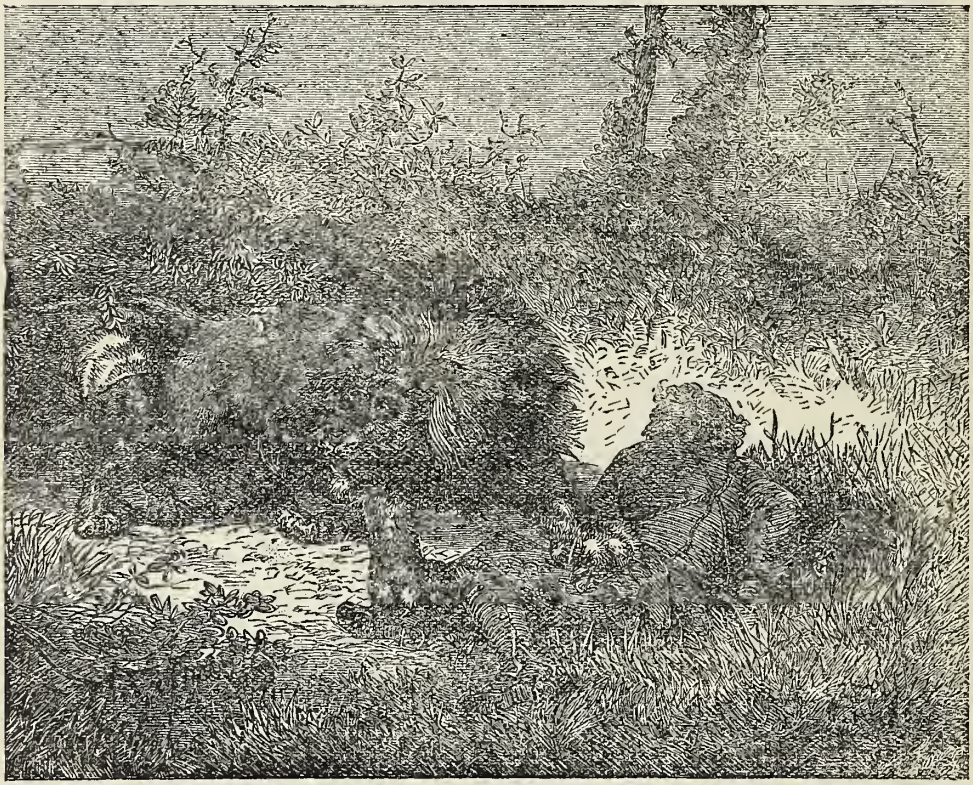
CHAPTER XXXII

The Lion and Other Beasts of Prey

THE Lion.—There is a highly important class of animals which are well known both in the wild and tame state and of which we speak as Beasts of Prey, because they feed on living things, which they are able to capture by their great strength and cunning. The scientific name for this group is *Carnivora* or Flesh Eaters. Among these are placed the animals belonging to the Cat Tribe, which includes the lion, the leopard, and many others of lesser size. Other families of the beast of prey type include dogs, hyenas, and wolves. Of these the hyena is peculiar to Africa. The most important member of this family from the point of view of all hunters in the African wilds, is the lion. Its mate in ferocity, the tiger, is not found in Africa.

This much-sought beast is a native of Africa and Southwestern Asia, but in both continents is being driven back by the advance of civilization. The lion is distinguished from all other cats by the presence of a large, thick mane in the adult male. A full-grown animal will measure rather more than eight feet from the nose to the end of the tail, which counts for nearly half, and is furnished at the end with a tuft of hair, in the center of which is a small horny prickle the use of which is unknown. The lion certainly does not employ it, as was once thought, to excite himself to fury by pricking his sides with it when he lashes his tail. The lioness is smaller than her mate and without a mane. She bears from two to four cubs at a litter, which native hunters often steal to sell to the dealers in wild beasts who supply the menageries, for the capture of a full-grown lion is rarely effected. The sire and dam both watch over their young, and train them to hunt prey. Thus young lions are more destructive than old ones; the former kill for the sake of killing, the latter only to satisfy hunger and provide for their mates and her cubs.

Lions generally lie in wait for their prey, concealed in the reeds near some place where other animals come to drink, and then, springing from their lair, leap upon the victim, striking it down with the paws. The neck is usually broken with a violent wrench of the powerful jaws, and the carcass is carried off to be devoured at leisure. The lion does not disdain the flesh of animals killed by the hunter. Gordon Cumming frequently saw lions feeding on antelopes that had



THE HUNTER'S ADVENTURE WITH A LION

fallen by his rifle; and Stevens, who was sent by the New York *Herald* to find Stanley, saw three "bunched up inside the capacious carcass of a rhinoceros, and feeding off the foulest carrion imaginable." When pressed by hunger the lion will approach a native village by night and carry off goats and calves, but fires and torches will scare him away.

The lion has been called the king of beasts, and a good deal has

been written about his courage and magnanimity. The former has been exaggerated; the latter he does not possess. He will generally fight savagely if brought to bay, and the lioness, when with cubs, is still more dangerous; but as a general rule, "the king of beasts," if not molested, will bolt on sighting a man.

The roar of the lion is extremely grand and striking, and at times a troop may be heard in concert, one taking the lead and three or four others chiming in like persons singing a catch.

Does it not seem strange, if we come to think of it, that the lion which creeps up silently and by stealth to his prey, should yet possess a voice of such thunder that it may be heard from a very long distance indeed? If a lion were to roar, one would think that every animal in the neighborhood would take the alarm, and would at once fly from so dangerous an enemy. And surely such a voice would not have been given were it not intended to be used.

The fact is that the lion, although his mighty voice certainly frightens his prey, nevertheless finds it of the greatest service to him at times, especially when he has been searching for food without success. At such times he places his nose upon the earth, and then roars several times as loudly as possible. The terrible sounds roll along the ground, seemingly from all directions at once, and so frighten all the animals which are crouching near, that in their alarm they rush hurriedly from their hiding-places, only to be pounced upon by the watchful lion. When hunters are making their arrangements for passing the night, they are always obliged to tether the horses and oxen very carefully, for fear that a lion should cause them to rush terror-stricken from the camp by adopting this peculiar method of attack.

The Leopard.—Next in order of the cat family is the leopard. This animal is found in Africa and the warmer parts of Asia. He is about six feet long, of which the tail forms a little less than half. The fur is reddish-fawn, marked on the body with dark rosettes; the tail is tinged with black, and the under-surface is whitish. He is arboreal in habit—that is, he lives much more in the trees than on the ground; in this respect differing from the lion and the tiger, which rarely climb trees; so rarely, indeed, that some writers have doubted whether

these larger cats have the power to do so. He is a very destructive animal, and preys upon sheep, goats, antelopes, and calves. Donkeys he leaves severely alone, because, to quote a recent writer on Eastern Equatorial Africa, "he knows well that a donkey, like a football player, is generally a good kick, and so prefers to give him a wide berth."

He has a strange liking for dog-meat, and is always ready to dine off a dog, provided it be not too large. Dr. Pruen, in "The Arab and the African," tells an amusing story of the experiences of a leopard with two English mastiffs. His servant chained up the dogs on the veranda at dusk, and little time elapsed before a leopard, who had smelt dog from below, jumped in between them. He was evidently surprised at their size and still more so at the treatment he received, for "one dog got him by the head, the other by the tail, and the two quickly bowled him over. He lay perfectly still, astonished at the unexpected turn which events had taken, whilst the dogs, evidently puzzled at his quiet behavior, simply held him there and growled, but offered him no further violence. Before the men, who had been standing near, could return with their guns, the leopard had taken advantage of the dogs' indecision to suddenly wriggle away and disappear in the darkness, leaving them without even a scratch."

He sometimes carries off old women and children, but rarely attacks men, though when wounded he fights with great fierceness, and sometimes succeeds in killing his foe. In 1892, a high official in India wounded a leopard, as he thought, mortally, when the beast sprang upon him, threw him down, and badly mauled his left arm. Fortunately, a native hunter came up and pinned the brute to the ground with a spear, when the Englishman scrambled to his feet, and killed the leopard with a shot through the head.

The Cheetah or Hunting Leopard.—This species, which is common to Asia and Africa, is of about the size of a leopard, but is longer in the body and limbs. The color is yellowish brown, diversified by black and brown spots. It takes its prey by running rather than by leaping, creeping upon it and making a sudden rush. If failing in this it soon gives up the chase, not being good for a long run. This animal is tamed in Asia and kept for hunting, packs of cheetahs

being kept by Indian princes. It occurs in a wild state in Africa and several specimens of it were shot by Kermit Roosevelt during the hunt in the British protectorate.

The Hyena.—Externally, the hyenas have somewhat the appearance of extremely ugly and unattractive-looking dogs. They are somewhat larger than a shepherd's dog, and are covered with coarse bristly hair, short over the greater part of the body, but produced

THE STRIPED HYÆNA
A repulsive animal, but useful for removing dead animals

into a sort of mane along the ridge of the neck. The hyena walks stealthily on its toes rather than on the flat of its paw, its legs having much the same proportion as in an average dog, except for the fact that the hind legs are shorter than the fore legs, so that the body slopes from the front shoulders to the rear haunches. The claws resemble those of the dog, in that they cannot be retracted in sheaths of skin; here, therefore, we have a great and marked difference from all the cat tribe.

The hyenas, both the striped and spotted varieties, form part of that large body of animals which act as scavengers, or, in other words, which remove decaying animals and vegetable matter from the face of the earth, and so prevent it from giving off noxious emanations which might be the cause of disease. These animals, in fact, perform in the world just the same service as do the street cleaners in our towns and villages, and form an example of servants of nature whose work is similar to that of certain servants of our own.

Now, as there is so vast a quantity of refuse matter daily to be carried away, nature has divided her scavengers into several classes, to one of which is given the task of removing putrefying flesh, to another that of disposing of decaying vegetable matter, and so on. And the task of the hyenas is that of devouring the bones of animals killed by the cats, which they do not eat themselves, and also the bodies of those which may have died from other causes.

As many of the animals which they devour are of very large size, it is evident enough that the jaws of the hyenas must be immensely strong, in order to enable them to perform their work of breaking bones and tearing flesh; and no one who has ever seen a hyena engaged in feeding can doubt for a moment that nature has taken care to fulfil this requirement. With one bite of its powerful jaws it can crush the leg-bone of an ox to splinters, crunching it as easily as though it were a stick of celery, and seeming to think no more of it than we should of masticating a slice of bread and butter.

As the hyena lives during the day-time in burrows which it scoops out by means of its fore legs, these limbs are very powerful, and the claws are large and strong. The whole strength of the animal, indeed, seems to lie in the head, shoulders, and fore legs, the hinder parts of the body being so small and feeble in comparison, that they seem scarcely fitted to form part of the same creature.

The tail is bushy, the snout long, but blunt, giving the beast a snub-nosed appearance and a horribly vulgar expression, quite different from that of most of its relatives. The long-nosedness is partly, however, only a matter of external appearance, for the skull, although nothing like as short as a cat's, is yet very far from being as long as that of a dog or a civet, and it is still more cat-like in the

immense width of the cheek-arches, and the great development of bony ridges for the attachment of muscles.

Like some other beasts of a similarly mean nature, the spotted hyena, in particular, prefers not to do its own killing, but likes better to live as a sort of humble messmate on those better provided than itself with the courage requisite to good hunters. When it does cater for itself, instead of subsisting on the leavings of its betters, it always makes its attack in a cowardly way, and trusts rather to stratagem than to any of the higher qualities of a sportsman.

BOOK FOUR

RECEPTIONS IN THE OLD WORLD AND RETURN TO AMERICA

CHAPTER XXXIII

Down the Nile to Khartum

AT Gondokoro, the most northerly station in Uganda, Colonel Roosevelt bade a final adieu to the hunting country of which he had been a very active inmate for nearly a year. In love all his life with wild life and a hunter born, his months in the African wilderness had been months of deep enjoyment, which was added to by the spice of danger which gave the needed zest to his encounters with the savage wild beasts of Africa.

He made many narrow escapes, from the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, the buffalo and the hippopotamus, but came through it all without a scratch. This may also be said of Kermit, his son, who proved himself a true "chip of the old block." The son surpassed the father, indeed, as an expert with the rifle, and was complimented by Scout Cuninghame as one of the best shots and most daring hunters he had ever seen.

It was not only peril from the deadly charges of savage beasts that the hunters had to fear, but equal peril from the enervating fevers of Africa and the attacks of the equally deadly tsetse fly, that inoculates its victims with the germs of the incurable "sleeping sickness." As it was, both Colonel Roosevelt and his son came through their months of hardship and exposure without sickness and reached Gondokoro the picture of rugged health, though several of their better acclimated comrades suffered from attacks of fever, and one of the blacks of their train died.

The first stage of the journey from Gondokoro ended at Lado, on the west bank of the Nile. Here the Congo Free State sends a spur northward along the great river, reaching its most advanced point at this outpost, where the lonely Belgian officers were glad enough of the opportunity to welcome and dine he American hunters and their party. As a special mark of honor they set afloat a huge American

flag, made for the occasion, and gave the travelers an enthusiastic greeting.

Shortly after leaving Lado the northern boundary of Uganda is reached, and the Nile enters the Egyptian Soudan, more than two thousand miles distant from its delta on the shores of the Mediterranean and nine hundred miles from the desert city of Khartum, at which the long steamboat journey would end.

At Lado (in 5° north latitude) the rapids of the upper river end and thenceforth it moves slowly and sluggishly through the long and level Egyptian plain to the section below Khartum, where a series of cataracts, six in number, render the navigation of the Nile once more difficult. At a point about two and a half degrees north of Lado the sluggish stream becomes so choked with sudd, a thick accumulation of river plants, as to be almost impassable. Only by cutting and dragging out these dense masses of tangled weed can navigation be kept open and constant attention is needed.

Here the channel divides and flows apart for miles through a low swampy region, which in the rainy season spreads into a lake-like expanse, thick with tall reeds and papyrus and the haunt of swarms of insect plagues.

There are animals here, however, and a hunting party went out in search of game while the steamboat slowly made its way along the winding channel cut through the sudd. Lower down the Nile is fed by a number of streams flowing in from east and west, especially by the Bahr-el-Ghazul coming from the west and the navigable Sobat from the Galla country on the east. Sixty miles below the mouth of the Sobat lies Fashoda, a town in the Shilluk country notable as the seat of an important historical incident, since it led to a threat of war between England and France.

The occasion was the following: Thomas Marchand, a daring French explorer, distinguished himself in 1896–98 by making a long and difficult journey from Brazzaville, in the French Congo, to the upper Nile. Reaching Fashoda in July, 1898, he claimed it as French territory. Lord Kitchener, then Sirdar of Egypt, at once disputed the claim, declaring that Fashoda was in English territory and ordering Marchand to withdraw. The controversy that ensued

between the two nations grew to threatening proportions, but it finally ended in France acknowledging England's prior claim and the withdrawal of the French explorer. On his return home his excitable countrymen greeted him as a hero.

The monotonous and wearisome journey down the Nile made any matter of interest welcome, and this historic incident, with which Roosevelt was familiar, led him to a close inspection of the little frontier town. As they drew nearer Khartum the monotony of the voyage was suddenly dissipated. The world had become agog with the news that the great American hunter was on his way back to civilization, and its vanguard, in the shape of numerous newspaper correspondents, gathered at Khartum, every one of them eager to get the first glimpse of the traveler and send the first dispatch to his particular journal.

Thus it was that, while halting at a station miles south of Khartum, the travelers on the *Dal* caught sight, far down the stream, of coming sails, while the wind blew out the folds of a flag which, on nearer approach, showed the welcome stars of "Old Glory." As they advanced it became evident that a race was on, each boat doing its utmost to win the Roosevelt goal in advance of all competitors. The coming craft, chartered at Khartum, brought eager correspondents, who, in the words of one facetious journalist, were "so thick that they threatened to impede the navigation of the Nile."

But eager as they were to greet and shake hands with the coming hero of the wilds, he was still more eager to greet those enthusiastic newspaper men and feel that he was in close touch with the world of civilization once more. Questions were asked and answers given with lightning-like rapidity, and then the first few to reach the *Dal* put off at full speed on a wild race for the telegraph office in the town, each hoping to be first at the wire and get off the pioneer message.

On Monday afternoon, March 14, the *Dal* reached Khartum and drew in to the landing near the palace of Sir Francis Wingate, Sirdar, or commander, of the British-Egyptian Army. It was a moment of extraordinary excitement in the usually quiet town, seemingly the entire population, black and white, British, Arab and native, gathering at the quay to shout an enthusiastic welcome to the famous

American. The British officials were highly cordial in their greeting, and Sir Francis welcomed the visitor effusively to his palace.

But this warm greeting was just then of minor interest to the returned traveler, for he looked for a more gladsome one. On the railway train, running southward rapidly from Cairo and due at Khartum late that afternoon, were two persons in whom he took a far more vital interest—his wife and daughter, hastening to meet him in this far-off city on the desert border.

Mrs. Roosevelt and her daughter Ethel had left New York a month or more earlier and had timed their journey so as to reach Khartum that day. Mr. Roosevelt's African trip had begun in New York on March 23, 1909. It was now March 14, 1910. Almost a full year had elapsed since he had seen any of his family but his son Kermit, and his delight at the prospect of the coming meeting was natural. On the side of his wife and daughter there was a further reason for joy, for they doubtless had been the victims of intense anxiety at times in view of the perils to which he had been exposed.

A brief lunch at the Sirdar's palace and then the eager husband and father hurried to the station, for the train was nearly due and he must be there to meet them as they left the cars. He had not long to wait. The train rolled in with little delay and a glad meeting and greeting took place at which the public was not present, for the Sirdar had ordered that there should be no intrusion on the privacy of the reunited family.

Leaving the Roosevelt family to their affectionate reunion, it is of interest to say something here of Khartum, a city around which many stirring events have taken place. Founded in 1823 under the rule of Mehemet Ali, it grew into a place of commercial activity and was made the capital of the Egyptian Soudan. It was long a centre of the infamous slave trade, and among its articles of commerce were ivory, ostrich plumes, gums and tamarinds. When the Mahdi insurrection broke out in the Soudan, this place was one of the centres of the war. General Gordon hastened to its defence and during 1884 held it against the attacks of the Arabs. In January, 1885, two days before the army of relief reached the town, Khartum fell and the brave Gordon was among the slain.

The baffled English retired in discomfiture and for years the Arabs were masters of the region. They deserted Khartum and built Omdurman, on the opposite side of the river. The Mahdi died and a second Mahdi, distinguished as the Khalifa, took his place. Then, in 1898, the British army again advanced, under the able leadership of General Kitchener. Fierce and stern was the battle that followed; the Arabs fought with all their historic daring and disdain of death, but the better armed British won, and on September 21 the dervish army was routed and the Khalifa's power broken at Omdurman. Two days later the British and Egyptian flags were raised over the ruined building where Gordon had fallen.

At that time Omdurman had a population of about 100,000. It is still a large place, but Khartum has been rebuilt and made the capital and to-day it is a handsome modern city, with all the advantages of civilization. Among its institutions is one called Gordon College, in honor of the slain leader, and here during his stay in Khartum Roosevelt addressed the students. One of his telling remarks was:

"Think of it! sons of the Khalifa, El Mahdi, are studying at a college which perpetuates the name of the man originally responsible for the destruction of their father's power."

March 15, the day after reaching Khartum, the visitors devoted to sight-seeing. In the morning the visit to the Gordon College was made, and after leaving it the Roosevelts took a motor-car ride into the suburbs. On his return the hunter bade good-bye to his faithful blacks, some of whom had accompanied him thus far on his homeward journey. He gave each of them a cash present, and they also received gifts from Mrs. Roosevelt. Arrangements were made for their safe return to their homes.

The most interesting event of the day was a visit to the famous battlefield of Kerreri, seven miles north of Omdurman, where the Khalifa's army, 40,000 strong, had been decisively defeated by Kitchener, 11,000 being left dead on the field. This overwhelming rout put an end to the Arab control of the region, which had continued for fourteen years, and gave England—as the administrative power in Egypt—full control.

Colonel Roosevelt was accompanied by his wife and children, Slatin Pasha, inspector-general of Egypt, and a number of others, the river being crossed to Omdurman in the *Elfin*, the Sirdar's yacht. Slatin Pasha had an interesting and almost tragical history, having fallen into the hands of the Arabs and been held prisoner by them for fourteen years. He had lived through a series of hardships which few men could have borne and remained a Christian after being forced for years to pray daily in a Mohammedan mosque.

An escort of Soudanese cavalry was in waiting on the arrival of the yacht, and Colonel Roosevelt at once became interested in the picturesquely attired horsemen and in their skillful manœuvers as they rode past him for inspection. The party then mounted camels for the seven-mile trip in a hot temperature and over dusty roads It was the first experience of any of them on the "ship of the desert," and the crowd cheered the ex-President as he mounted the ungainly beast, while dozens of cameras were focussed upon the party. Despite the close attentions of the throng and the difficulty of maintaining their seats on the waddling brutes, they seemed to enjoy their new experience.

The first halt was made at the monument erected to the Twenty-first Lancers, who here received their baptism of fire. During the battle the Lancers made a desperate charge to save the day, but fell into an ambush at one of the dry water courses seaming the plain, many of them being speared by the dervishes. The guides took the party to the very donga where the spearmen had been concealed, and described the defeat of the Lancers.

Thence they proceeded to a hill overlooking the battlefield. Slatin Pasha, who had taken part in it, explained the position and attack. Colonel Roosevelt astonished the inspector-general with his marvelous knowledge of the history of Omdurman and the military tactics employed by both the British and Khalifa's troops.

A climax to the round of festivities that had greeted Colonel Roosevelt at every turn since he emerged from the jungles, was reached on the night of the 16th when he was the guest of the Soudan Club at a banquet. Baron Slatin, inspector-general, presided, and all the prominent personages in Khartum attended. The inspector-

general in a graceful speech proposed the former President's health, and Colonel Roosevelt responded in a speech which made an excellent impression.

The dinner was served in the open grounds of the club, and covers were laid for about 1,000 guests. Chinese lanterns illuminated the scene and the band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers played selections—a delightful change from the bands of the native chiefs, whose music Colonel Roosevelt had listened to for the last year.

Toasts were drunk to the King and the Khedive, the band accompanying them with the National anthems. When Colonel Roosevelt arose to speak he was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. He eulogized the wonderful work of the British in civilizing the Soudan and compared the results to those on the Panama Canal, which is being accomplished despite all criticism. He spoke of the marvelous changes which had taken place in the Soudan within twelve years and said that any attempt to overturn the stable government which had been established would be a crime against the country and humanity. It was when a nation undertakes to work for mankind regardless of profit to itself that it can justly be called great. During the address he took occasion facetiously to refer to the predictions of disaster to himself which several of his countrymen had made and to congratulate himself on his escape from the somewhat imaginary perils.

During the day Roosevelt and his family did much sightseeing, visiting the bazaars, inspecting the collection of ancient weapons and relics of the Mahdi war, and talking to the messengers of Ali Dinar, Sultan of Darfur. He also made an address at the mission established by the United Presbyterian Church of America, and spoke to the boys of the government school and to a delegation of merchants.

March 17 was the final day in Khartum, the Roosevelts proposing to leave by the 9 o'clock evening train. The morning was devoted by the ex-President to getting rid of his accumulated correspondence and to finishing some literary work which he had in hand. In the afternoon he joined his friends and at 1.30 o'clock gave a luncheon in the palace to the remaining members of the African expedition and others, many exchanges of friendship and farewells being made. The guests included Sir Alfred Pease, who was Colonel

Roosevelt's first host in Africa; Clayton Bey, of the Sirdar's staff, and Captain Meredith, of the steamer *Dal*, on which the party had come from Gondokoro.

The ex-President tried to make the affair as lively as possible, but he was considerably moved when it came to shaking hands with those whom he was not likely to see again for a long time. He expressed the greatest admiration for Captain Cuninghame's strenuous and unremitting labors, and those of the naturalists, by reason of which the expedition had been made such a marked success. He subsequently attended a reception by the officials of Khartum at the Grand Hotel. Here the band of the 12th Soudanese Infantry played a special programme of native music, which is peculiarly weird and inspiring, for the benefit of Colonel Roosevelt. Later a group of native women gave an exhibition of dances peculiar to the Soudanese.

An interesting event of the afternoon was the placing in position by Colonel Roosevelt of the keystone of the arch for the new cathedral. The affair was conducted with considerable ceremony. The former President also received a deputation of Syrians at the palace in the afternoon.

In a speech at the Egyptian Officers' Club Colonel Roosevelt advised the officers to drop politics while they were soldiers. He was a soldier himself, he said, and a politician, but he never let them intermix. In the Spanish war many of his men differed from him in politics, but that made no difference in his or their position. He said:

"The soldier who mixes in politics becomes a bad politician and a poor soldier. So long as he wears his uniform a soldier is bound in honor to spend all his thought, will and energy in working for the greatness of the flag under which he has fought or has engaged to fight."

He told the Egyptian officers to remember also that a non-political attitude was the safest, as they were sworn to the service of their country. His address was received with much enthusiasm, and as he departed in company with Slatin Pasha for the palace he was warmly cheered. At 9 o'clock that evening he and the members of his family entered the train, and Khartum soon vanished from sight in the darkness of night.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Roosevelt in the Valley of the Nile

THE railway journey of the Roosevelt family from Khartum to Wady Halfi, 575 miles down the historic Nile, was necessary to take them past the cataract region of the river, the sixth cataract being situated not far below Khartum and the second in the vicinity of Wadi Halfa. At that point the Nile voyage was to be resumed as far as Assouan, the site of the first cataract. Leaving Khartum on a special train at 9 o'clock on the night of the 17th, the station at Wadi Halfa was not reached until a late hour of the next night, so that there was a whole day's ride through the country.

Colonel Roosevelt observed it with much interest, and was enthusiastic in praise of the luxury of the railway travel through the desert. He pleased his hosts by remarking that this road was a monument to the colonizing enterprise of the British people, who seemed able to overcome all difficulties. "The desert offers a striking contrast to the green of the wilderness where I've lately been," he observed. "The mirages on both sides of the road remind me of those I saw in the Sotik country in British East Africa. In one I saw a rhinoceros which I believed to be standing in a shallow lake, which proved to be a mirage."

Mr. Roosevelt was especially interested in the purple colorings on the occasional hills, thrown up probably by volcanic action. The colonel talked much with Captain Middleton, director of railways in the Soudan and one of his companions on the train, about the campaign against the Khalifa, in which the captain had taken part. He said that its success was largely the result of engineering enterprise, since the difficulties of the desert had been overcome by the building of a railway for the conveyance of troops and supplies. Had such means existed fourteen years before, the Mahdi would have been shorn of his triumph.

He also thoroughly discussed the irrigation work in Egypt and the Soudan with Sir William Garstin, a noted engineer, who was on the train. Egypt owes her most modern irrigation works to the engineering capacity of Sir William, who took a leading part in the construction of the great Assouan dam and is one of the highest authorities on the subject of irrigation.

At Halfa the travelers found awaiting them the steamboat *Ibis*, which was to take them to Shellal, at the head of the first cataract, about 150 miles down the Nile.

At Shellal there was much to interest them. Here was the beautiful temple to Isis, the most charming relic of Egyptian architecture. Unfortunately, modern needs have here proved seriously destructive to ancient art, the great Assouan dam, built for the good of the people, having raised the level of the river until the Island of Philæ and the splendid buildings erected upon it are largely submerged. Only the great columns of the temple, thirty-two in number, rise like a marble grove above the water, and the party was taken through them in a boat, admiring much the beauty of their form and capitals. From the temple they were taken to the great dam, a magnificent piece of masonry. While it has drowned the island and its triumphs of art, it has added a considerable area of fertile irrigated soil to the farming region of Egypt and largely improved the food supply.

On their way down the river they had halted to visit the famous rock temple at Abu Sambul, the finest of its kind in the world, where the four colossal statues of Rameses the Great sit in solitary but serene majesty overlooking the valley of the Nile. Colonel Roosevelt sharply condemned the vandals who had cut their names on the breasts and arms of the figures, saying the Government should treat them as they would be treated in America, as, for instance, in Yellowstone Park, where guilty vandals of this kind are compelled to return at their own expense and erase their work.

An interesting example of Egyptian archæology was seen at Assouan in the recently excavated tombs containing the mummies of Egyptian princes of 3,000 years ago. Colonel Roosevelt was interested in those which presented pictures of the domestic life of

those days, showing a king fishing with a two-pronged spear and watching donkeys entering a town. He returned in the launch to Shellal, expatiating on the exquisite beauty of Philae in the twilight, with the long shadows cast by the columns and rocky hills in the rose lights of the evening.

On leaving Assouan the travelers returned to the railway, taking the regular train for Luxor, which was due at that station on the evening of the 21st. Here are the ruins of ancient Thebes, the splendid capital of the kingdom of Egypt during its later centuries. But the Thebes of to-day is a very different place from the Thebes of old. The Roosevelts found there modern hotels, filled with tourists, many of them from their own far-off land, and all overflowing with enthusiasm in the opportunity of welcoming their former President. It was the first breaker of that tidal wave of admirers which awaited him in Europe.

English and Egyptian officials also greeted them cordially and the Italian consul sent his carriage to convey the travelers to the hotel. It was the traveler's first carriage ride since he had entered the jungle. Dinner was served on the hotel verandah, and afterward he gave an informal reception to about a hundred Americans, who hailed him gladly as their own. Three hearty cheers were given him, followed by the familiar cry, "What's the matter with Roosevelt?" and the stereotyped answer, "He's all right!"

"All I have to say," Colonel Roosevelt remarked, smiling characteristically, "is that I'd like to give three cheers for each of you from California, through Idaho and Nebraska and Iowa and Illinois, clear to Massachusetts and for the States from which you hail."

Accompanied by his wife, Ethel, Kermit and Director of Antiquities Wiegall, he then visited the Karnak temples. He had been here thirty-seven years before, when Luxor was without hotels, and he described it then as a scene of barbaric beauty. That recollection now paled before the magnificence of the sight. A half-moon, occasionally obscured by the clouds, bathed the ruins in soft light, lending a fairy touch to the scene.

"It is beautiful," he exclaimed, as he strolled through the

Temple of Ammon, which is considered the superb creation of an age peculiarly noted for its architectural creations.

The following day was largely devoted to a visit to the famous tombs of the kings, the men of the party mounting horses, while a comfortable carriage was provided for the ladies. The party first entered Sethos, the most beautiful of the Biban El Moluk tombs. The caverns in the rocky hills reached back into long corridors lighted by fitful candles and occasionally by electricity, recalling the descent into mines.

At the tomb of Jenophis the party was led through the darkness by a railing. Suddenly the light was turned on and they looked at a crypt containing a mummy-shaped coffin with the blackened remains of the king, his arms folded in the manner of Napoleon. This is the most dramatic sight in connection with the antique monuments of Egypt.

The party was then taken to another tomb, where Harold Jones, the English artist, was painting on canvas the beautiful frescoes. Mr. Weigall, the inspector-general, who accompanied the party, then showed the tomb of Noremheb, which was discovered two years ago and had not yet been opened to the public. The day was the hottest since Colonel Roosevelt reached civilization, the southwest wind resembling a sirocco.

When the inspection of the tombs was completed, Mr. Weigall, wishing to test the famous endurance of the ex-President, suggested a tramp across the cliffs, which led through a perilous path where the heat is intensified by the reflection on the rocks, expecting that Mr. Roosevelt would object. No objection came and the hardy traveler led in the tramp, making Mr. Weigall admit that he had underestimated the strength of the American. On returning, four men of the party, including Mr. Roosevelt, engaged in a horse race for a mile over the desert in the hot sun, Colonel Roosevelt winning easily by the grace of his horse, as he laughingly said. Mr. Weigall and Kermit tied for second place.

"He astonished me by his knowledge of the relations of the rulers who lived several thousand years ago," observed Mr. Weigall. In connection with Hatesu VIII, Mr. Roosevelt recalled that she was

the first woman ruler of civilized history, and from the amount of trouble she gave Tomes, one of her numerous husbands, the Colonel suggested that he must have been the first henpecked husband of whom any record exists.

The return to Luxor was made leisurely, and it was mid-afternoon when the tourists reached their hotel. They were enthusiastic over what they had seen, and though they did not discover the "one hundred gates," they cheerfully accepted the tradition as well as that of the "twenty thousand chariots of war" with which beautiful Thebes was once credited. Later in the day Roosevelt visited the German consulate, and there was shown a book bearing the signatures of his father and Ralph Waldo Emerson, which were written in 1873.

The railway ride from Luxor to Cairo, which was next undertaken, is 454 miles in length, and the modern capital of Egypt was reached in the early morning of the 24th. Long before daylight the city had been decked with American flags, from the old Arabian Cairo through Ezbeki Garden to the fashionable foreign quarter of Ismailia. For days the one topic of conversation had been the expected arrival of the American statesman and hunter, and in the restaurants, on the streets and in the corridors of the hotels his name was heard continually. Though the season at the hotels was nearly closed, hundreds of Americans and other tourists had remained to greet the travelers. An hour before train time an enormous crowd gathered at the railway station, and there was a good deal of jostling for points of vantage. At the hotel another crowd was waiting and another noisy demonstration was received. The guests at the hotel included many Americans, and from every flagstaff on or near the building the Stars and Stripes were flying.

During the afternoon the state coach called for Mr. Roosevelt and conveyed him to the Abdin Palace, where he was received by Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive of Egypt, this being the first of the royal receptions to the American ex-President.

The following day was devoted to sight-seeing. It was the last day to be spent among the Egyptian antiquities, and at an early hour the enthusiastic traveler was astir. After breakfast he was

called upon by a messenger, who brought the compliments of the Khedive and placed at his disposal a special camel corps. The animals were of the best Bisharin breed, and there was an accompanying guard of soldiers in sand-colored uniforms, with cartridge belts over their shoulders and rifles pendant from their saddles.

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit mounted camels while Mrs. Roosevelt and her daughter were assisted into a sand cart with broad tires. Preceded by two soldiers on Arabian horses and followed by the camel corps, the party proceeded to the Necropolis, about twenty miles away.

The Sphinx, in its way the most remarkable of the Egyptian antiquities, had been visited the night before, when the soft light of the moon gave it its most fitting illumination. It was therefore quickly passed now, and only the great pyramids rose before them as they rode onward to the ancient Sakkara tombs, which date from 5,000 years in the past.

Descending through the narrow sloping passage cut in the sand Roosevelt entered the dark doorway, from which came hot, dank air, as from a furnace. Across the threshold he plunged into the darkness and silence of the tomb. Each member of the party was furnished with a sputtering candle and conducted through the narrow corridors over flagstones, around fallen debris, past a huge block of granite for an intended sepulchre which had evidently been dropped hastily for some cause now unknown.

Coming to the caverns and walls the guides lowered the candles to show the sarcophagi within which had been interred sacred bulls covered with armored plates of gold. Roosevelt entered one of these vaults. He ascended the ladder and peered into the black interior of one of these sarcophagi, which is twelve feet in length, ten in height and weighs between sixty and seventy tons.

On leaving the tombs, they proceeded to the nearby temple, one which presents probably the best record of Egypt's early art, about 3500 B. C., showing the various occupations and the dress of the inhabitants of that period. Colonel Roosevelt pointed out, depicted on the walls, certain animals which he had seen in Equatorial Africa, but which are now extinct in Egypt.

His attention was called to the figures of men stuffing geese and swan. "But that isn't all," said Egyptologist Watson. "The early Egyptians stuffed hyenas for food." Roosevelt immediately became interested.

"Ate hyenas?" he asked. He was taken to the wall where the proof was shown. "How astonishing," he commented.

While impressed by these antiquities, those which will remain especially in his memory are the tombs of the Kings at Luxor and Karnak and the Sphinx by moonlight. Yet it was easy to see that, while interested profoundly in the monuments of the past, he really was most deeply appealed to by present political and economic conditions. An instance of this was seen in the tomb. A beautifully engraved story on a wall showed a court of law with a native undergoing a beating by officers of justice to induce him to testify.

"The worst corruption of Tammany Hall," said Colonel Roosevelt, "was nothing compared to the corruption and tyranny recorded as a matter of course in these hieroglyphics."

The following day was devoted to Cairo and was a very busy day, receptions, sight-seeing and a lunch with royalty being the order of ceremonies. The morning was given to a reception to the Americans in Cairo, with abundant hand-shaking, cheers, and the singing of the appropriate national song, "My Country, 'tis of thee." Colonel Roosevelt, while not making a speech, said that he was glad to see America in the East, and jokingly recalled his remark before leaving America, that "Wall Street expected every lion to do its duty." "Not a lion did his duty," he now declared, amid the laughter of the throng.

He subsequently visited the antique Elazhar mosque, completed in 973, and later turned into a university. At the "Gate of the Barbers" the visitors were detained until yellow-colored shoes could be tied over their boots, as the feet of infidels are not permitted to desecrate the floors of Mohammedan places of worship or religious study.

Through doorways came the droning of the voices of the students reciting verses from the Koran. He was conducted through various large courts where were professors surrounded by students, to whom

they were lecturing on Mohammedan literature, history, jurisprudence and science.

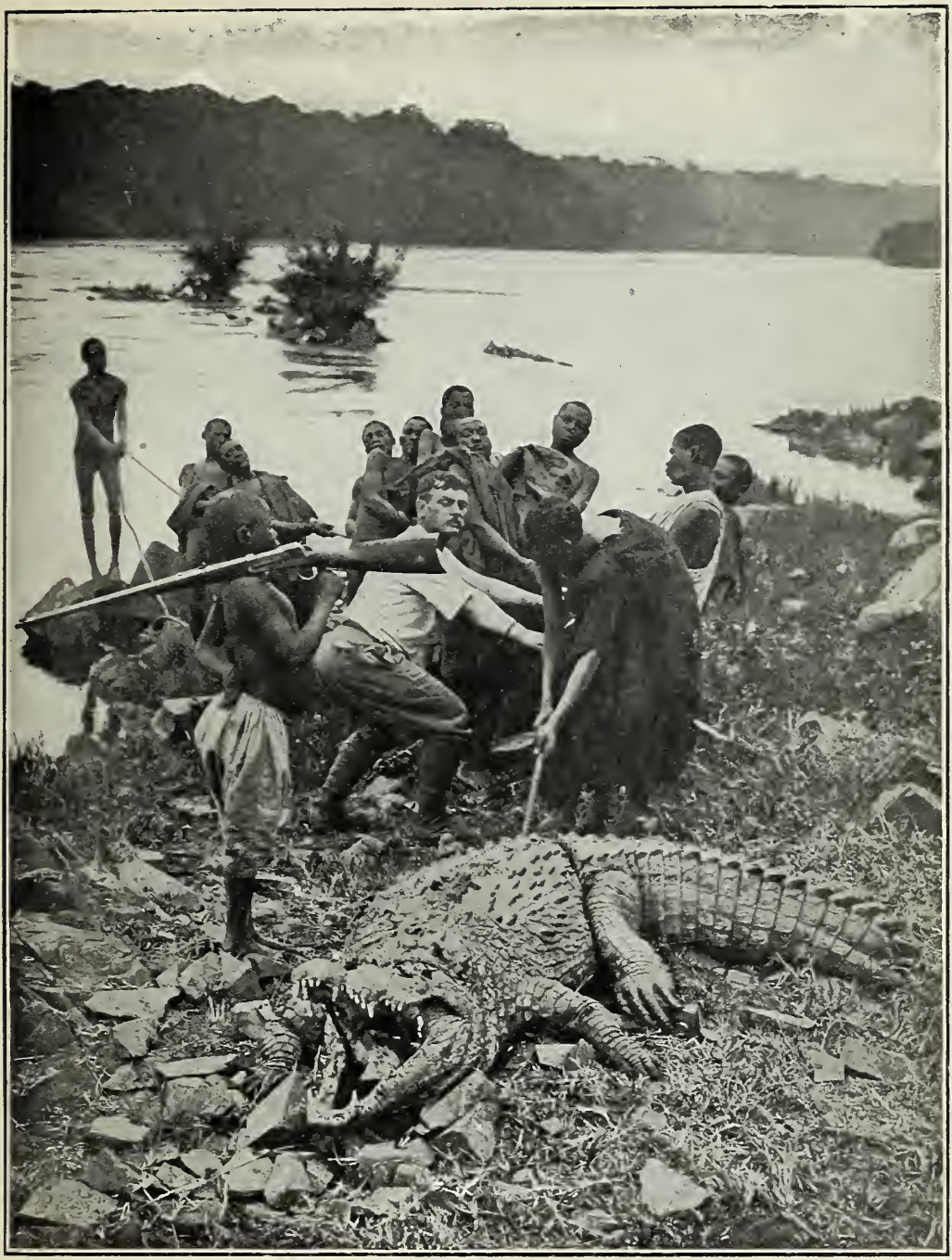
Everything was based upon the teachings of the Koran in exactly the same way instruction was given almost a thousand years ago, and he was informed that some of the students never leave the university. Many frequently remain forty years. He heard white-bearded Sheiks join with shrill-voiced boys of eight years in reciting the Koran.

The visitor was taken to the library and shown rare old parchment manuscripts in Arabic, many beautifully illuminated, the librarian bringing numerous treasures from hidden recesses.

Colonel Roosevelt asked for the address of a book store, where he could purchase an old copy of the Koran, and then he returned to his hotel. Shortly after his arrival Wally Bey, a Mohammedan, appeared and gave him twelve books of the Koran in Arabic, illuminated in gold. He explained that they were presented because of the colonel's interest in the literature of Mohammedanism. Roosevelt cordially thanked the Bey, and asked the age of the books, which he was told was at least two centuries.

The next event of the day was a visit to the Abdin Palace and luncheon with the Khedive; Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit and Ethel being present, and also Ambassador Straus and his wife. The ministry of the government was presented, and the Khedive displayed more interest in talking with Roosevelt than he had ever shown in any foreigner. He asked numerous questions on various subjects of local and international importance, and explained at great length the Egyptian situation. The busy day ended with a dinner at the American agency and a reception.

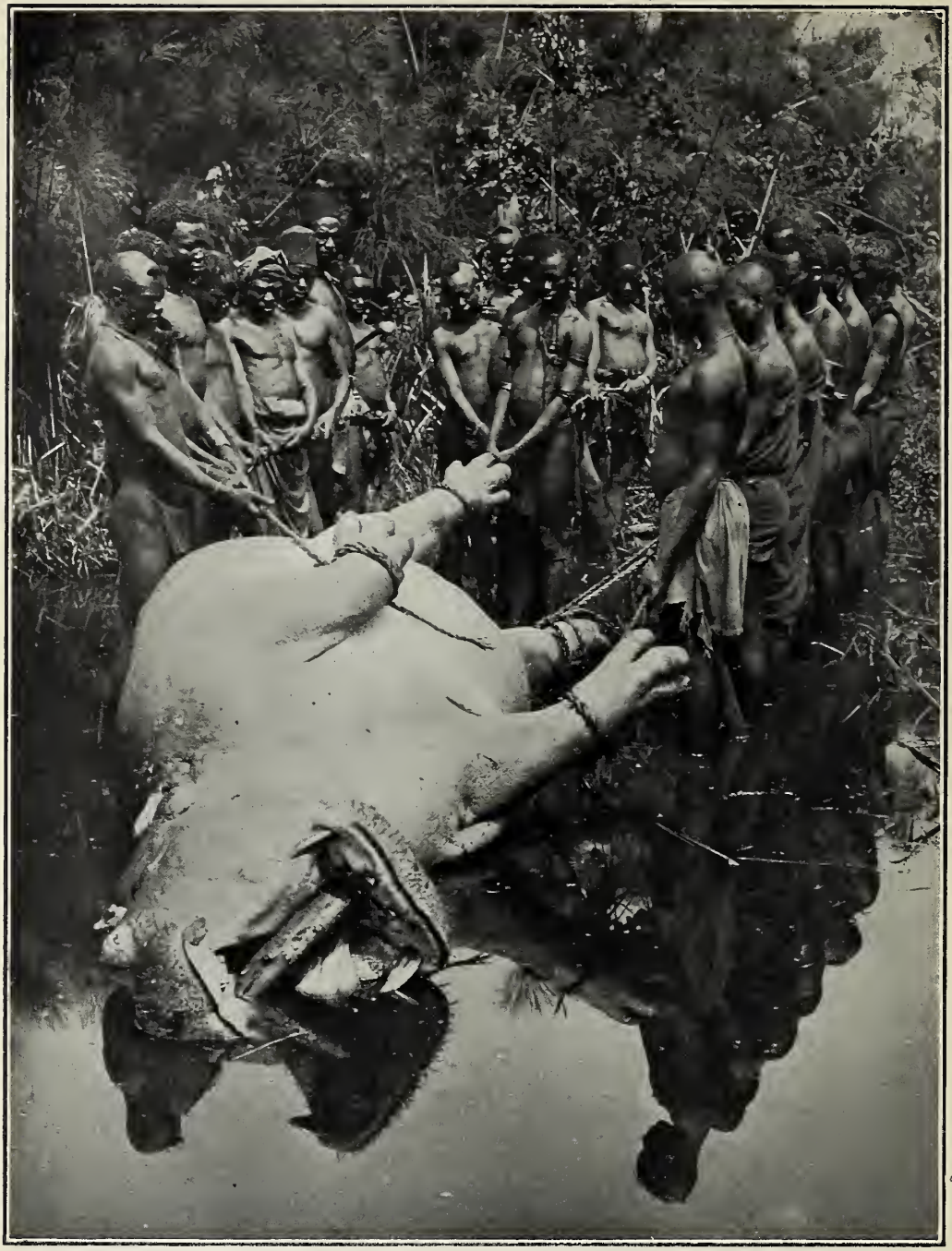
March 27th was the critical day of Roosevelt's visit to Egypt. He succeeded in exploding a rhetorical bombshell which stirred up a mint of trouble and proved that the American ex-President had lost none of his old vim. The event took place during his address before the Cairo University. Its occasion was the Nationalist movement in Egypt to displace British rule and the tragedy to which this had recently led, the assassination of the Premier Butros Pasha, who was hated by the Nationalists for his support of the British administration.



Copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood

THE GIANT MAN-EATING CROCODILE OF CENTRAL AFRICA

"The crocodile was caught asleep ashore and nailed down with a high-power Winchester rifle."



Copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood

A HUGE HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT IN DEEP WATER

Ex-President Roosevelt was attacked by twenty of these monsters while in a small rowboat on Lake Naivasha. He succeeded in killing two and driving the rest away.

ROOSEVELT AT THE ROMAN FORUM.

This dominant man from the new West stood for some time leaning upon the parapet, whence he surveyed the very heart of the ancient Roman Republic and Empire. His impressions of the Eternal City were perhaps summed up in his words: "Just think, here in Rome, where the world's civilization centers."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN A GONDOLA AT VENICE.

This photograph shows President Roosevelt in Venice embarking in his gondola on the Grand Canal after leaving the art gallery. This gallery is one of the most famous in Europe and Colonel Roosevelt amazed his guides by his familiarity with the works of art. shown there. The palaces seen on both banks of the Canal are occupied by the noble families of Venice, and many of them date back to the rule of the Doges.

The tragic act was a sore point in Egypt, one avoided by Egyptian and Englishman alike. Though a month had passed since the assassination, the murderer had not been tried, the English, for some reason, hesitating to act promptly. There was no hesitation in Theodore Roosevelt. Murder was murder, and could not be glossed over. Though there were forebodings of trouble if he should refer to this event, they failed to affect him. The pith of his address was in these words:

"All good men, all men of every nation whose respect is worth having, were inexpressibly shocked by the assassination of Boutros Pasha Ghali. It was a greater calamity to Egypt than a wrong to the individual himself.

"The type of man that turns assassin is the type possessing all the qualities which alienate him from good citizenship, the type producing poor soldiers in time of war and worse citizens in time of peace. Such a man stands on the pinnacle of evil and infamy. Those apologizing for or condoning his act by word or deed, directly or indirectly encouraging such an act in advance or defending it afterward, occupy the same bad eminence.

"It is of no consequence whether the assassin is Moslem or Christian, or with no creed, or whether the crime was committed in political strife or industrial warfare. The rich man's hired act, performed by a poor man, whether committed with the pretense of preserving order or of obtaining liberty, is equally abhorrent in the eyes of all decent men and in the long run equally damaging to every cause the assassin professes."

What more he said is of minor consequence. It was these words that stirred up Egypt and England to the bottom. From the Nationalists came hot protests against his words and a mob of students howled denunciations before his hotel. In England there was as great a stir, with varied opinions in the governmental and opposition parties. But the true sentiment of the world at large was that thus expressed by *Le Progres*, a French journal:

"While violating Oriental rules of politeness in disregarding platitudes, this man has spoken to them, not with words in an empty sense, but calling a cat a cat, calling Wardani an assassin, calling

his instigators infamous criminals. This man dared to say that it is necessary to put at the base of all durable institutions honesty. He said that to make real progress it is necessary, sometimes painfully and with perseverance, to advance slowly. Mr. Roosevelt dared to speak to the Egyptians as to his own countrymen. His address was so full of good sense and justice that it created an outburst of protests which have no real meaning because Egyptians love nothing better than oratorical expressions."

Meanwhile the orator went his way as serenely as if he had been indulging in empty rhetoric, and at the day's end left Cairo for Alexandria in a chorus of demonstrations and God-speeds, some of the cries being "Long live Mr. Roosevelt." "Long live the truth!" "Don't forget Egypt!" In the afternoon of the following day he boarded the steamer *Prinz Heinrich* at Alexandria and left Egypt for Italy, the splendid weather of the day promising him a delightful trip.

CHAPTER XXXV

Our Ex-President in the Land of the Cæsars

THE twentieth century, young as it is, has not been lacking in remarkable events. And far the most remarkable of these, one astounding in its proportions and significance, has been the spectacle of a procession of European monarchs, the haughty lords of civilization, waiting in eager attitude to meet and greet as an equal a simple American citizen, one no higher in rank than any other of the ninety million of his fellow-countrymen. Who could have foreseen such an event. Truly it was one to make the world sit up and take notice. Never has there been anything more significant. It was not alone Theodore Roosevelt as a person that royalty stood ready to honor, but Theodore Roosevelt as a world force, the embodiment of a great principle, the vigorous representative of integrity in office, energy in thought and action, and unyielding advocacy of that principle of "a square deal for all men" which the world is now strenuously demanding and for which Roosevelt stands.

He had proved himself a man among men, an American of the highest type, and the position he had won in world politics was to be strikingly indicated by the events of the next few weeks. The era of royal admiration had begun with the Khedive, the half-king of Egypt, and now the Italian monarch stood ready to take up the strain.

Landing in Naples on the morning of April 2d, the returning traveler found a mass of letters and telegrams awaiting him, which he disposed of in his usual urgent fashion. In the afternoon he visited the famous Aquarium, the abundant treasures of which he found of deep interest. Thence he went to Pompeii and plunged into a nest of antiquities of a far more modern type than those he had just left in Egypt.

In the evening he and his wife were guests of the Prefect at the

Theatre San Carlos, and here Naples rose to greet him. The Americans present set the ball rolling with a chorus of cheers, which were taken up by a great body of students in the third gallery. The ovation was a tremendous one and the theatre rang with tumultuous applause.

During an intermission in the play a large number of students marched to the rear of the Roosevelt box and were presented by Professor Boggiano of the Naples University, who gracefully recalled a Roosevelt saying, that the greatest problem of the United States was the maintenance of the moral well-being and strength of the people. "This is also the greatest problem for all countries," continued the professor. In his brief reply Roosevelt appealed to the students to set before them the highest ideals, but said to them: "Life is a struggle. You must not keep in the clouds. Your ideals must be such as can be realized."

But all was not to be rose-colored in the Italian visit. There loomed before the traveler a problem of deep annoyance, one that was to excite more interest than the occurrence in Egypt and which called for immediate and discreet deception. It had naturally been his desire to call on the Pope and the Italian King, but an event had recently occurred in Rome that was to interfere with the former. A proselyting Methodist congregation in Rome had given deep offence to the Papacy by its methods, and when the former Vice-President Fairbanks, in his late visit to Rome, had agreed to speak before this congregation, an audience arranged for him at the Vatican was canceled.

Colonel Roosevelt had included a reception by the Pope as among the coming events of his career, but Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary, put a snag in his path. While at Cairo he received the following communciation from Ambassador Leishman:

"Rome, March 25th.—The rector of the American College, in reply to an inquiry I caused to be made, requests that the following communciation be transmitted to you:

" 'The Holy Father will be delighted to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5, and he hopes nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much-regretted incident which made the reception to Mr. Fairbanks impossible.'"

Here was a distinct intimation that Mr. Roosevelt must restrict his liberty of action while at Rome, if he wished an audience with the Holy Father. Mr. Leishman's view of the case as cabled to Cairo, was the following:

"I merely transmit this communication without having committed you in any way to accept the conditions imposed, as the form appears objectionable, clearly indicating that an audience would be canceled in case you should take any action while here that might be construed as countenancing the Methodist mission work here, as in the case of Mr. Fairbanks. Although fully aware of your intentions to confine your visit to the King and Pope, the covert threat in the Vatican's communication to you is none the less objectionable, and one side or the other is sure to make capital out of the action you might take. The press is already prepared for the trouble."

It was clearly impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to agree to an audience imposed under such conditions, and he did not hesitate to say so. His reply was:

"It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the Holy Father, for whom I entertain a high respect, both personally and as the head of a great Church. I fully recognize his right to receive or not receive whomsoever he chooses for any reason that seems good to him, and if he does not receive me I shall not for a moment question the propriety of his action. On the other hand, I, in my turn, must decline to make any stipulations or to submit to any conditions which in any way limit my freedom of conduct. I trust that on April 5th he will find it convenient to receive me."

An ultimatum from Rome followed in a cable message received two days later. This assented to Mr. Roosevelt's right to freedom of conduct, but declared:

"On the other hand, in view of the circumstances for which neither His Holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, the audience could not take place except on the understanding expressed in the former message."

This closed the affair so far as Roosevelt was concerned. He wired back to the Ambassador, stating that of course the presentation was now clearly impossible. But it did not close it so far as

the world was concerned. The bombshell at Cairo had in this affair been followed by a second one at Rome and public opinion was everywhere stirred up. Once more Mr. Roosevelt, this time with no incitement on his part, stood in the limelight of controversy. He had no wish to be misunderstood and at a later date thus expressed himself in the *Outlook:*

"I am sure the great majority of my fellow citizens, Catholics quite as much as Protestants, will feel that I acted in the only way possible for an American to act, and because of this very fact I most earnestly hope that the incident will be treated in a matter of course way as merely personal, and also as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor and bitterness.

"Among my best and closest friends are many Catholics. The respect and regard of those of my fellow Americans who are Catholics is as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants. On my journey through Africa I visited many Catholic as well as many Protestant missions, and I look forward to telling the people at home all that has been done by Protestants and Catholics alike as I saw it in the field of missionary endeavor. It would cause me a real pang to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends whatever their religious belief, but any merely personal considerations are of no consequence in this matter.

"Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense are not only profitless but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned upon by Catholics and Protestants alike. I very earnestly hope that what I say will appeal to all good Americans."

The incident had an unpleasant aftermath. This came in the form of a statement from the Rev. B. M. Tipple, pastor of the American Methodist Church in Rome. His expressions were of the following offensive type:

"The representatives of two great republics have been the ones to put the Vatican where it belongs. President Loubet refused to accede to Vatican conditions, and now Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Roosevelt come to maintain the dignity and independence of American manhood in the face of Vatican tyranny.

"The Vatican is incompatible with republican principles. This is a bitter dose for patriotic Catholics in America to swallow. I wonder how many doses of this sort they will take before they revolt. Is Catholicism in America to be American or Romish? If Romish, then every patriotic American should rise to crush it, for Roman Catholicism is the uncompromising foe of freedom.

"After the Fairbanks episode the Methodists never dreamed that the Vatican would commit a similar blunder with Mr. Roosevelt. That it has done so is added proof that the policy prevailing there is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The Vatican is the Vatican. The world advances, but the Vatican never.

"Americans can now better understand how it is that the Roman Church has lost France, the men of Italy, and is losing Spain and Austria."

Intemperate denunciations of this kind were not calculated to mend matters. Roosevelt did not propose to be drawn into countenancing such an attack, in any way, and at once called off a reception to the members of the American colony, fixed for the following night, lest it should, in the members of the Methodist congregation that might attend, seem like an endorsement of the Tipple attack. He vigorously deprecated the excitement to which the affair had given rise, declaring that the incident was personal to himself, and was confident that his countrymen, Catholic and Protestant alike, would sustain his position.

And so they seemed inclined to do. Mr. Roosevelt received many messages, not only from Protestant and Catholic friends in the United States indorsing his action, but from people throughout Europe, many of whom he did not know, and an American priest, then in Rome, warmly felicitated him upon what he had done, saying that he believed American Catholics would approve of the course he had taken.

Many Catholics in Rome indeed openly disapproved of the Vatican's course, feeling that the discretion of Mr. Roosevelt might have been fully depended upon. And this was not confined to laymen, but extended to the hierarchy and even to the sacred college itself, some of the cardinals privately expressing dissatis-

faction with the action taken. The inclination was to place the responsibility on the shoulders of Cardinal Merry del Val, the Spanish papal secretary, and some of the violent, anti-clerical sheets intimated that the affair might result in the downfall of the offending secretary.

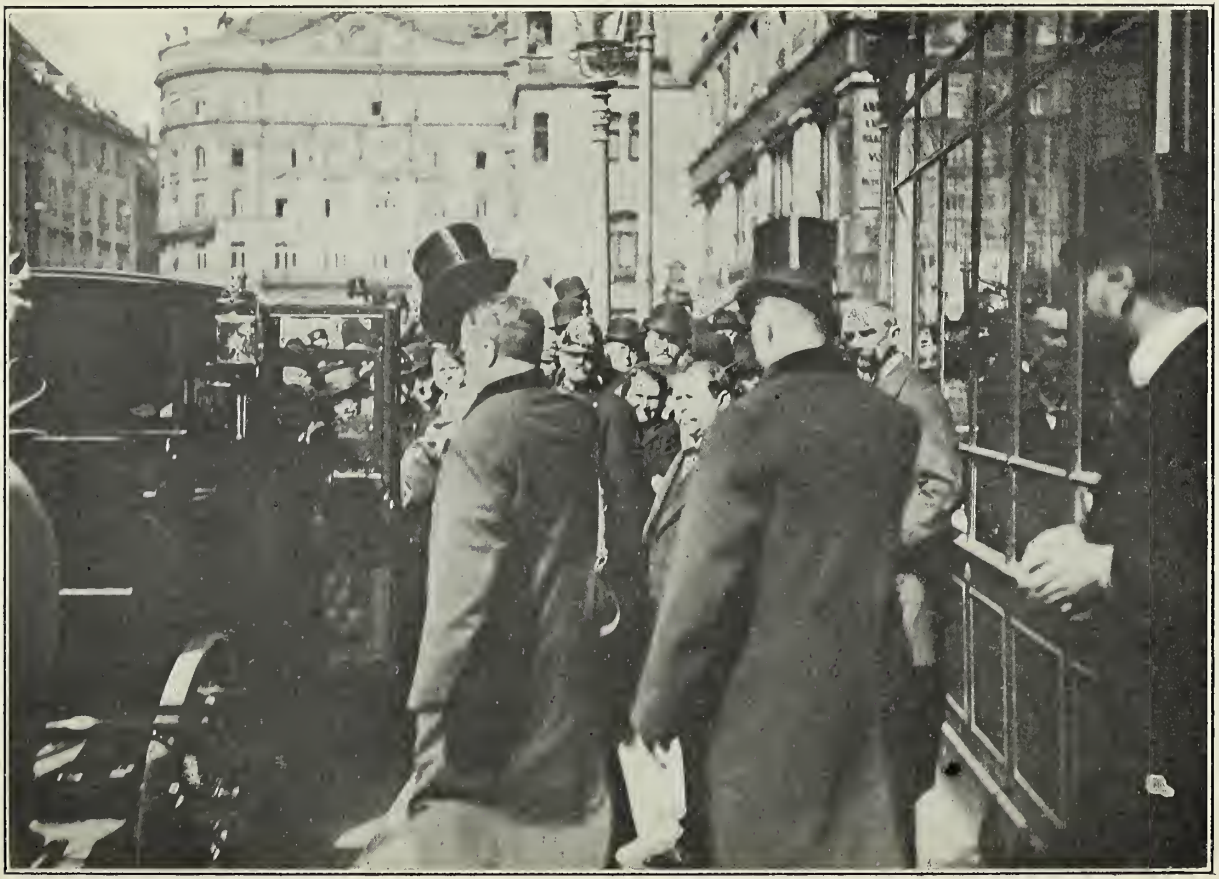
As for the public at large, however, the incident soon sank out of sight, and people turned with no decrease of zest to watch the almost regal progress of their hero through the royal demesne of Europe. In what this consisted we shall briefly state.

The King of Italy hastened to do honor to his distinguished visitor. On April 4th, the day of his arrival at Rome, King Victor Emmanuel received him at the Quirinal at an early hour, greeting him with particular warmth and spending an hour in private conversation with him. In the evening the King and Queen gave a grand dinner at the palace in honor of the ex-President and his family. Other events of that busy day were a visit to the Pantheon, where a popular demonstration took place, a lunch with the American Ambassador, and a reception of Italian journalists.

The dinner was an affair of much ceremony. At the entrance of the Quirinal palace at 8 o'clock that evening, the door of the guest's carriage was opened by the imposing figure of the royal doorkeeper, magnificent in scarlet livery, with sword and baton and cocked hat, seemingly right out of the Middle Ages. At the foot of the grand staircase Count Tozzoni and Duke Cito, masters of ceremonies, and Count Guicciardini, gentleman-in-waiting to Queen Helena and a relative of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, met the party and escorted them up the steps, which were decorated with palms and flowering shrubs.

In the great hall of the Swiss they were received by Count Gianotti, prefect of the palace, whose wife was Miss Kinny, of New York, and by Countess Guicciardini, lady-in-waiting to the Queen, who took them through the great ballroom into a reception room hung with priceless tapestries, where they were greeted by the sovereigns, surrounded by their military and civil households.

After a short conversation all the guests, who included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Leishman and the staff of the Embassy, adjourned to the private dining room of the King—a spa-



ROOSEVELT PAYS A VISIT TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Ex-President Roosevelt is seen in this photograph arriving at the Hofburg Palace in Vienna to call upon Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Hungary. He was received with royal honors, and the Emperor accorded him an unusually long audience. The Emperor's return call, an honor paid only to crowned heads previously, was only prevented by a storm.

ROOSEVELT AT THE ENTRANCE TO NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

General Dalstein, Military Governor of Paris, receiving Ex-President Roosevelt at the entrance of the famous Hotel des Invalides, in which is the tomb of Emperor Napoleon I. The last resting place of "The Conqueror of Europe," surrounded by stands of captured battle flags is one of the most impressive places in the world and Colonel Roosevelt stood there for some time awed to silence. The word hotel in French is applied to many large public and private buildings and is not confined to its meaning as understood by us.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

ROOSEVELT IN BERLIN.

This interesting photograph shows the railway station at the time of Colonel Roosevelt's arrival and mounted police of Berlin riding through the crowd to make a path for the ex-President to walk out through. Col. Roosevelt's stay in Berlin was a notable one. He had lunch and a number of animated conferences with the Kaiser and was taken by him to a special review of German troops. He gave a lecture at the University of Berlin and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

ROOSEVELT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

Colonel Roosevelt is seen leaving the University with the United States Ambassador to Germany, Dr. David Jayne Hill, after having received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. After the degree was conferred in the presence of the German Emperor, the faculty, students and guests of the University, the ex-President deliverd a noteworthy address on "The World Movement," upon which he was warmly congratulated by Emperor William.

cious hall hung with modern tapestry and decorated with immense plants and flowers. The dinner was enlivened by the military band in the gardens below.

King Victor Emmanuel called upon Mr. Roosevelt at his hotel the following morning, and some time was spent in an animated conversation that was, it could be seen, mutually agreeable. Following the chat the King and Mr. Roosevelt entered the motor car in which his majesty had driven to the hotel, and a visit was paid to the barracks of the Cuirassiers, the royal bodyguard. The Cuirassiers executed a series of maneuvers for the benefit of their visitor, who said he had never seen a finer body of mounted men.

From the barracks the King and his guest motored to the monument to Victor Emmanuel II, in course of construction. Leaving the car the two climbed to the top of the colossal structure, upon which $10,000,000 has been expended thus far. As they drove back to the hotel they were warmly acclaimed by the populace.

In the afternoon the Roosevelts made a sight-seeing automobile trip with Professor Jesse B. Carter, director of the American school of classical studies at Rome, and explored the Roman Forum. Here the visitor was enthusiastic, saying: "No man can inspect the ruins of classic Rome without feeling that he is visiting the birthplace of civilization."

Returning, he stopped at an antique jewelry store, which he had visited forty-three years ago as a boy. The proprietor searched the old register and found Roosevelt's name.

At a later hour Signor Ferra, sovereign grand commander of the supreme council, Ancient Scottish Rite, with a deputation, called at his apartments and conferred upon him a high Masonic title. Colonel Roosevelt delivered a brief speech, in which he expressed gratification at the honor, and insisted upon the principles of brotherhood, liberty and tolerance, which, he said, form the basis of regular free masonry throughout the world.

In the evening he and his wife dined at the British embassy as the guests of Sir I. Rennell Rodd.

The special event of April 6th, the final day of the visit to Rome, was a dinner given by the municipal authorities in the great hall of

the historic Capitoline Palace, in honor of the city's guest. Mayor Nathan presided and many Italians of distinction were present.

Mayor Nathan, in proposing the health of the ex-President, referred to him as "one whose character and work had an effect upon the civil progress of humanity." After mentioning Washington and Lincoln as, respectively, the founder and consolidator of the Republic, he characterized Mr. Roosevelt as a "purifier," saying that he had hunted fiercer beasts than during his recent trip in Africa.

"Men of his calibre," said the Mayor, "are beyond the limits of country. They belong by right to civilization."

He concluded with an apostrophe to Mr. Roosevelt as "the fighting philosopher," who is preaching the word of purity, goodness and duty to his people, and could properly be compared with Marcus Aurelius, the imperial philosopher of ancient Rome.

Mr. Roosevelt, in replying, declared that no civilized man could come to Rome without feeling that he was visiting the cradle of civilization. After expressing deep appreciation for the hospitality extended to him here, he spoke of political life, which he said was not so much a matter of genius as of the practical application of the very ordinary qualities of courage, honesty and common sense; and the rarest of these, he added, is common sense.

"Beware of the man who does not translate his words into deeds," he said. He concluded with some complimentary allusions to the history of Rome and to its recent remarkable progress, saying that he was an optimist in regard to the future.

Late that evening Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt left Rome in a special train for Spezzia, where they proposed to take a carriage and spend a few days in a romantic excursion, traversing the same route that they had gone over on their honeymoon tour, twenty-four years before. This journey of sentiment appealed to the romantic element in the Italian heart; so much so, indeed, that the enthusiastic popular demonstrations forced the two to cut short their projected route and drive to Genoa a day in advance of the scheduled time.

Seated in a landau drawn by three horses with jingling bells, they were driven slowly along their honeymoon route, on the sunny slopes of the Ligurian Alps, admiring the superb scenery, and making

brief stops at the Conti Inn and the Tre Mori Inn, near Chiavari, where in their former visit a heavy rain had forced them to seek shelter. At every village or cross-roads on the way groups of men, women and children awaited them, the former with flags, the latter with bouquets. In some mysterious way the story of the honeymoon journey had reached every household in that part of Italy. At Ravallo, where they stopped for luncheon, the demonstrations became so annoying that they, as above said, cut short their journey.

Their route had lain for sixty miles along the beautiful Riviera, flanked by the graceful mountains of Italy on one side and on the other by the Mediterranean, with its hues of blue and purple. Near Sestri Levante, at a mountain pass, the party were met by an enthusiastic delegation waving American and Italian flags. This escorted them to their hotels, where they were installed in their rooms. Colonel Roosevelt found to his amusement that the delegation was organized by the hotelkeeper, who in this way prevented the Colonel and his wife from going to the rival hostelry at which he had arranged to spend the night.

Despite the appeal to the Italian press, the native journalists dogged the Colonel's steps on his trip, seeking expressions on every conceivable subject. While he appreciated the interest manifested, he wanted to go over his honeymoon route only with his wife, and the unwelcome attentions annoyed him. Finding his carriage followed by secret service agents, he directed them not to accompany him, showing in Italy, as elsewhere, absolute indifference to any possibility of danger.

Genoa was reached on the morning of the 8th, and the travelers left their carriage smilingly at the thronged hotel entrance, saying that they had greatly enjoyed the trip, and were only sorry that the over-attentions of the people had compelled them to limit it.

The place next to be visited was Porto Maurizio, where Miss Carew, Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, has a beautiful villa, at which they proposed to rest for a few days. Here a meeting had been arranged with Gifford Pinchot, the former chief forester of the United States, with the purpose of talking over the hot controversy that had arisen between Pinchot and Secretary of the Interior Ballinger.

Getting away from the curious crowds at Genoa, the travelers reached Porto Maurizio on the 10th. Here was the most enthusiastic demonstration of the Italian visit. The citizens of that flower-haunted place had arranged to confer on their visitor the honor of citizenship and give his name to a newly opened boulevard. Never had there been known such a day in the history of the town. With its six thousand inhabitants arrayed in holiday garb, with a regiment of infantry in striking uniforms, school children in white and blue, waving American and Italian flags or strewing flowers before Mr. Roosevelt and his wife, it took the distinguished American to its heart.

A mass of humanity packed the space in front of the hotel, lining the terraces cut deep in the mountain's side. Along the road on which Colonel Roosevelt was expected was stationed the 41st regiment of infantry, the men in dress uniforms and the officers ablaze with decorations. Boys from college in dark blue uniforms stood at attention on one side of the road leading from the hotel, and on the other side younger children. Upon a terrace was stationed a military band.

The appearance of Colonel Roosevelt was the signal for an outburst of cheers, which seemed almost to rend the throats of the enthusiastic spectators. The band immediately struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." Huge bunches of roses were thrown into the landau, where Mr. Roosevelt and his wife, Miss Carew, who is Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, and Mayor Carrettie were sitting.

As Roosevelt left the carriage young girls threw flowers in his path. He was presented by the Mayor to the Councilors of the town, after which he turned to a wall and watched the removal of a white cloth from a sign on which was painted "Viva! Teodore Roosevelt," with the date.

The ceremony was completed by the ex-President breaking a rope of flowers which was stretched across the road. He and his wife then slowly mounted the road to the hotel, passing over a huge bank of daisies rustling in the light breeze. The hotel, which was decorated with American and Italian flags, threw its doors wide open to its distinguished guests and the crowd of Italians who followed behind.

After some further demonstrations, tea was served, Mrs. Roosevelt sitting in a chair banked with flowers, with the Mayor on her right and Italian Senators on her left; Mr. Roosevelt with the English wife of the Mayor on his right. On rising he stopped for a few moments at a table where the Italian officers were sitting, and expressed his pleasure at their presence. When he left the room a small crowd of Americans began to sing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Roosevelt smiled in response and gave his special thanks to the Glee Club.

From the hotel the travelers proceeded to the Carew villa and here on the next day the much-debated interview between the ex-President and former chief forester of his administration took place.

"Hello, Gifford!" was the Roosevelt greeting as the visitor approached. Friends of old, the two shook hands warmly, and an ardent discussion between them began. It continued during luncheon hour and during a long walk over the mountains and in the olive groves, in the afternoon, and was resumed on the following day. What passed, however, remained a mystery, both parties having nothing to say to the anxious newspaper-men, other than that they had dealt largely in hunting stories and reminiscences of the past. It was gravely stated that the American forester was almost as good a shot as the African Nimrod.

The Italian journey ended in a visit to Venice, which city of the sea Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit reached in the early morning of the 14th, Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel remaining at the Carew villa. arriving at the island city at 3 o'clock in the morning, they were rowed through a section of the Grand Canal in the nightly gloom.

The party entered hooded gondolas, which threaded their way swiftly through the narrow canals to the hotel where apartments had been reserved. The reflection of the street lights in the inky waters, the gloomy facades of beautiful palaces rising on either side and the quiet of the hour broken only by the melancholy cries of gondoliers as corners were approached, were commented upon by Colonel Roosevelt and his son, both of whom enjoyed the trip immensely.

Reaching the hotel, the Roosevelts retired at once, but were up

again at 8 o'clock, and, after breakfast, started out on a sightseeing tour. They visited St. Mark's Cathedral, a monument of the ancient magnificence of Venice, the Palace of the Doges, several museums, the Bridge of Sighs, and Verrocchio's statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni.

They had barely returned to the hotel when a gorgeous launch puffed up to its entrance, and the famous mountain-climber and polar voyager, the Duke of the Abruzzi, stepped out. An interview ensued, which lasted forty minutes. Not long afterward, at 2.20 P. M., the ex-President and his son took train for Vienna and the events of the visit to Italy came to an end.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A Week in the Austrian Empire

WHEN, at 6.45 on the morning of April 15, the train from Venice drew into the railway station of Vienna, bringing as passengers the American ex-President and his son, there were few present to welcome them. It was a hazy morning and the people of the Austrian capital were apparently indifferent to the coming of the distinguished stranger. Only a small group of officials awaited him, including the Secretary of the Foreign Office, the Austrian Ambassador at Washington—then in Vienna—the American Ambassador and a few other Americans.

As they drove to the hotel the streets were nearly deserted and the passing of the party in the court carriage attracted no attention. It is probable that an arrival at that early hour was unlooked-for. During the day, however, a crowd of several hundred persons remained in front of the hotel, taking keen interest in the movements of the nation's guest, though they made no demonstrations beyond a respectful lifting of their hats. There was a marked lack of the enthusiasm shown elsewhere.

The important event of the day was a call of the former American President on Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. This took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. As the visitor entered the courtyard the palace guard turned out and rendered him military honors, and as a special mark of esteem the aged Emperor received him in his private apartments instead of in the usual audience chamber.

The American visitor was still more highly honored by the Emperor before the day ended, for Francis Joseph returned his call, visiting the hotel late in the afternoon while on his way to the Schoenbrunn Palace, where he stays every night. This was a notable compliment to Colonel Roosevelt, as the aged monarch habitually

returns the visits only of reigning sovereigns, and of ambassadors upon the occasion of the presentation of their credentials.

From the palace Colonel Roosevelt visited the Capuchin Church, in the vaults of which rest the bones of the Hapsburgs. As he entered the crypt of the Hapsburgs the Capuchin monks, who watch the tombs, conducted him straight to the iron wrought coffins of Elizabeth and Rudolph, which lie on either side of the beautiful statue of the Madonna presented by the Hungarian people.

After the wreaths brought for the purpose had been deposited by the visitor he was shown the other tombs, among which is the immense sarcophagus containing the bodies of Maria Theresa and her husband, Francis I., and the plain casket of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

From the church Colonel Roosevelt set out on a round of official calls, and later in the afternoon he visited the military riding school and also witnessed a review of the regiment of Hussars commanded by Prince Bronn, at Breitensee. The day closed with a formal dinner given by the officials of the Austrian Foreign Office, at which Colonel Roosevelt was the chief guest.

The signal event of the 16th was the Emperor's dinner at the Imperial Palace at Schoenbrunn, this constituting the concluding official function of Colonel Roosevelt's visit to the Austrian capital. With the exception of the Americans all the guests were in full court uniform. Colonel Roosevelt sat at the Emperor's right and Ambassador Kerens at his left. Throughout the dinner, which comprised twelve courses, with eight wines of rare vintages, the band of the 32d Infantry played in a gallery, principally selections from Strauss. The dinner occupied precisely one hour, and upon arising from the table the party returned to the Mirror Room, where what is known as the "Cercle" followed, during which the Emperor personally made the round of his guests. His leave-taking of the former President and his son was exceedingly cordial.

From the palace Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit drove direct to the imperial opera, where they occupied the court box for a short time, during the second act of the "Barber of Seville." The house was crowded in anticipation of his presence, and he was given a

hearty reception. They drove from the opera to the American Embassy, where an informal reception to the American colony had been arranged so that its members might meet the ex-President.

An event of considerable interest, in view of what had taken place at Rome, was the call upon ex-President Roosevelt that day of Mgr. Granito di Belmonte Pignatelli, the Papal Nuncio at Vienna. This took place at the apartments of Ambassador Kerens, in the Bristol Hotel.

The Nuncio undoubtedly realized that his visit would be in the nature of a public affair and construed as an indication of the abandonment by the Vatican of the position taken by Cardinal Merry del Val. Nevertheless he decided to make the call. The Nuncio, in his official robes of dark purple silk and wearing a purple cap, entered the room. Mr. Kerens hastened to greet him, and then presented him to Colonel Roosevelt.

Every one in the room was deeply interested in the meeting, one Austrian official remarking significantly: "It is an expression of regret on the part of the Vatican." What passed between the American and the Nuncio only the former President and the Church dignitary know, and neither would discuss the conversation.

On the following day the old Kingdom of Hungary was reached by train and here the American ex-President received a greeting in striking contrast to that at Vienna. Never had such an outburst of popular enthusiasm been seen there, the newspapers declared, since the days of Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot.

The journey after Colonel Roosevelt left the train at Presburg to spend the afternoon with Count Apponyi, whom he had entertained at Washington and Oyster Bay, assumed almost the character of a triumphal procession, the people welcoming the visitor as the apostle of liberty and peace.

At three villages, each of which was made up of a different race, Magyar, Slovak and German, that the party passed through on their automobile trip to the Apponyi castle, the village president, the priest, schoolmaster, fire brigade in uniform and the school children in white Sunday frocks and sashes, bearing the Hungarian colors, turned out to greet them and offer flowers and words of welcome.

The return trip from the castle, by another route, was marked by similar demonstrations, and when Budapest was reached at 9 o'clock at night, the former President was fairly mobbed at the station, which, in spite of the heavy downpour of rain, was surrounded by thousands of Hungarians, cheering wildly. The Mayor of Budapest and representatives from all the societies in the city were there to meet the coming guest when he stepped on the platform, while hundreds of railroad men from the yards clambered on top of the train to take part in the demonstration.

The university students, massed outside the building, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the ex-President was whisked away to his hotel through solid walls of people, who had waited patiently in the rain to see the distinguished American. At the hotel another multitude had gathered and refused to depart until Colonel Roosevelt appeared on the balcony to acknowledge the greetings.

He especially pleased them when he declared that one who had lived as he had among the cattlemen of the great West could best appreciate the extraordinary character of the descendants of horsemen who had followed Arpad, the Magyar national hero, into the plains of Central Europe.

The program fixed for the next day was a very strenuous one, and was gone through in part in the midst of a heavy rainstorm. It included a luncheon at the Royal Palace as the guest of Archduke Joseph, a reception at the Parliament House and a sight-seeing tour, which embraced a visit to the unique Agricultural Museum, built in imitation of the Castle of Vajda Hunyad. There Mr. Roosevelt was especially interested in the conservation and reforestation work of Hungary.

A portion of the day was taken up with a call upon Francis Kossuth, leader of the United Opposition, who was ill; a visit to the Washington monument, escorted by the Hungarian-American Federation; an inspection of the studio of Zala, the Hungarian scluptor; a reception to the members of the American colony at the Consulate and a reception to the Hungarian journalists at the hotel.

The most interesting feature of the day was Colonel Roosevelt's half-hour talk with Francis Kossuth, son of Hungary's famous patriot

and himself an active leader in the Hungarian cause. Although Kossuth's name is still synonymous throughout Hungary with the independent aspirations of the people of Hungary in which both father and son have taken an active part, the son is now living quietly, owing to the recent fall of the independent coalition ministry, of which he and Count Apponyi were the leaders.

Kossuth told Mr. Roosevelt immediately after the introduction that all Americans who came to Budapest had called on him because of the veneration in which they have held his father.

"I am ill, as you know," he said, "but I desired to see you so much that if you had not come to my house I would have been conveyed to your hotel on a litter. All my life I was brought up in an atmosphere of liberty as typified in America and I have peculiar feelings of pleasure and sympathy toward your great country."

After Roosevelt's departure Kossuth spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Roosevelt, indorsing what Count Apponyi had shortly before said in the historic Parliament, "That Mr. Roosevelt is one of the leading efficient forces for the modern improvement of the world." Count Apponyi further spoke of Roosevelt as typifying public honesty and as the champion of moral regeneration, declaring that the effects of his attitude were felt not only in America but throughout the civilized world.

These sentiments evoked tremendous enthusiasm on the part of the Hungarians, who seemed to have taken Roosevelt to their hearts, and sought to obtain his sympathy in their struggle for independence from Austria.

The following day, April 19, Roosevelt's last day in Hungary, furnished additional proof of the deep impression his personality had made upon the hearts of the people, high and low. The pitch of enthusiasm increased to the moment of his departure. Hundreds cheered in front of the hotel, when he left in the morning for a visit to the government stock farm at Babolna, where the breeding of Arab horses is carried on, and thousands were massed about the station when he returned in the evening.

At Babolna the party were met by thirty phætons, a half dozen of which were drawn by four horses and the rest by pairs of state

horses, in which the Arab strain is predominant. Forty minutes' rapid driving brought the party to the large model stud farm. Lunch was served and the minister of agriculture proposed Roosevelt's health in the Magyar language. Lunch over, the party lined along a long avenue and one after another more than twenty magnificent stallions, chiefly pure Arabs, showed their paces.

Then followed an inspection of the large stables, in which there are more than 900 horses and colts, 200 of which are pure-bred stallions. The most-noticed animal was a bay filly, born that day of a gray Arab mother, and christened Roosevelt.

The day ended with a dinner given by the Hungarian premier, followed by a large reception, and at midnight the honored guest took the train for Paris amid the acclamations of a cheering multitude.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Our "Most Distinguished Citizen" Visits the Republic of France

ON the morning of Thursday, April 21st, the train bearing the American ex-President from Budapest to Paris pulled into station at the latter city. It was Roosevelt's first visit to the gay French capital in twenty-four years. Then he had come unnoticed and unnoticed had left. Now he came again as a private American citizen, but no longer unnoticed. The American flag flew in a hundred places. In the Avenue des Champs Elysées and elsewhere the preparations for his entry were like those seen when an Emperor or a King visits Paris. So many people gathered around the railway station that the police had to be called into duty to keep order. It was the welcome of the great republic of Europe to the most admired citizen of the great republic of America.

Yet any sort of ceremonial reception vanished in the presence of the republican simplicity of the visitor. Had a formal salute been planned or the presentation of an address he would have upset the arrangements, for the train had hardly come in and the brakes been set, and diplomatists and others were just preparing to raise their hats, when a familiar figure beneath a broad, black slouch hat leaned far out of one of the car windows and M. Jean J. Jusserand's hand was clasped in a tight grasp. Jusserand had come all the way from Washington, where he represents France as Ambassador, to meet and greet the coming ex-President.

Everybody who had even a glimpse at the window recognized the figure, for the inevitable eyeglasses and expansive smile were in evidence. After Jusserand came Mr. Bacon, the American Ambassador to France.

"Hello, Bob," was the traveler's democratic greeting, as his hand again extended from the car window. Baron Takahira, the

former Japanese Ambassador at Washington, was next hailed and received a specially hearty greeting, for his presence was a surprise.

"This is delightful!" Roosevelt broke out enthusiastically; "but let me get out." On the platform the greetings were renewed, for the traveler found himself surrounded by a coterie of friends amid the French officials and notables.

His first day perhaps came closer to an exemplification of the "simple life" than any likely to follow it while he remained in Paris. The visitor was given an opportunity in the morning to rest, and took advantage of it to dictate many letters. Late in the afternoon, and still in the capacity of a private citizen, he paid visits to President Fallières, at the Elysée Palace, and M. Pichon, French Minister of Foreign Affairs. Both these calls were returned.

Then he called on M. Emile Loubet, and thus the only living retired President of France and the only living retired President of the United States met. Another call was on the sister of the late Edward Simmons, the American artist, for whose work he had a high admiration.

Roosevelt's first real public appearance in Paris was at the Comédi Française that evening, President Fallières having tendered him the use of his private box. Every seat had been sold days in advance and the audience was large and brilliant.

There had been talk of performing "Hamlet," but Mr. Roosevelt was anxious to see Mounet-Sully in "Œdipe Roi," and it was to satisfy his wish that the Sophoclean play was substituted. This came second on the bill, and when the Roosevelt party entered President Fallières' box there was a cheer, accompanied by handclapping from the audience. Roosevelt advanced to the railing, bowed several times and then sat down, but almost immediately the cheering was renewed. He arose and bowed again. The play was staged and acted in a way to be seen only at a French national theatre and Roosevelt seemed to enjoy it hugely, joining with the audience in the applause.

At the end of each act, when Mounet-Sully, who played the title role, and the other performers responded, they advanced as is customary when royalty is present, bowing profoundly in the direction

of the ex-President before turning to the audience. This seemed only to give additional pleasure to the audience, which in turn each time gave a fresh round of applause.

The Paris *Temps* that evening, in its editorial columns, represented the general tone of the French press in declaring that Roosevelt's tour of Europe was unparalleled in history. It continued:

"No democratic chief of state ever before enjoyed such popularity. We are accustomed to formal visits of kings and presidents, but Mr. Roosevelt is no longer President. It is the man, therefore, not the office, which is being honored. It is his vigor, his personality, his character, ideas and temperament which appeal to European opinion. Few are more worthy of the esteem of the democracy, for he represents at the same time liberty and authority—those two antitheses which republicans, conscious of their duty and solicitous of the future, are everywhere trying to harness together."

The program for the following day included a visit to the tomb of Napoleon in the Palais des Invalides and a dinner given at the Elysée Palace by President and Mme. Fallières to the guest of the nation. The assemblage was a notable one, including many guests of high distinction, the dinner being served in the gorgeous Salle des Fêtes, which is hung with priceless Gobelin tapestries.

In proposing Roosevelt's health President Fallières said:—

"I cannot allow this dinner to terminate without seizing the occasion to offer a toast to Theodore Roosevelt—an illustrious man who is at the same time a great citizen, a great friend of France and a great friend of peace. I lift my glass also in honor of Mrs. Roosevelt, to whom goes out the homage of our respectful sympathy. I congratulate myself at being able to tell our guests how happy we are to receive and fête them."

Roosevelt replied in French, saying he was profoundly touched by the words of President Fallières.

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I," he continued, "will never forget the welcome we have received in France, especially from you, Mr. President.

"Made to understand and love each other, our two countries have been friends from the beginning, and no doubt will always remain

friends in the future. Every civilized man who comes to France learns something, because France is the cradle of modern civilization. Even to-day I have learned much, and one thing in particular which will appear in my lecture to-morrow.

"I raise my glass in honor of the President of the Republic and Mme. Fallières, whose grateful guests we are to-night."

A reception followed the dinner to which many other notables of the French literary and scientific worlds and a number of prominent persons of the American colony, including William K. Vanderbilt, were invited to meet Colonel Roosevelt.

Saturday, the 23d, was the great day of Roosevelt's visit to Paris. It was devoted to science and literature, to a visit to the French Academy, of which he had been elected a member, and to his eagerly looked for oration at the Sorbonne. Paris that day fully avakened to the fact that it had a great man in its midst and turned out *en masse* to do honor to its guest.

At the session of the Academy he was present merely as a member, taking a seat among his distinguished confreres, most of whom had grown old in the cause of science. But M. Boutroux, the President of the Academy, took occasion to compliment him, speaking of him as the best exponent of American ideals and character. In his reply Mr. Roosevelt said:

"I cannot express how much I have been touched by the honor you have paid me. It is crowning of the career of a man of letters."

He went on to tell of how he had received the news of his election to the Academy, while hunting the white rhinoceros at the equator.

"I was living among naked savages," he said, "hunting for an animal which was the survivor of the long-haired rhinoceros that existed in France when France was inhabited by naked savages."

He continued: "I have always tried to translate into action the moral principles which must inspire the life of men and nations. There can be no economic civilization without morality. Genius is not essential, but only courage, honesty, sincerity and common sense. Men of genius without these qualities are a curse to a nation. They do more harm than good."

His words, spoken in French, brought out more applause than

was often heard in that venerable hall. At the Sorbonne no attempt was made to restrain the demonstrations. The façade bristled with American and French flags, and fully 25,000 persons packed the streets and acclaimed Colonel Roosevelt on his arrival. Within the building enthusiasm was unbounded, the vast crowd in the amphitheatre interrupting again and again with storms of applause as the speaker defined the duties of individual citizenship in a republic, scorning the sluggards, cynics and idle rich, and preaching the gospel of work, character and the strenuous life.

Several times he interjected observations in French, and, after he had defined his attitude on the subject of human rights and property rights, he repeated this in French, saying that it constituted the crux of what he had to say, and he desired every one to understand him. His words in this connection were:

"My position as regards the moneyed interests can be put in a few words. In every civilized society property rights must be carefully safeguarded. Ordinarily, and in the great majority of cases, human rights and property rights are fundamentally and in the long run identical. But when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property."

After the lecture Vice-Rector Liard, in behalf of the University, presented Mr. Roosevelt with a bust of Jefferson and two vases made at Sevres. But a curious mistake had been made in the bust. A bust of Lincoln had been ordered from the Government factory at Sevres, but in some unaccountable way one of Jefferson was manufactured. M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, arranged to have the original order executed.

The following day, Sunday, was spent quietly, Mr. Roosevelt attending service in the American church in the Rue de Berri. The general elections of France were held that day, but he did not visit any of the voting booths, saying that he supposed the voting machinery in France was much like that in the United States.

Monday was distinctively Paris day in the Roosevelt visit. He was taken that day as the guest of the city in distinction from the French Republic and was entertained at a formal luncheon in the

Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, distinguished officials saying complimentary things in his honor, to which he replied in a manner that charmed his hosts.

The building was hung with French and American flags, the vestibules and imposing grand staircase were beautifully decorated with potted plants and flowers, and the guest was escorted to the council chamber through lines of brilliantly uniformed republican guards. As he entered the chamber he was given a great ovation, both from the floor and from the galleries, which were crowded with women. M. Lepine, prefect of police, made complimentary remarks, speaking in praise of Paris and ending with, "Its heart goes straight out to the man you are."

In answering, the guest gratefully remarked, "You make of me an ideal which I can only try to realize in the future."

His reception that night at the Opera, where a gala performance of "Samson and Delilah" had been arranged in his honor, was the remarkable spontaneous tribute of a brilliant assembly to a man after the true Parisian heart. "Salome" had been originally selected, but the ex-President requested the change to "Samson."

It was at the end of the first act when Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Ambassador and Mrs. Bacon, arrived at the opera house. As the lights went up, revealing the ex-President and his party in President Fallières' box, the whole house rose to its feet, cheering wildly for two minutes. Mr. Roosevelt came to the front of the box, bowing and smiling, and raised a perfect tempest when, noticing his daughter Ethel sitting in the stalls with a friend, he threw her a kiss.

We must deal rapidly with the remainder of his stay in Paris. The 26th was a busy day. He rose early, took a brisk walk in the Luxembourg Gardens, and lunched in a fashionable Bois de Boulogne restaurant, where he delighted his companions with a series of racy hunting stories.

In the afternoon he was the guest of the Aero Club and had his first view of an aeroplane flight. He protested against anyone going up in the high wind prevailing simply to amuse him, but Emile Dubonnet essayed a flight and had a narrow escape from injury.

The guest was deeply interested in every detail of the start, and pressed forward as the machine left the ground. But it had gone hardly 150 yards, when it swept down, almost capsizing as it struck the ground. One of the wings was broken, but Dubonnet was not hurt. Col. Roosevelt rushed forward and offered him his hearty congratulations.

In the evening a dinner was given by Ambassador and Mrs. Bacon in honor of the city's guests, at which a number of prominent Parisians were present.

The event of the final day in Paris was a military display given in the forest at Vincennes in honor of the visitor. Five thousand troops fought a sham battle, and then passed in review before Colonel Roosevelt, who watched them with critical eye. He almost sprang from his saddle in excitement when, for the finale, two regiments of cavalry swept forward in a magnificent charge.

He visited Versailles in the afternoon, motoring along the beautiful lakes, then admiring the battle canvases in the palace. But the famous fountains of Neptune and the Dragon in the grounds did not play for his entertainment. It costs $5,000 to show them at their greatest beauty—too much money to spend to make a holiday even for Roosevelt.

In a subsequent visit to the Salon, with Rodin, the sculptor, he inspected the sculptures made by George Gray Barnard for the Pennsylvania Capitol building, and heartily felicitated the artist on his work, which Rodin said could not be excelled. The day ended with a dinner at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, it being the final honor conferred by France on its visitor, since he was to leave for Brussels early the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Roosevelt in Holland, the Home of His Ancestors

A GROUP of French and American notables and a large throng of Parisian people gathered at the station to bid the Roosevelt party a hearty farewell, as they took the train for Brussels at the Gare du Nord, on the morning of April 28th. With a hearty hand-clasp to the government officials and an expression of regret that he could not stay longer in their beautiful city, Colonel Roosevelt left Paris for the next stage on his spin through Europe. He was headed now for Holland, his ancestral land, but was booked to halt a day in Belgium and enjoy its hospitality on the route.

Brussels, the Belgian capital, was reached at noon, a military band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the throng of people cheering as the train drew into the station, and the traveler, hat in hand, hurried to the waiting royal automobile. Profuse decorations on the public buildings gave a gala aspect to the city boulevards, which were filled with people as the auto passed rapidly through them to the buildings of the Exposition, where King Albert awaited his guest and where the visitor had agreed to deliver an address. The meeting with the King was a very cordial one, the monarch and ex-President entering in company the exposition hall, which was crowded by a large audience gathered to hear the promised brief oration. A roar of applause greeted the distinguished guest as he appeared, drowning the voice of Mr. Wiart, President of the Exposition, in his attempt to introduce the orator to the audience. Some time elapsed before he could make his complimentary words heard.

Mr. Roosevelt's address, which continued about twenty minutes, was in the same vein as his Sorbonne lecture, covering the modern problems of civilization. He insisted upon the necessity of

the development of the ordinary qualities, work, honesty and morality. Speaking of leadership, he asserted that a great genius might become a great enemy of the people. "Woe to the country," he exclaimed, "which puts its trust in a genius of military or other type, rather than in the high average character of the ordinary citizen."

Referring to Belgium in his remarks, he said:

"It has always seemed to me that the Belgian people offer one of the greatest examples of hope presented by any people of the world at the end of the nineteenth century. There has been much talk of decadence of race, but Belgium proves that a great past is not incompatible with a great present and a great future. Flanders was one of the greatest industrial centres of the middle ages. Now you are rivalling and surpassing the work of your ancestors."

He closed with the following words, addressing himself to the King, who sat immediately before him:

"I congratulate you that, at the outset of a new reign, which I am sure will be fraught with all possible benefits, there should come as a herald and augury of triumph in the future this great demonstration [the Exposition] of the extraordinary activities and abilities of the Belgian people."

After the address the King escorted his visitor through the grounds, chatting with in him excellent English and in tones loud enough to be audible to all around. The youthful Belgian monarch, who was dressed in a general's uniform, is tall and muscular, his more than six feet of height towering above the shorter figure of his guest. One thing in particular attracted Roosevelt's attention, the fact that there was no American building and few exhibits from the United States, and he expressed his regrets at the omission.

From the grounds the pair rode to the country palace at Lacken, the King pointing out on the way the handsome palace grounds and the famous conservatory. Mrs. Roosevelt, with Ethel and Kermit, subsequently arrived, they having been invited to dine at the royal table. Black was worn at the dinner, the court being still in semi-mourning for the late King Leopold. Both during and after the dinner the King and Queen devoted almost their entire attention to their American guests. The others present included the members

of the royal family, the Cabinet Ministers and high officials attached to the King's military and civil household, a few members of the Belgian nobility, the American Minister, Charles Page Bryan, and several eminent scholars.

Returning to Brussels, Mr. Roosevelt was the guest at the Mayor's reception in the Hotel de Ville. It was a brilliant affair, altogether transcending the reception at the American Legation in the afternoon, at which Minister Charles Page Bryan gave the Brussels smart set an opportunity to meet the visitor. There was to have been luncheon at the legation, but it had to be omitted because a baggage mixup had made Mr. Roosevelt arrive an hour behind the appointed time.

More than two thousand persons were present at the reception. The square was brilliantly illuminated, and when the ex-President arrived a procession was formed, headed by Burgomaster Max, who escorted Mrs. Roosevelt. From the grounds the party passed through the beautifully decorated salons of the historic building, being saluted on all sides. With this reception ended the brief but busy visit to Belgium, the party being booked to start for Holland at 7 o'clock the next morning.

The journey through the Netherlands on the following day was such as to suggest the idea that the Roosevelts were returning to their old home after a long absence and were being welcomed by their compatriots on their return. At every station crowds were met, cheering and clamoring for a speech. Mr. Roosevelt responded by bowing and waving his hand, occasionally with a few words. Thus at Hertogenbosch he greatly pleased his auditors by saying: "I am visiting the country from which my ancestors came three centuries ago."

A special train sent by Queen Wilhelmina awaited the party at the frontier station of Roosendaal, taking them to Arnhem, where automobiles waited to convey them to the palace at Heb Loo, a royal castle nearly eighty miles west of the Hague. Here they received a warm welcome from the Queen and Prince Henry, the greeting being so cordial as to seem a greeting of personal friends.

Luncheon was served shortly after their arrival. Colonel

Roosevelt sat at the right of Queen Wilhelmina and Mrs. Roosevelt at the right of Prince Henry. There were thirty distinguished guests at the luncheon, all of whom were high court officials, but not members of the cabinet.

The affair was in every way intimate. Mr. Roosevelt and his wife expressed a desire to see the little Princess Juliana, who has now cut her eighth tooth, but Queen Wilhelmina said that she was sorry but could not show the baby, as she had been vaccinated that day.

After the luncheon at the palace the guests were conveyed in royal carriages to Arnhem, escorted by the grand marshal of the court, and departed on the 3.38 train for Amsterdam.

During this brief stay in Amsterdam a public meeting was held in the Free Church of Weteringshaus and an audience of about eight hundred persons, which filled the church, was briefly addressed by the visitor. Among the figures in the stained glass windows of the edifice were those of Emerson and Carlyle.

"I am glad to come back to the home of my forefathers," Colonel Roosevelt began. "I am proud of the fact that I have good Dutch blood in my veins. My people left here before Rembrandt and De Ruyter were known.

"I am sorry that I cannot speak the Dutch my grandparents taught me. One cradle song I still remember."

Here Colonel Roosevelt recited a lullaby, a quaint old verse in which geese figured, to the delight of his hearers.

His address was on his favorite subject of good citizenship and he praised Holland for the sturdy qualities which its people had maintained for centuries. His brief speech was followed by a dinner given by the municipality of Amsterdam.

The following day was one of much activity in sight-seeing by the visitors and of enthusiasm on the part of the usually staid Hollanders. Groups of singers, marching through the square on which the apartments of the American visitors were located, serenaded him and later he was cheered when he appeared on the streets, wearing a daisy in the lapel of his coat, the name flower of the little Princess Juliana, whose birthday was being celebrated.

In the afternoon the Roosevelt party went by automobile to Delft, where they visited the tombs of Hugo Grotius, statesman and scholar, and William the Silent in the Nieuwe Kerk. They were received there by the Burgomaster, who, in behalf of the municipality, presented the ex-President with a beautiful Delft plate, with the portrait of William of Orange.

They then visited the Prinsenhoff, to which a melancholy celebrity attaches, as the scene of the death of William of Orange, the Silent, the founder of Dutch independence, who was assassinated there on July 10, 1584. The bullet holes in the stairs were pointed out to the Americans.

The party returned to the Hague, and the Burgomaster, Baron de Landas, and two members of the council, called to present the compliments of the city and an address.

In the evening they were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the American minister, at which a distinguished company was present. It was followed by a reception for the American colony. This closed an active day, in which the people had everywhere manifested the greatest degree of interest in the famous visitor.

The popular demonstrations at the Hague and at other places visited by ex-President Roosevelt were commented on that day by a prominent diplomatist, who said:

"This welcome to Mr. Roosevelt is more than personal. It is because the people unconsciously, or half consciously, see in Mr. Roosevelt the representative of democracy, of the principles of liberty without excess of full self-government, without permitting any citizen either by wealth or position to take away any right from another.

"We have had doubt in Europe as to whether the United States really has found the right form of government. Some of these doubts remain, but the demonstrations by the people here to-day show that they believe the American people have attained, or are attaining, those aims for which they have striven. They are honoring the idealism of America, which is far ahead on the path which America is following.

"I do not think that this country or the other European countries are doing all the things which have been done for an individual,

but for Mr. Roosevelt as the deputy of what they believe America is."

To this sentiment Roosevelt heartily agreed, saying that the extravagant enthusiasm was not inspired by him as a person, but was rather a glowing tribute to the country which he represented. Despite this opinion, however, the fact was evident that his own personality and record as a statesman of world-wide prominence had much to do with the extraordinary warmth of his reception.

May 1st, the last day of the stay in Holland, was spent in a visit to the national tulip show then in full tide at Haarlem. It was becoming evident, however, that, despite his phenomenal power of endurance, the strain of his frenzied dash through Europe had begun to tell on the hardy American. He admitted as much by wiring to Copenhagen, his next place of call, requesting that the program of ceremonies in his honor he cut down. Similar requests were sent to Christiania, Stockholm and Berlin. The pace was one that could not much longer be kept up.

The ride from the Hague to Haarlem was a delightful one. It was accomplished by automobile, both sides of the road being made a carnival of splendor by hundreds of acres of blooming tulips and other bright spring flowers. Mr. Roosevelt insisted that they should go slow that he might not miss anything in the wondrous floral scenes that stretched away on all sides.

On reaching the exhibition buildings at Haarlem, the party were received at the entrance by the directors of the tulip show, M. Krelage, the president, saying to Mr. Roosevelt that his coming completed the list of one hundred thousand visitors; "a figure," he added, "which may not impress an American, but of which Bulbland is proud."

He then presented the visitor with a silver model of the Half Moon, saying, "You may call it the Half Moon or the Mayflower, just as you like."

In a brief address M. Krelage described the exhibition and the tulip industry, pointing out that Holland shipped to America 8,200,000 pounds of bulbs yearly.

In replying Roosevelt said:

"Americans always are especially struck in Holland by the way

in which you, one of the hardest-working peoples, contrive to add beauty and enjoyment to your lives. We in America have in the past had to work so hard that we have not always been able to pay as much attention as you to the things that tend for enjoyment, and, if one of the other must be sacrificed, we think that enjoyment should be sacrificed to work, but more and more we are growing to realize that beauty and enjoyment can be combined with work. Americans come here to see how you are able to combine them."

After an inspection of the wonderful gardens, the party partook of luncheon and paid a visit to the fine gallery of the town hall, groups of girls pelting them with flowers at the entrance. Here Roosevelt signed his name in the Golden Book.

From Haarlem the automobiles carried them to Amsterdam. They were received by the Burgomaster at the Ryks Museum, an imposing building, covering nearly three acres of ground. Probably 5,000 persons were waiting in the public square and set up a hearty cheer on the arrival of the American visitors.

Director Van Riemsdyk conducted the American ex-President through the museum, pointing out the most important art treasures. He left him alone in the Rembrandt room, where the master's largest and most celebrated work, "Night Watch," painted in 1642, hangs, and where he spent a considerable time in studying this much admired painting.

After dining with Secretary Hibben the Roosevelt party proceeded to the train, which left at 9 o'clock for Copenhagen.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Roosevelt Welcomed by the Scandinavians

DENMARK was the first of the Scandinavian Kingdoms to be visited by the American ex-President in his European tour. Here he was to spend two days before proceeding to Norway and Sweden, the remaining Kingdoms of ancient Scandinavia. The train from Amsterdam landed the Roosevelts at the German port of Kiel, where a steamer awaited to convey them to the Danish port of Korsoer, whence they were to travel by train across Zealand to Copenhagen, sixty-nine miles away.

As the little steamer came up the bay flying the American flag, the officers and men of the German war ships anchored in the roadstead stood at salute. Mr. Roosevelt was on the bridge with the captain, and many glasses were trained on him from the craft in the harbor. His attention was called to the Imperial yacht Meteor, lying at the pier of the Kiel Yacht Club, which was christened by his daughter Alice, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. He was much interested when there was pointed out to him alongside the pier a small steam yacht named in honor of his daughter the Alice Roosevelt, and employed by the Danish admiralty.

On reaching the station at Copenhagen Mr. Roosevelt found the Crown Prince Christian waiting to receive him, King Frederick being absent on a visit to the Riviera, which he had arranged before knowing that the American ex-President would spend a day in his capital.

Thousands of people were on the streets and station as the travelers landed. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged their greetings by lifting his hat with one hand, while with the other he grasped the arm of the Crown Prince, saying in his impulsive manner:

"I am very pleased to meet you—very indeed. Come along while I tell you about my baggage."

The Prince, somewhat taken aback by this very democratic greeting, yielded to his energetic guest and was led along by the arm, while Roosevelt explained that he had nothing to wear except the clothes in which he was clad, because all the luggage had been sent by a train which would not arrive till two hours later.

Prince Christian assumed to enter into the spirit of the situation heartily, but he was obviously perturbed as they rode in the royal carriage with scarlet caparisoned flunkeys, bowing continuously to the populace, who looked askance at the negligee traveling attire of the man who sat with head erect and chest expanded beside their future King.

It is an amusing coincidence that King Edward had found himself in the same predicament when visiting Copenhagen three years before, his luggage, like that of Mr. Roosevelt, failing to arrive in good time. Perhaps this informality had something to do with the silence of the people, who failed to cheer as their prince and his guest rode through the streets. Or perhaps this was a characteristic of Danish social etiquette.

However that be, the baggage tragedy was responsible for a situation perhaps unprecedented in Danish court proceedings, to which Prince Christian contributed by suggesting that Mr. Roosevelt and his family dine at the palace wearing the clothes they had traveled in. So the Copenhagen Court, celebrated for its compliance with the strictest ceremonials, was the scene that evening of a royal dinner to which the Prince and his guests sat down in business and street attire. Another incident, similarly new in Denmark, was the fact that the Stars and Stripes floated that day for the first time above the royal palace of Denmark.

Prince Christian, presiding as the King's representative, thanked Mr. Roosevelt for coming to the court of Denmark and proposed his health, which was heartily responded to by those around the table, who included the leading personages in the kingdom, in court, parliamentary and scholarly life.

The guest, in reply, said he had received a cordial message from the King and thanked the Prince for his hospitality. He then proposed a toast to the King and the royal family of Denmark.

At a later hour Mr. Roosevelt attended a reception given by Maurice F. Egan, the American Minister, at the legation, at which he met the diplomatic representatives, the Cabinet ministers and many persons prominent in the various departments of public activity. By this time the missing baggage had made its appearance and the informally clad traveler was able to array himself in the conventional evening attire.

Sleeping that night in a royal bed, the weary traveler rose at a late hour for him on the following morning. The principal feature of that day's sight-seeing was a motor ride to Elsinore (Helsingoer) for the purpose of visiting the famous castle in which the scene of the tragedy of "Hamlet" is laid. As he walked along the ramparts, tracing the footsteps of the ghost of Hamlet's father, the American visitor repeated with much unction the words of the anguished tragedy prince: "Perchance 'twill walk again! I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace!"

Whether or not he had any modern spectre in mind, the ghost of any defunct political situation or coming trouble, when he spoke these words, we cannot say, but Mr. Roosevelt, at any rate found much to interest him in the famous old castle. He listened intently when told the local tradition, probably without foundation, that Shakespeare had visited Elsinore with a party of players and that the idea of Hamlet came to him there. Mr. Roosevelt was told, too, that Guildenstern, whom Shakespeare made a courtier at the Danish court, actually lived at Elsinore, and, having met Shakespeare there, visited him in England.

On the way to Elsinore a stop was made at the seventeenth century castle of Fredericksborg. In the party were Mr. Egan, the American Minister, and his wife and daughter, and Admiral de Richelieu, representing the King. After inspecting the castle, a perfect example of Dutch renaissance architecture, the party visited the Almshouse, which is established in an ancient Carmelite monastery, recently restored. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt rejoiced with gifts the hearts of the old women living in the cells where had dwelt in solitude the monks of old.

On leaving Elsinore the party boarded a steamer for a trip

through the Oresund, the sound that separates Denmark from Sweden. The officers of a Danish warship, at anchor and flying flags at all her yards, saluted Mr. Roosevelt, who stood on the steamer's bridge like an admiral reviewing his fleet. An elaborate luncheon was served on board, at which Admiral de Richelieu officially told the guest of honor how delighted Denmark was to see him. In replying, he remarked that the Danish-Americans were mighty good citizens.

Two plaques, especially designed for him, one picturing an elephant, the other a rhinoceros, were presented to Mr. Roosevelt; also two loving cups with silver tops. All were of royal porcelain and were designed by Michelsen, a famous Danish artist.

He accepted the plaques graciously, but while examining the figure of an elephant looked up suddenly and said with a smile: "This is not an African elephant."

"That is quite true," replied the manager. "These plates were made especially. We have no study of African elephants, and so used Asiatic."

The incident caused much amusement, which was added to by the remark, "I am glad to have all kinds of elephants."

The day ended in a visit of the Crown Prince and Princess to the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, where they bade good bye to their guests before they left the palace to attend a formal dinner given them at the City Hall, preparatory to their departure for Christiania. It was a brilliant affair, the Lord Mayor presiding, and all the members of the Cabinet, with 250 of the leading men of the city being present. The Mayor proposed the health of the guest of honor in admirable English, and the company cheered enthusiastically as he concluded, "Long live Roosevelt!"

Mr. Roosevelt, in responding, touched upon the similarity of the problems confronting all free countries. The dinner was given at six o'clock that he might have time to take the 9.30 train on his departure for Norway.

The honors which Colonel Roosevelt had received in other countries had been repeated and in some respects surpassed in Norway. On the journey from the coast to the capital the conductor of the train wore a broad leather belt, bearing the arms of Norway,

an article of official dignity reserved for use when royalty travels. There were frequent demonstrations on the way, the school-children being given a part holiday that they might see the distinguished American.

The train stopped at a few stations and steamed slowly past others. In every instance children crowded the station platform and, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, gave a variety of school yells. Mr. Roosevelt never failed to acknowledge the salutations. When his breakfast was interrupted by a chorus from the outside he waved his napkin in the best of good humor.

There was a large gathering at Moss, where a stop was made. Boys from the high school gave nine short cheers, which drew Mr. Roosevelt to an open window of the car.

"That sounds like an American college yell," he said. "I wish you and the grown-ups good luck."

The boys cheered again as the train drew out of the station.

"They probably did not understand a word of what he said," remarked a member of the Roosevelt party.

"Oh, yes," replied Minister Hagerup, "I doubt if any one failed to understand because English is thoroughly taught in our schools."

The train continued to Christiania without further incident of note, arriving here shortly after 1 o'clock.

Here the traveler was especially honored, the city, which had been in mourning the day before for the great poet and novelist Bjornson, being now a blaze of decoration in which the American red, white and blue was given precedence, while King Haakon and Queen Maud honored their guest by going in person to the station to greet him on his arrival.

The platform of the station was covered with a red carpet, and inside the building a temporary stand had been erected for the receiving party. This was occupied by the King and Queen, with a large suite, all of the members of the Cabinet, members of Parliament, city and State officials, professors of the university and other persons of distinction.

As the train drew in and Roosevelt stepped down the King crossed the platform and, without waiting for an introduction, shook

hands warmly with the former President. He then presented Roosevelt to the Queen and the visitor in turn presented Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and Kermit to their Majesties.

From the station the royal carriage drove through the principal streets, which were lined on both sides with continuous archways of poles loaded with festoons, and with men, women and children, all with tiny American flags in their buttonholes. All residences and stores were decorated. Thus acclaimed, Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to the palace, where he, as well as his family, was provided with apartments hitherto sacred to royal guests.

The King and Queen showed Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt the little Prince Olaf that afternoon, and Roosevelt, who had been telling anecedotes about Seth Bullock, said:

"I wish Seth Bullock were here to see your small Olaf. He would be delighted with him."

Later, while the ex-President was in his room arranging his papers and dictating letters, the King came in quite informally and asked: "Wouldn't you like to have a cup of tea."

"By George, I would," replied the guest. The King rang, and for more than an hour the two sat drinking tea and talking on a variety of subjects. The King asked many questions and presented many of his opinions on matters relating to the United States.

The day ended with a dinner at the palace at which many of the most eminent persons in Norway were present. Four State chairs were placed at the principal table, and while the remainder of the company stood at their places, the King appeared with Mrs. Roosevelt on his arm, Colonel Roosevelt following with the Queen.

During the dinner King Haakon, after some graceful remarks devoted to the friendly relations between the United States and Norway, drank the health of his guests, to which Roosevelt fittingly responded, saying:

"It is a particular pleasure for me to be in Norway, and I have been deeply impressed with my generous reception. Norwegians have made such good citizens of the United States that I once remarked to a group of traveling Norwegians that I rather grudged it that they had left anybody in Norway.

"As your Majesty has said, the Norwegians in America love the land of their birth and they love the country of their adoption. A man can love his wife all the better if he loves his mother a great deal."

Colonel Roosevelt touched on Norse literature, and spoke of his pleasure when, as President, he was able to cable his good wishes to a new Norwegian King bearing the old name of Haakon. "And," he continued, "it is a fine thing for the country that Haakon and Olaf should be the names borne by the ruler of to-day and the ruler of to-morrow."

He turned directly to the King and Queen, and said:

"I hope that their Majesties, who seem to do all things well, will see to it that the small Olaf knows the Heimskringla thoroughly. I drink with my whole heart to the health of your Majesties." It is well to state here that the work mentioned is the traditional history of old Norway, written seven centuries ago.

The chief event of the following day, May 5th, was the address which Mr. Roosevelt had engaged to deliver before the Nobel Prize Committee, in recognition of the award to him, some years before, of the valued peace prize. The lecture, in consonance with this fact, was on "International Peace," and presented the ripened views of the speaker on this important topic. It was delivered in the National Theatre, which was crowded with an audience of two thousand persons. Unfortunately, the frequent use of his voice in speech-making and conversation had affected the vocal chords of the lecturer, and for the first time in his career his voice gave way, failing as he went on until his words sank almost to a whisper and were lost by nearly all the audience.

As for the address itself, its text is given in a later chapter, and it must suffice to say here that its significant feature was the striking suggestion that the Great Powers should unite in a League of Peace, with force and authority to dominate any nation that sought to engage in unjustifiable war.

The following day was signalized by the University of Norway conferring upon ex-President Roosevelt the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The occasion was delightfully informal. Students filled the gallery of the university's theatre and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." The rector briefly but warmly welcomed Mr. Roosevelt and then gave place in the tribunal to the Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, who made a speech, half serious, half humorous, which pleased immensely the King and his guest.

The witty speaker suggestively compared Mr. Roosevelt to an engine always under a full head of steam and raising a cloud of political smoke and dust through which it was hard to discern the man himself. So some persons thought they got a glimpse of an angel with a halo, while others were certain they caught sight, through the cloud, of a modern devil. But when the dust and smoke settled all saw Roosevelt booming ahead on a straight track; one of the most vigorous and progressive teachers of mankind to-day

Again the Dean spoke of Roosevelt as a giant, sitting on high Olympus, with Jupiter, Apollo and the other deities. He might not like to be drawn back to earth, but it was necessary so to do that the highest academic honor Norway could confer might be given to him.

Then the speaker turned to Mr. Roosevelt's literary work, some of which he had read, plainly, if only for the occasion. He said the former President's fame as a writer would not be undying but that his "Winning of the West" justified the degree which the university was about to give him, for it was the result of original research. He agreed with others that Mr. Roosevelt was a man who had learned to use the capacities and powers which in most men lie dormant. He had converted his capacities into energies.

In reply Roosevelt said that it did not make much difference what capacities a man had. It was important, rather, what he did with them. The thing was to get the job done. The King laughed, when he concluded:

"If recognition comes for what you do, good; if recognition does not come"—here the speaker paused—"it isn't quite so good."

King Haakon and his guest spent a part of the morning talking before an open fire in the palace, while the rain fell and a cold wind blew outside.

During the afternoon a drive of observation was taken about the

capital, the King and Queen pointing out its features of interest to their guests. This was the concluding event of the visit, as the Roosevelt party were to take a special train for Stockholm that evening. As, at a later hour, the train drew out with its distinguished passengers, a cheering crowd at the station wished them a safe and happy journey.

At Stockholm, which was reached in the morning of the 8th, the American ex-President learned of King Edward's sudden death. Queen Maud of Norway, a daughter of King Edward, had talked to him with distress of the threatening state of her father's health, and his unexpected demise was disquieting. One effect it had was to disturb the plans for his visits to Berlin and London, intended festivities being negatived by the fact that the Emperor William of Germany was a near relative of the deceased King. The condition of his throat also obliged Roosevelt to keep in his rooms during nearly all his stay in Sweden, he being under the care of a throat specialist.

King Gustave of Sweden was absent in the South of France, but the Crown Prince and Princess did their utmost to make the visit of their guests an agreeable one.

In the afternoon the Prince and Princess accompanied their guests to the several museums of the city, and entertained them with a horse-jumping military drill, and in the evening a dinner was given by the citizens of Stockholm to their distinguished visitor. The news of the death of King Edward put an end to every other of the projected festivities, the proposed state dinner being abandoned and the court going into mourning.

Once only during the day did the invalided guest leave his rooms, he being strictly under the doctor's care and his throat in a serious condition. He took lunch with Charles H. Graves, the American Minister, meeting there Hedin and Nordenskjold, the explorers, and other noted persons. His intended speech at the National Museum had to be given up, but an immense throng, many thousands in number, had gathered in the adjoining spaces and cheered him most lustily. Aside from this the visit to Stockholm was passed largely in seclusion, the Prince and Princess doing their utmost to make it a pleasant one to the guest. In the morning of the following day the Roosevelt party set out for Berlin.

CHAPTER XL.

Emperor William of Germany Greets Ex-President Roosevelt

MUCH interest had been taken in the visit of ex-President Roosevelt to Berlin. The understanding was that the war-lord of Germany, regardless of courtly precedent, would meet his distinguished guest at the station, hail him as a brother spirit, and perhaps embrace and kiss him on both cheeks in German imperial fashion in receiving royalty.

If anything of the kind was in view it failed to materialize. The sudden death of King Edward of England had put the court of his nephew William in mourning, and etiquette stood in the way of any such public reception. The Emperor therefore remained at Potsdam, sending Herr Von Schoen, his Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to meet his coming guest. The Roosevelt party reached Berlin on the morning of May 10th. The official party was at the station to greet them, but, from a misunderstanding as to the time the train would arrive, Dr. Hill, the American Ambassador, failed to reach there soon enough, as also the royal carriages sent for the use of the party. The result was that they had to drive in ordinary vehicles to the embassy building which they had decided to make their headquarters during their stay in Berlin.

In the afternoon the Roosevelt party proceeded to Potsdam, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and the much debated meeting of the "strenuous ones" took place—the American Jupiter and the German Mars. The scene was the New Palace at Potsdam, the historic mansion of Frederick the Great; the spot the marble steps of this palatial edifice. There stood the Kaiser, clad in the picturesque white uniform of the Garde du Corps, and wearing a helmet crowned with a shimmering white eagle. He looked the war-lord of photographic reproduction as the democratically-attired American ascended the palace steps with his vigorous stride.

Nothing exploded. A meeting, a vigorous hand-shake, lasting nearly a full minute, beaming smiles on both faces, the warmest show of cordiality, and the encounter of the two chief exponents of the strenuous life passed into history. For years they had admired and craved to meet each other and the moment of fruition had finally come. It was evidently one of delight.

The meeting was followed by an entrance into the hall and the ceremonies of presentation of the visitors to the Kaiserin, the Crown Prince and Princess and other members of the imperial household. This over the Kaiser led his guests into the jasper gallery of the palace, where a luncheon was served at small tables. Mrs. Roosevelt walked in escorted by the Kaiser and the ex-President escorted the Empress. The luncheon was strictly informal and there were no speeches.

When it was over the Kaiser took possession of Mr. Roosevelt, and, piloting him into a corner, engaged him immediately in the most animated conversation. History probably will be deprived of knowledge of what was talked about, but whatever it was both the Emperor and Mr. Roosevelt resorted frequently to gestures with arms, fists and heads to drive home their meaning and emphasize their points.

The similarity in disposition of the two men was strikingly evident to those who saw that animated interview. Any one could see that they were boon companions in heart and soul and that only their ocean-wide separation had prevented them from becoming intimate a ssociates.

The conversation ending, the party present proceeded in automobiles to the Sans Souci Palace for a look at the royal residence, hallowed with memories of Frederick the Great. Here Mr. Roosevelt recalled the claims of the Kaiser's great warrior ancestor to American interest, and spoke of how Frederick forbade England's hired Hessian troops to cross Prussian soil and his profound admiration for Washington. The visit lasted from 1 to 5 o'clock, after which the Roosevelts motored back to the American Embassy in Berlin in one of the imperial automobiles.

Whether it was due to his elocutionary contest with the Kaiser

or to the raw, rainy weather which prevailed in Berlin throughout the day, Mr. Roosevelt reached the Embassy considerably hoarser than when he had arrived in Berlin early in the forenoon. His throat was so sore that he found it difficult to speak with any trace of freedom to Commander Peary, who was awaiting him, the explorer having delayed his departure for Rome two days for the purpose of greeting the ex-President.

On his return to the Embassy Mr. Roosevelt submitted to an examination at the hands of Professor Fraenkel, one of Germany's most celebrated throat specialists. Doctor Fraenkel found him suffering from an acute attack of laryngitis, an after-effect of bronchitis, of such a type as frequently attacks persons who have dwelt some time in the tropics. The doctor declined to say whether it would be prudent for him to watch on horseback the spectacular sham battle which the Kaiser had arranged for his amusement at Doeberitz on the following day. He also expressed skepticism regarding Mr. Roosevelt's ability to deliver his university lecture Thursday. If he should speak at all it would probably have to be in the softest accents, and everything savoring of exposure or strain had to be avoided.

As a result of the doctor's advice Roosevelt did not attend the dinner given by Ambassador and Mrs. Hill at the American Embassy in the evening, but remained in his rooms, in order to rest and spare exertion to his throat.

Fortunately, the weather cleared in the night and the day fixed for the military event dawned beautifully bright. Dr. Fraenkel inspected his patient's throat in the early morning and found it greatly improved. He told him that, on that summer-like day, there would be no danger in his taking an outing.

Delighted with this permission, the former soldier donned an American campaigning outfit for the occasion, khaki jacket and riding breeches, with tan leggings and boots and his familiar black slouch hat, "our national headgear," as he describes it. One of the Emperor's automobiles called for him at the Embassy at 7 o'clock.

He was accompanied to the battleground at Doeberitz, midway between Berlin and Potsdam, by his German aide de camp, Lieuten-

ant-Colonel von Koerner, ex-Ambassador Henry White, the American Military Attache in Berlin, Captain Shartle, and Kermit. The party reached the field a little before 8 and mounted chargers specially selected from the Kaiser's stables.

The Emperor was already on hand, mounted and in the uniform of a General of Infantry. With him, also on horseback, were the Empress, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, Princess Eitel Friederich, Princess Victoria Louise and the Kaiser's son, Prince Adalbert. As soon as the Emperor's party had exchanged greetings with Colonel Roosevelt, the Kaiser and the ex-President rode off to Mill Hill, from which they were to watch the day's operations, which were in full swing by 9 o'clock, the engagement becoming general two hours later.

For five hours the flower of the Kaiser's army, 12,000 cavalry, artillery and infantry, of the guard, waged mimic war for the edification of the American soldier. The battle raged with realistic fury from 9 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, and while the countryside reverberated with the roar of artillery and the crackle of rifle fire, the man of San Juan and the German war lord surveyed the thrilling panorama on horseback from an eminence which commanded the entire position.

It was a spectacle which kept the Rough Rider's blood tingling from start to finish. No single item in his long program of African and European honors had made a stronger appeal to his imagination.

The theoretical objective of the sham battle was the repulse of the hostile force advancing on Potsdam from the east. The operations covered an area of nine square miles of territory, ideally suited for the most varied sort of tactics.

At noonday the heavens were rumbling with the roar of long range artillery and the barks of the machine guns and musketry. Colonel Roosevelt was enthralled. His field glasses raked the horizon restlessly, and as the invading cavalry, with 3,000 lances glinting brilliantly in the midday sun, drove home the final attack through the jaws of the defenders' artillery, the commander of the Rough Riders shouted his joy in staccato outbursts to his proud and smiling Imperial host.

At 2 o'clock the "Cease fire" was sounded and then the troops of both armies joined in the march past the Emperor and Colonel Roosevelt, the latter doffing his black sombrero in salute as each set of regimental colors filed by.

When the march was over the Kaiser, surrounded by a glittering galaxy of several hundred staff officers, turned to Colonel Roosevelt, removed his own helmet, and said "Mein Freund Roosevelt." So much in German, then in English, "I am happy to welcome you in the presence of my guards. We are glad you have seen a part of our army. You are the only private citizen who ever reviewed German troops."

The Kaiser then addressed his officers, saying: "We have been honored to-day with the presence of the distinguished Colonel of the famous American Rough Riders."

This bouquet of pleasantries brought the day's stirring events to a finish. The Kaiser and Colonel Roosevelt said: "Auf Wiedersehen to-morrow," and motored back respectively to Potsdam and Berlin. In accordance with his policy of refraining from comment on the entertainment provided him, Colonel Roosevelt would only opine on returning to the embassy that it had been "a most interesting day."

Asked how he had liked the specimen of German military charger which he had ridden, the Colonel said: "Oh, bully, by George! And what a corking five hours in the saddle, too."

The day ended with a dinner given by Ambassador Hill, the guests including, in addition to the ladies and gentlemen of the embassy, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, Foreign Secretary and Baroness von Schoen, Seth Low and wife, Henry White and wife, American Consul General Thackara, of Berlin, and the rector of Berlin University.

May 12th was the day fixed for the lecture before the University of Berlin, though doubt of the ability of the orator to deliver it, in the condition of his throat, was freely expressed. Fortunately the trouble was passing away and he rose with much improved vocal powers. The news that he expected to keep his engagement was heard with elation, there being a strong desire to hear the celebrated

American orator. As it proved, his voice, husky at first, grew in clearness as he went on, and he was able to deliver his lengthy address without difficulty, in addition to the remarks interjected from time to time by way of emphasis and explanation. "To-day I am in Berlin University," he began. "Yesterday I was in the open air university of the German army and sat at the foot of the great master of that University" (Frederick the Great).

The topic of the lecture was "The World Movement." Its delivery was preceded by the University conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Emperor William honored the occasion with his presence, a significant courtesy, in view of the fact that it was the first time his Majesty had graced a conferment and that the German court was in mourning for the monarch's uncle, King Edward.

The ceremony of conferring the degree was staged and conducted with impressive simplicity. There were no flags or emblems of royalty, and the walls of the Aula were bare, save for the rows of busts of Germany's famous scholars and scientists. By a curious coincidence, the Aula, in which the address was given, was the hall in which the Kaiser, on October 19, 1906, rose dramatically, after an address by Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, and called for three cheers for Theodore Roosevelt.

The only touch of color was furnished by the Senators of the University, with their robes of scarlet and blue, and the five heads of the student corps, who wore blue jackets, white breeches, jack boots and parti-colored sashes.

Four hundred guests of the University who held cards of admission were seated when Emperor William, accompanying Mr. Roosevelt, entered from a side door of the hall.

Colonel Roosevelt occupied the seat at the reading desk and at his side stood the heads of the student corps with drawn swords. This striking guard of honor remained standing and almost immovable, for the three hours of the lecture and ceremony.

The rector, Erich Schmidt, opened the program by giving an outline of the life of Colonel Roosevelt from the time that he was a delicate child until he became an African Nimrod. When he had

finished this sketch, he introduced the former President, who was received enthusiastically.

Mr. Roosevelt said that the German Emperor had often been held up before him as a statesman who was doing things which he, the speaker, should do. "I remember," he added, "that my friend Doctor Pritchett, then president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston, told me of the Emperor's interest in, and knowledge of, technical education.

"While in Africa I used to think that there was something wrong with the mail if it did not bring a letter from Benjamin Ide Wheeler, telling me of his admiration for some feature of German life and of the Emperor's extraordinary qualities and kindness."

He referred to the fact that his own family was of Low Dutch extraction and of the indebtedness, beginning with Colonial days, of the United States to Germany in blood, ideas and achievements. Then he entered upon his prepared lecture, "The World Movement," sketching the ancient and mediæval civilizations, pointing to the causes of their rise and fall, and drawing lessons to show how the civilization of to-day might endure.

He dwelt upon the necessity of keeping keen the "fighting edge" and asserted that development must be broadly along all lines. Arms must not be forgotten, for science and commercialism must not supplant entirely the "virile fighting virtues."

The full text of this lecture is given in a succeeding chapter and it will suffice here to say farther that the Emperor warmly congratlated the speaker upon his address and his courage in accomplishing his lengthy task under distressing physical conditions. He talked with him with animation for six or eight minutes before leaving the hall.

On the following morning Colonel Roosevelt, in company with the burgomaster, Herr Kirchner, motored to Buch, a surburb, where 1,200 worn-out workers, men and women, are maintained in relative comfort at the expense of the city of Berlin. They are made up of the aged, the infirm and those temporarily incapacitated for work. They are not only supported reasonably, but in cases of illness receive thorough medical treatment.

Returning to the city, Roosevelt was the guest at luncheon of the American Ambassador, Dr. David Jayne Hill, at the Embassy. After the luncheon he spoke briefly, but significantly, to a number of delegates representing the German group of the Interparliamentary Union. His remarks were:

"The general agitation for peace with its Utopia of idealistic arms, is calculated to excite only the derision of serious-minded men. The practical endeavors of practical men like yourselves, however, are rich with promise for the future."

He was subsequently waited upon by members of the German Shakespeare Society, who conferred upon him honorary membership in that organization, the document given him stating that this Society constituted "a close tie between Germany and the English-speaking world."

In the afternoon the ex-President hobnobbed with a large number of the officers of the Kaiser's army and navy, at a reception tendered by the American military naval attaché at the home of the latter, Commander Belknap. He had a "jolly" anecdote up his sleeve for each and every guest, and the hour passed pleasantly for everybody present.

In the evening the Roosevelts dined privately with old time Washington friends, M. and Mme. Jules Cambon. Then they returned to the Embassy to receive the members of the American colony and the consular force in Germany.

The following day, the last full day in Berlin, was largely devoted to wild animals. It began with huntsmen's luncheon at the home of Joseph Clark Grew, second secretary of the American Embassy, where the statesman rhinoceros slayer met a number of famous German big game hunters and animal experts, notably Professor Schilling, author of "With Rifle and Flashlight." Another guest of interest was Count von Goetzen, former Governor of German East Africa. Count von Goetzen was German Military Attaché with the American Army in Cuba, and wrote a flattering account of Roosevelt's Rough Riders for the Kaiser's General Staff.

After the luncheon Professor Schilling gave a lantern slide exhibit of East African hunting scenes, ending with a humorous

slide which purpoted to be a plea to Colonel Roosevelt from the wild animals of Africa, beseeching his all-powerful support in the prevention of game slaughter. The petition read as follows:

"Salaam, Bwana Myudwa, Salaam, thou great Boss of our animal world. Thou hast such great influence over us and human mortals, too. Kindly do thy best to protect us against extermination."

The petition is signed in Suaheli, in the equivalents for tiger, hyena lion, giraffe, elephant and rhinoceros.

The party afterwards made its way to the Berlin Zoological Gardens. Starting in with zebras, the Colonel inspected everything in the "zoo" from the elephants to the monkeys. The tigers, giraffes and grizzly bears interested him most. "Those are my friends," he said, as he tarried before a cage containing a particularly fine family of grizzlies.

It was at the cage of the wonderful trained chimpanzee, "Missy," that the Colonel spent the longest time. "Missy" eats soup, drinks coffee, puffs cigarettes, jumps the rope and dances like a human being, and she made an instananeous hit with Colonel Roosevelt.

"Wonderful! Isn't that corking?" he exclaimed as "Missy" was put through her various paces. "The wisest animal I have ever seen," was his parting comment.

When he returned to the embassy he found awaiting him as a gift from the Kaiser a magnificent and massive porcelain vase, three feet high, from the private pottery works at Cadinen. The vase bears on one side a splendid hand-painted portrait of the Kaiser, and on the other views of the royal castle at Berlin where it had been intended that the visitor should be entertained, a purpose prevented by the death of the British King.

Whatever the cause, whether or not it was due to the death of King Edward, the visit to Berlin excited very little interest in the American ex-President, the indifference to his presence on the part of the people being in marked contrast to the great enthusiasm elsewhere shown. There was also a significant lack of comment on his address in the next day's German press.

If, however, Mr. Roosevelt failed to make a palpable hit with

the Berliners as a whole, he was the most pronounced kind of a success with the Kaiser and other German dignitaries with whom he came into contact. There is not the slightest doubt that Roosevelt and the Emperor formed a firm and fast friendship during the brief interval of their intercourse. The Kaiser appeared to be charmed with his visitor's personality, while his Majesty inspired the ex-President with reciprocal sentiments. In fact, as a distinguished official personage much in the company of the monarch and Mr. Roosevelt put it, "it is a case of mutual hypnotization."

Mr. Roosevelt's unconventionality and dynamic energy are the qualities which most strongly appealed to the Kaiser. The ex-President did a thing at the University which would have provoked a national scandal had one of his Majesty's own subjects perpetrated it. He kept the entire imperial family cooling their heels in the lobby waiting for the Roosevelt party, which turned up 15 minutes late. One of the Kaiser's most pronounced antipathies is having to wait for any man. German reputations and careers have been ruined for the commission of such offenses.

All eminent Germans who have met Colonel Roosevelt have been immediately struck with the justness of the familiar comparison of the Kaiser and the former President. Mrs. Roosevelt was most strongly impressed in this respect. She had always doubted the accuracy of the stories of the resemblance, but she told her friends, after seeing her husband and the Kaiser talk, argue and gesticulate together, that she no longer had any doubt that the two shared their dominant traits in common.

The visit of the American ex-President to Germany ended on Sunday, the 15th, when at 11.40 A. M. he took a train en route for England. Around the entrance of the Freiderichstrasse station was gathered a crowd of about 500 persons when the automobiles containing the party, including Ambassador and Mrs. Hill, dashed up. They were lustily cheered as they passed through the station to the Princes' waiting room, which had been reserved for their use.

Baron Von Schoen, the Foreign Secretary of Germany, Mr. Cambon, the French Ambassador, and a score of American friends were present to bid the travelers good bye, while the Kaiser had sent an

informal farewell, as he expeeted to meet his guest again at King Edward's funeral. With expressions of delight with his visit Mr. Roosevelt entered his special car, and was swept away amid a chorus of cheers and a sea of waving hats and handkerchiefs.

The route lay by way of Flushing, Holland, thence by steamer to Queensboro, England, at which point a train would be taken to London, due there about 8 A. M. on Monday. Thus ended Roosevelt's whirlwind tour of Europe, during which every important country except Russia had been visited.

CHAPTER XLI.

England in Mourning Receives Its Guest of Honor

THE death of King Edward changed the whole character of Colonel Roosevelt's visit to England. Instead of the gayety and enthusiasm he had met with elsewhere, he found himself in a land plunged in grief, the sombre hues of mourning replacing the proposed bright ones of welcome. At the station only a small party, composed chiefly of the diplomatic representatives of the United States, awaited his arrival, and these all in deep mourning. He himself was in black, with mourning bands around his hat and his left arm.

His day in London began with a visit to Buckingham Palace, where the body of the dead monarch then lay in state. This was followed by an hour's interview with King George, and a meeting with Queen Mary and others of the royal lineage. From the palace he went to Dorchester House, where he was to stay as the guest of Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to Great Britain. As his throat still troubled him, Dr. St. Clair Thompson, a leading laryngologist, was called in. His principal advice to his patient was to give his voice all the rest possible during the next few days.

The doctor's orders were followed as closely as the Roosevelt temperament would permit, much of the time during the following days being devoted to literary labor on his work descriptive of his African trip.

Yet he could not well escape the royalty which the King's death had called to London, he having an interview on the 18th with the King of Spain, the Crown Prince of Greece and Prince Henry of Prussia, and on the 19th renewing his acquaintance with the Emperor William. That this meeting was a hearty one need scarcely be said.

The obsequies of England's dead King, however, threw a shadow during this week over all greetings and festivities and imparted a sombre tone to all that took place. We have no need here to de-

scribe the striking funeral ceremony, a spectacle of grief at which all London turned out and to which all Europe sent its royal representatives. There were two ceremonial processions, one attending the removal of the King's body from Buckingham Palace to Westminister Hall, the other the funeral procession, in which no fewer than nine sovereigns took part. In addition were the heirs to several thrones, members of the royal families, and a host of personages of lesser dignity.

The order of precedence in the procession was governed by kinship as related to the position of the sovereigns. The special envoys of the United States and France occupied the eighth carriage, and although ex-President Roosevelt was inconspicuous in the procession, King George gave him marked attention at the lunch at Windsor Castle after the funeral, seating him, with eight other guests, at his own table. The German Emperor sat with the Queen Mother and Queen Mary.

Sunday was spent at West Park, the country seat of Ambassador Reid, and during the following week the Roosevelts were the guests of Colonel Arthur H. Lee, formerly attaché of the British Embassy at Washington. While there an interesting incident took place.

The marriage of Mr. Roosevelt to Miss Carew had taken place in London twenty-three years before, at St. George's Chapel, Hanover Square, and the two made a visit of sentiment to this place on the 24th, accompanied by their children Kermit and Ethel.

Mr. Roosevelt did not wish to be recognized for fear a curious crowd would assemble to watch his movements. When he walked into the empty church shortly after 4 o'clock he had taken off his glasses and the verger did not recognize him. The party wandered about the church for half an hour and then visited the vestry. Roosevelt asked to see the registers in order to point out the entry of his marriage to his children. Unfortunately, the clerk was absent and the marriage register under lock and key, so he was invited to come back again.

"There are three very interesting entries in the register," said the verger. "The late King and Queen Alexandra and the present King and Queen signed as witnesses at one marriage. Then we have

the signatures of three Prime Ministers—Gladstone, Rosebery and Balfour—at the marriage of a fourth Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and the signature of Colonel Roosevelt, the former President of the United States, who was married here twenty-three years ago."

His hearers showed mild interest in this announcement.

"Many Americans come here solely to see the last entry," continued the verger. "We keep a sheet of paper inserted at the page, with a clipping from a newspaper of that day, which describes how Mr. Roosevelt came here from the hotel wearing a bowler hat, how he entered by the back door and was married in the simplest manner possible."

Colonel Roosevelt and his family thanked the verger for this very interesting information, and left the church without disclosing their identity.

"I never realized it was Colonel Roosevelt," said the verger afterward.

The 26th was marked by one of the most interesting incidents of the English sojourn, the venerable University of Cambridge conferring upon the distinguished American the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The ceremony was brief and shorn of much of the usual splendor, as a mark of respect to the recently interred monarch, but more than a thousand persons were packed into the old Senate building, the students crowding the gallery and gleefully shouting "Teddy, Teddy!" as the newly made doctor accepted his diploma.

During the ceremony the students swung a Teddy Bear above the centre of the wall, where it dangled to the entertainment of everybody. Colonel Roosevelt joined in the pleasantry and as he was leaving the building reached up and patted the toy beast with his hand.

Dr. Mason, the vice chancellor, made a brief address, in which he spoke of the former President as "a most welcome guest and a man of singular vigor and versatility, who for seven years presided over the great republic which is united with Great Britain by many ties," and dwelt upon the part that Colonel Roosevelt has played in the government of the United States and upon his efforts for the promotion of the peace of the world.

He spoke of his "almost royal progress through Europe," and his literary distinction, and concluded by introducing Colonel Roosevelt as "the faithful friend of the British empire and of all good men throughout the world, who will continue in the future to do good service for his country."

The guest subsequently met the undergraduates on their own ground, that is, in the hall of the Cambridge Union, a combination of club and debate society, which has given not a few celebrities to English public life, among them Macaulay, Lytton, Harcourt and Alverstone. The vice-president of the Union proposed the distinguished visitor as an honorary member, mentioning that one of the three honorary members already enrolled was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the secretary seconded the motion, which when put by the president was carried by acclamation.

On the 30th the ex-President was entertained at luncheon by the Royal Geographical Society, Major Leonard Darwin presiding, and the guests including Lord Kitchener, Commander Peary, Lord Curzon, the African travelers Sir Harry Johnston and Frederick Selous, and others of note. On this day also he met Senator Elihu Root, at the American Embassy, and had a long private talk with him, and in the afternoon attended a reception given by Sir George and Lady Reid. That evening the Roosevelts took tea with the famous novelist Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The following day was the crucial one of Colonel Roosevelt's visit to London, one in which he treated all England to a sensation the echoes of which only slowly died away. The feature of the day was the ceremony of presenting him with the freedom of the City of London, in the old Guild Hall, and in his speech accepting the honor, he took advantage of the new freedom given him to return to the subject with which he had stirred up the British lion in his Cairo speech.

He told his hearers that England had given Egypt the best government it had enjoyed for two thousand years, but gave them a stirring prod when he said that recent events, following the assassination of Premier Boutros Pasha, had shown that in certain vital points the British Government had erred and that England must repair this error if she wished to do her full duty.

He called attention to the fact that England's primary object in taking hold in Egypt was the establishment of order and said:

"Either you have or you have not the right to remain in Egypt and establish and keep order. If you have not the right and have not the desire to keep order, then by all means get out. But if, as I hope, you feel that your duty to civilized mankind and your fealty to your own great traditions alike bid you to stay, then make the fact and the name agree and show that you are ready to meet in very deed the responsibility which is yours.

"When a people treats assassination as the cornerstone of self-government it forfeits all rights to be treated as worthy of self-government. Some nation must govern Egypt, and I hope and believe that the English nation will decide that the duty is theirs."

"You have tried to do too much in the interests of the Egyptians themselves. Those who have to do with uncivilized peoples, especially fanatical peoples, must remember that in such a situation as that which faces you in Egypt, weakness, timidity and sentimentality may cause infinitely more harm than violence and injustice. Sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean."

His speech proved a bomb-shell that stirred England to its depths. The newspapers were full of it, some blaming it hotly as an impertinence, some praising it mildly as a bit of useful truth from an unprejudiced outsider, and days passed before the mingled echoes of praise and blame passed away.

Yet Roosevelt went his way undisturbed. He had given utterance to an opinion that had long been in his mind and he left it to work what good it might, heeding little the thunders of editorial comment. Certainly his intermeddling did not cause him to lose caste with many of the most prominent Englishmen, if we may judge from a remark made by Sir George Reid, High Commissioner of Australia, in a speech delivered by him:

"I regard this distinguished man Roosevelt as one of the best and most powerful friends humanity and civilization have in this world to-day. Without entering into the subject of American politics I may mention that the other day I said to Roosevelt: 'Why, your career is only beginning.'"

The final important event of Roosevelt's visit to England was his admirable speech at Oxford University, which rivalled Cambridge on June 7th by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. This address we have given elsewhere and we need only refer to it here. It was the periodical Romanes lecture, of which the first was given by Mr. Gladstone and the second by Professor Huxley. A larger audience gathered to hear Mr. Roosevelt than had listened to any of his predecessors and his address was of a character admirably fitted to the occasion.

Roosevelt had but three more days to spend in England, and on the 9th became the guest of Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary. In characteristic fashion he deprived Londoners of the opportunity of giving him a send-off. Before the people were aware of his intention he had quietly left the city, not half a dozen persons knowing the time or the manner of his departure. He complained that he had not had time to see a hundredth part of the country. He particularly wanted to walk through a typical English countryside.

Accordingly Sir Edward gave him a friendly challenge to tramp through New Forest, a picturesque and romantic spot near Southampton, full of geological and antiquarian interest. Sir Edward is a keen angler and deeply interested in ornithology, and the two started on a long tramp through the woods in which the whole day was spent. At nightfall they reached a hotel near Southampton rain-soaked and mud-splattered, Roosevelt remarking to a friend:

"My day in New Forest with Sir Edward Grey was the crowning experience of the whole three months."

On the next day, June 10th, after bidding farewell to Sir Edward and other friends present, and meeting his wife and children who had come on from London, he embarked with them on a tender which took them to the liner *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, on which passage for the party had been secured. Europe lay behind them, the Atlantic throbbed under their feet, and soon the returning party saw the land vanish in the distance and turned their eyes forward towards the distant shores of the New World and their far-off home.

KAISER AND ROUGH-RIDER: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANEUVERS

Mr. Roosevelt has at least one advantage of the Kaiser. He has seen actual war service, and there can be little doubt that the Emperor, who remembers everything, asked the ex-President many illuminating questions about the Battle of San Juan, when Mr. Roosevelt and his "boys" cut their way into the Cuban town and practically decided the Spanish-American war. The Kaiser mentioned that Mr. Roosevelt was the first civilian who had reviewed German troops. Mr. Roosevelt delivered a lecture at Berlin University on "The World Movement."

THE EX-PRESIDENT WHO CAME AS GUEST, TO REMAIN AS MOURNER: THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOLLOWING THE BODY OF KING EDWARD TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

In the procession through London little could be seen of Mr. Roosevelt, who was riding in one of the closed carriages; but at Windsor, where those taking part in the procession from the station were on foot, he was a conspicuous figure, the black of his evening dress standing out in striking contrast to the resplendent uniforms worn by the other mourners. He and M. Pinchon, the French Minister, walked together as the representatives of two great republics. It was noticed that Mr. Roosevelt did not join in the short, formal step of the other mourners, though he walked with great dignity. In St. George's Chapel the same contrast between his attire and that of most of the company made him there also a prominent figure.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT ELECTRIFYING THE BRITISH EMPIRE WITH HIS REMARKABLE SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL, LONDON

Speaking at the Guildhall, after receiving the honorary freedom of the City of London, Mr. Roosevelt expressed himself with remarkable frankness on certain aspects of British rule. Notably, he dealt with England's position in Egypt, saying, among other things: "The present condition of affairs in Egypt is a grave menace to both your empire and to civilization. . . . Of all broken reeds, sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean. . . . Now, either you have the right to be in Egypt or you have not; either it is or it is not your duty to establish and keep order. If you feel that you have not the right to be in Egypt, if you do not wish to establish and keep order there, why, then, by all means get out of Egypt."

Copyright 1910, by Paul Thompson.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT ON THE REVENUE CUTTER "MANHATTAN" IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

The ex-President's first act on leaving the ocean liner "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" and gaining the deck of the "Manhattan" was to hug his two sons, Archie and Quentin. Next he seized his son Theodore's hand and kissed the latter's fiancee, Miss Alexander. Then, surrounded by the other members of his family and intimate friends, he stood on the deck and waved greetings to the crowds who welcomed him on surrounding vessels, amid the booming of cannon from warships and the music of marine bands.

CHAPTER XLII.

Return to America and Enthusiastic Welcome

SAFELY on board the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria," the largest and finest of the Hamburg-American liners, the returning African Nimrod and European lion had the first opportunity for rest granted him for months. The season of strenuous activity was, for the time, at an end, and during the voyage he spent most of his time walking alone on the lower deck or dictating to his stenographer—the passengers courteously respecting his desire for privacy. His chief appearance in public was on Tuesday, the 14th, when he held a reception for his fellow-passengers, and made a tour of the ship, shaking hands right and left with the second-class and steerage passengers, who greeted him with warm enthusiasm.

On Wednesday his inspection of the vessel was continued, the captain taking him down to that subterranean region sacred to the stokers. Roosevelt seemed in his element among these grimy cyclops. He grasped the hands of the grimiest among them, and chatted with them as familiarly as though he was one of themselves. The climax came when he seized a shovel which one of them had laid down, and deftly "sifted" several shovelfuls of coal over the glowing beds within, his skill and earnestness bringing a chorus of cheers from the brawny stokers.

By noon of the 15th the ship had come into "wireless" touch with the American shores, and from that time on messages poured upon the returning traveler in a flood, the three operators on board being kept busy in taking them. It would have exhausted a small fortune to answer them all, and he plaintively begged for a respite, sending an earnest request to his correspondents to notify him only of matters of

importance—a request which probably had little effect, since every one very likely deemed his special message important.

Meanwhile, on shore, the fellow-citizens and admirers of the returning traveler were preparing to give him one of the most rousing receptions any American citizen had ever received. Though absent from home in person, ex-President Roosevelt had remained very much at home in the hearts of the American people. His remarkable reception abroad had enormously increased his popularity in his own land. The esteem and admiration shown for him by the monarchs and people of Europe lifted him to a high level in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He was to them "Teddy of Ours," a scion of our own land, coming back to us stamped with the world's approval as one of its best and greatest, and the desire to give him an adequate reception expanded in consequence. No doubt their hearts beat high to the tune of "When Teddy Comes Marching Home."

Two processions were arranged for—one a water parade as he came up New York Bay, the other a land parade after he had set foot on shore. To take part in the latter, delegations were making their way from all parts of the country to New York, ranging from the Billiken Club, one hundred strong, of far-off Los Angeles, to scores of others from nearer places. Chief among them were the Rough Riders, gathered in from the Wild West to greet their colonel and welcome him home again. In fact, the applications for places in the parade had been so overwhelming that the committee in despair was forced to cut down the line, lest it should wind on from yesterday to to-morrow. As a result the paraders were restricted to the Rough Riders and other veterans of the Cuban war, positions along the line of the procession being assigned to the visiting organizations, where they might cheer the coming ex-President to their hearts' content. There were more than 30,000 persons thus to be placed. The reception stand at Battery Park had seats for about 500 guests, including members of Congress and of the diplomatic corps at Washington, state governors and many other dignitaries. Nearby was another stand with 2,500 seats.

There were good reasons why President Taft could not personally take part in this ceremony, but he did his share by publishing a most

flattering letter of greeting, closing with these words of heartfelt appreciation:

"The people of this country will give him a welcome from their hearts, first because of their affection for him and the fact that he has returned to them safe and sound from a perilous expedition; second, because since he left them they have seen the people and the great men and the monarchs of other countries tender their profound respect to the same qualities in the man that his own people had previously noted and loved; and, third, because by his personal touch, the sincerity and strength of his deliverances, he has increased the prestige of Americans throughout the world."

The President was right; these were the things that endeared Roosevelt to the people; these the things that brought out the citizens of the metropolis in great multitudes on the morning of the 18th, to greet their admired fellow-citizen.

At 7 o'clock that morning the great steamer surged into New York harbor, while the national salute of twenty-one guns roared out from the battleship "South Carolina" and the bands on the other warships vigorously played the "Star Spangled Banner." This welcome was intensified by the host of craft in the harbor, which, as the great ocean steamer came into quarantine, filled the air with an ear-splitting racket from multitudinous whistles.

On the flying bridge of the liner, high above the decks, stood the coming travelers, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and their two children, interested and amused in the pandemonium around him. The brief health formalities over, the cutter "Manhattan" came up, bringing the remainder of the Roosevelt family. Mrs. Roosevelt was the first on board, but as she embraced and kissed her children, Roosevelt made a flying leap to the deck of the cutter, and with schoolboy vivacity slapped his son Theodore on the back, kissed the man's fiancee, Miss Alexander, who stood beside him, then took up Quentin and Archie in his arms and gave them resounding smacks. It was a family reunion of the hearty old type. Greetings over—and they were extended to all the friends on board and to many of the crew—he sat down to a hasty breakfast in company with a few intimate friends. The next

item on the program was to board the cutter "Androscoggin," in which he was to take part in the water parade. While he did so the big guns again roared out, and as the last gun sounded, lines of burgees and signal flags broke out on the warships from masthead to deck-line.

"This beats Africa and Europe!" he heartily exclaimed, as he looked about him at the animated scene. Other jocular remarks broke from him as he hailed familiar faces, and the sight of the well remembered surroundings seemed to make him a boy again.

As the time for Colonel Roosevelt's arrival at the Battery drew near enormous crowds swarmed toward Battery Park, overflowing the sidewalks and almost tying up traffic in the lower part of the city. The whole city had taken on a holiday appearance. Flags floated everywhere, pictures of Roosevelt were hung in thousands of windows and along the line of march buildings were draped with bunting.

As the gray-hulled "South Carolina" came abreast of the Robins Reef Light, a churned rift of white foam at her bow, the patrol fleet of revenue cutters swung into position to starboard and port of the line, and slowly the maritime pageant went on, with the "Androscoggin" immediately behind the skirmish line of war vessels. As they moved forward, on the roof of the pilot house of the cutter stood Roosevelt, silk hat in hand, waving acknowledgments to the cheering throng on ships and wharves, and calling out redoubled cheers by the act.

Behind the "Androscoggin" the merchant vessels took their positions in double column, maintaining a distance of 300 feet. Divided into twelve divisions commanded by as many vice-commanders, the parading fleet, nearly two hundred strong, steamed up the bay and into the Hudson, keeping well in toward the New York shore. When opposite the stakeboat anchored off Fifty-ninth street, the procession turned in toward the Jersey shore and steamed down the river to the Battery.

As the defile reached the lower end of Manhattan every craft afloat and every factory ashore put its enthusiasm into steam and let loose a pandemonium such as is heard but once a year, at midnight of December 31st.

Theodore Roosevelt set foot on American soil for the first time in nearly fifteen months at 10.55 o'clock that morning. More than 10,000 people were massed in Battery Park, and a shout that rivaled the earlier blasts of whistles greeted the home-comer as he stepped upon Pier A and was escorted to the grandstand, where he was welcomed to the city, state and nation by Mayor Gaynor in a short speech. This ceremony was in many ways, particularly the former President's answering speech, the most notable feature of the day.

Replying to Mayor Gaynor, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"I thank you, Mayor Gaynor. Through you I thank your committee and through them I wish to thank the American people for their greeting.

"I need hardly say that I am most deeply moved by the reception given me. No man could receive such a greeting without being made to feel both very proud and very humble.

"I have been away a year and a quarter from America and I have seen strange and interesting things alike in the heart of the frowning wilderness and in the capitals of the mightiest and most highly polished of civilized nations.

"I have thoroughly enjoyed myself, and now I am more glad than I can say to get home, to be back in my own country, back among people I love. And I am ready and eager to do my part so far as I am able in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to a high level of our hopes and its opportunities.

"This is the duty of every citizen, but it is peculiarly my duty; for any man who has ever been honored by being made President of the United States is thereby forever after the debtor of the American people and is bound throughout his life to remember this as his prime obligation, and in private life as much as in public life so to carry himself that the American people may never have cause to feel regret that once they placed him at their head."

This brief ceremony over, the land parade began. The march of the Rough Riders down Broadway on their way to greet their old commander at the Battery had been the signal for an enthusiastic wel-

come all along the line. The famous troopers wore yellow khaki, with buckskin leggins and broad brimmed gray slouched hats. Their horses looked like mustangs, accoutred with heavy military saddles and blankets as though ready for campaign.

They moved in battalion formation, the ranks extending for two blocks along Broadway, with flags flying and the Rough Rider band playing patriotic airs. All along the line of march they were given an enthusiastic greeting.

As the parade started up Broadway a squadron of mounted police led the line, followed by the Squadron A mounted band. Then came the Rough Riders, proud of the opportunity to escort their former colonel. They had came together from all parts of the country, though mostly from the West, and were in their way a remarkable band. About one hundred and fifty former members of the famous regiment rode in the procession, clad in new uniforms, but carrying their old battle flags.

Colonel Roosevelt's carriage followed immediately behind the Rough Riders, Mayor Gaynor and Cornelius Vanderbilt with him. In the carriages immediately following were the representatives of the President and the various states. The committee of the New York Senate and Assembly occupied five carriages. The three hundred members of the rceeption committee followed, and after them marched the Seventh Regiment band of one hundred pieces.

The parade turned up Broadway and went west at Fourth street to Washington Square. The Abernathy boys, two lads of ten and six, who had ridden their ponies all the way from Oklahoma to take part in the reception, fell in at the arch, and 2,000 members of the Spanish War Veterans joined the procession at Eighth street. The parade marched between the ranks of stalwarts up Fifth avenue to Fifty-ninth street and there disbanded.

As the procession passed between the myriads of enthusiastic citizens of New York and the country who densely lined both sides of the five mile route, the returned traveler everywhere was hailed with a whirlwind of exhuberant greetings. During most of the time he stood erect in his carriage, hat in hand, bowing and waving responsive

greetings to the welcoming cheers. By noon the popular welcome was practically ended and Colonel Roosevelt joined his relatives for lunch preparatory to returning to his home at Oyster Bay in the late afternoon.

Thus ended the reception of the famous ex-President, soldier, hunter, hobnobber with kings and hail-fellow with emperors, yet one of ourselves, a simple citizen of the United States, of equal rank with us all.

We might follow him in his ride to Oyster Bay, where a continuous ovation awaited him along the way; but it will be best to bid him farewell at the end of the Fifth avenue triumphal march. All we can say in parting with him and in closing the final page of this book, is that in Theodore Roosevelt the world has recognized one of its greatest men, and the age in which he lives greets him as the outspoken advocate of its highest aspirations for peace, good-will and a "Fair deal for all men, high and low, rich and poor alike."

Appendix

CITIZENSHIP IN A REPUBLIC

LECTURE BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS, APRIL 23, 1910.

"Strange and impressive associations rise in the mind of a man from the New World who speaks before this august body in this ancient institution of learning. Before his eyes pass the shadows of mighty kings and warlike nobles, of great masters of law and theology; through the shining dust of the dead centuries he sees crowded figures that tell of the power and learning and splendor of times gone by; and he sees also the innumerable host of humble students to whom clerkship meant emancipation, to whom it was well-nigh the only outlet from the dark thraldom of the Middle Ages.

"This was the most famous university of mediæval Europe at a time when no one dreamed that there was a New World to discover. Its services to the cause of human knowledge already stretched far back into the remote past at the time when my forefathers, three centuries ago, were among the sparse bands of traders, plowmen, woodchoppers and fisherfolk who, in hard struggle with the iron unfriendliness of the Indian-haunted land, were laying the foundations of what has now become the giant republic of the West. To conquer a continent, to tame the shaggy roughness of wild nature, means grim warfare; and the generations engaged in it cannot keep, still less add to, the stores of garnered wisdom which once were theirs, and which are still in the hands of their brethren who dwell in the old land. To conquer the wilderness means to wrest victory from the same hostile forces with which mankind struggled in the immemorial infancy of our race. The primeval conditions must be met by primeval qualities which are incomparable with the retention of much that has been painfully acquired by humanity as through the ages it has striven upward toward civilization. In conditions so primitive there can be but a primitive culture. At first only the rudest schools can be established, for no others would meet the needs of the hard-driven, sinewy folk who thrust forward the frontier in the teeth of savage nature; and many years elapse before any of these schools can develop into seats of higher learning and broader culture.

"The pioneer days pass; the stump-dotted clearings expand into vast stretches of fertile farm land; the stockaded clusters of log cabins change into towns; the hunters of game, the fellers of trees, the rude frontier traders and tillers of the soil, the men who wander all their lives long through the wilderness as the heralds and harbingers of an oncoming civilization, themselves vanish before the civilization for which they have prepared the way. The children of their successors and supplanters, and then their children and children's children, change and develop with extraordinary rapidity. The conditions accentuate vices and virtues, energy and ruthlessness, all the good qualities and all the defects of an intense individualism, self-reliant, self-centred, far more conscious of its rights than of its duties, and blind to its own shortcomings. To the hard materialism of the frontier days succeeds the hard materialism of an industrialism even more intense and absorbing than that of the older nations; although these themselves have likewise already entered on the age of a complex and predominantly industrial civilization.

"As the country grows its people, who have won success in so many lines, turn back to try to recover the possessions of the mind and the spirit, which perforce their fathers threw aside in order better to wage the first rough battles for the continent their children inherit. The leaders of thought and of action grope their way forward to a new life, realizing, sometimes dimly, sometimes clear-sightedly, that the life of material gain, whether for a nation or an individual, is of value only as a foundation, only as there is added to it the uplift that comes from devotion to loftier ideals. The new life thus sought can in part be developed afresh from what is round about in the New World; but it can be developed in full only by freely drawing upon the treasure-houses of the Old World, upon the treasures stored in the ancient abodes of wisdom and learning, such as this where I speak to-day. It is a mistake for any nation merely to copy another; but it is an even greater mistake, it is a proof of weakness in any nation, not to be anxious to learn from another, and willing and able to adapt that learning to the new national conditions and make it fruitful and productive

therein. It is for us of the New World to sit at the feet of Gamaliel of the Old; then, if we have the right stuff in us, we can show that Paul in his turn can become a teacher as well as a scholar.

DUTIES OF CITIZENS IN A REPUBLIC.

"To-day I shall speak to you on the subject of individual citizenship, the one subject of vital importance to you, my hearers, and to me and my countrymen, because you and we are citizens of great democratic republics. A democratic republic such as each of ours—an effort to realize in its full sense government by, of and for the people—represents the most gigantic of all possible social experiments, the one fraught with greatest possibilities alike for good and for evil. The success of republics like yours and like ours means the glory, and our failure the despair, of mankind; and for you and for us the question of the quality of the individual citizen is supreme. Under other forms of government, under the rule of one man or of a very few men, the quality of the rulers is all-important, If, under such governments, the quality of the rulers is high enough, then the nation may for generations lead a brilliant career, and add substantially to the sum of world achievement, no matter how low the quality of the average citizen; because the average citizen is an almost negligible quantity in working out the final results of that type of national greatness.

"But with you and with us the case is different. With you here, and with us in my own home, in the long run, success or failure will be conditioned upon the way in which the average man, the average woman, does his or her duty, first in the ordinary, every-day affairs of life, and next in those great occasional crises which call for the heroic virtues. The average citizen must be a good citizen if our republics are to succeed. The stream will not permanently rise higher than the main source; and the main source of national power and national greatness is found in the average citizenship of the nation. Therefore it behooves us to do our best to see that the standard of the average citizen is kept high; and the average cannot be kept high unless the standard of the leaders is very much higher.

"It is well if a large proportion of the leaders in any republic, in any democracy, are, as a matter of course, drawn from the classes represented in this audience to-day; but only provided that those classes possess the gifts of sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals. You and those like you have received special advantages; you have all of you had the opportunity for mental training; many of you have had leisure; most of you have had a chance for the enjoyment of life far greater than comes to the majority of your fellows. To you and your kind much has been given, and from you much should be expected. Yet there are certain failings against which it is especially incumbent that both men of trained and cultivated intellect, and men of inherited wealth and position, should especially guard themselves, because to these failings they are especially liable; and if yielded to, their —your—chances of useful service are at an end.

BEWARE OF THE CYNIC.

"Let the man of learning, the man of lettered leisure, beware of that queer and cheap temptation to pose to himself and to others as the cynic, as the man who has outgrown emotions and beliefs, the man to whom good and evil are as one. The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer. There are many men who feel a kind of twisted pride in cynicism; there are many who confine themselves to criticism of the way others do what they themselves dare not even attempt. There is no more unhealthy being, no man less worthy of respect, than he who either really holds, or feigns to hold, an attitude of sneering disbelief toward all that is great and lofty, whether in achievement or in that noble effort which, even if it fail, comes second to achievement. A cynical habit of thought and speech, a readiness to criticise work which the critic himself never tries to perform, an intellectual aloofness which will not accept contact with life's realities—all these are marks, not, as the possessor would fain think, of superiority, but of weakness. They mark the men unfit to bear their part manfully in the stern strife of living, who seek, in the affectation of contempt for the achievements of others, to hide from others and from themselves their own weakness. The role is easy; there is none easier, save only the role of the man who sneers alike at both criticism and performance.

"It it not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails,

at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat. Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world. Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action, if only the conditions of life were not what they actually are. The man who does nothing cuts the same sordid figure in the pages of history, whether he be cynic, or fop, or voluptuary. There is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion, of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm, of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder. Well for these men if they succeed; well also, though not so well, if they fail, given only that they have nobly ventured, and have put forth all their heart and strength. It is war-worn Hotspur, spent with hard fighting, he of the many errors and the valiant end, over whose memory we love to linger, not over the memory of the young lord who 'but for the vile guns would have been a soldier.'

LESSONS OF FRANCE TO OTHER NATIONS.

"France has taught many lessons to other nations; surely one of the most important is the lesson her whole history teaches, that a high artistic and literary development is compatible with notable leadership in arms and statecraft. The brilliant gallantry of the French soldier has for many centuries been proverbial; and during these same centuries at every court in Europe the freemasons of fashion have treated the French tongue as their common speech; while every artist and man of letters, and every man of science able to appreciate that marvelous instrument of precision, French prose, has turned toward France for aid and inspiration. How long the leadership in arms and letters has lasted is curiously illustrated by the fact that the earliest masterpiece in a modern tongue is the splendid French epic which tells of Roland's doom and the vengeance of Charlemagne when the lords of the Frankish host were stricken at Roncesvalles.

"Let those who have, keep, let those who have not, strive to attain, a high standard of cultivation and scholarship. Yet let us remember that these stand second to certain other things. There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character—the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of a man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honor. I believe in exercise for the body, always provided that we keep in mind that physical development is a means and not an end. I believe, of course, in giving to all the people a good education. But the education must contain much besides book-learning in order to be really good. We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution—these are the qualities which mark a masterful people. Without them no people can control itself, or save itself from being controlled from the outside. I speak to a brilliant assemblage; I speak to a great university which represents the flower of the highest intellectual development; I pay all homage to intellect, and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect; and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the common-place, every-day qualities and virtues.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR

"Such ordinary, every-day qualities include the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children. The need that the average man shall work is so obvious as hardly to warrant insistence. There are a few people in every country so born that they can lead lives of leisure. These fill a useful function if they make it evident that leisure does not mean idleness; for some of the most valuable work needed by civilization is essentially non-remunerative in its character, and of course the people who do this work should in large part be drawn from those to whom remuneration is an object of indifference. But the average man must earn his own livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision.

"In the next place the good man should be both a strong and a brave man; that is, he should be able to fight, he should be able to serve his country as a soldier if the need arises.

There are well-meaning philosophers who declaim against the unrighteousness of war. They are right only if they lay all their emphasis upon the unrighteousness. War is a dreadful thing, and unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is such a crime because it is unjust; not because it is war. The choice must ever be in favor of righteousness, and this whether the alternative be peace or whether the alternative be war. The question must not be merely, Is there to be peace or war? The question must be, Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness once more to be fulfilled? And the answer from a strong and virile people must be, 'Yes,' whatever the cost. Every honorable effort should always be made to avoid war, just as every honorable effort should always be made by the individual in private life to keep out of a brawl, to keep out of trouble; but no self-respecting individual, no self-respecting nation, can or ought to submit to wrong.

RACE SUICIDE A NATION'S CURSE.

"Finally, even more important than ability to work, even more important than ability to fight at need, is it to remember that the chief of blessings for any nation is that it shall leave its seed to inherit the land. It was the crown of blessings in Biblical times; and it is the crown of blessings now. The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be that visited upon wilful sterility. The first essential in any civilization is that the man and the woman shall be father and mother of healthy children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease. If this is not so, if through no fault of the society there is failure to increase, it is a great misfortune. If the failure is due to deliberate and wilful fault, then it is not merely a misfortune, it is one of those crimes of ease and self-indulgence, of shrinking from pain and effort and risk, which in the long run Nature punishes more heavily than any other. If we of the great republics, if we, the free people who claim to have emancipated ourselves from the thraldom of wrong and error, bring down on our heads the curse that comes upon the wilfully barren, then it will be an idle waste of breath to prattle of our achievements, to boast of all that we have done. No refinement of life, no delicacy of taste, no material progress, no sordid heaping up of riches, no sensuous development of art and literature, can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues, the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race.

"Character must show itself in the man's performance both of the duty he owes himself and of the duty he owes the State. The man's foremost duty is owed to himself and his family; and he can do this duty only by earning money, by providing what is essential to material well-being; it is only after this has been done that he can hope to build a higher superstructure on the solid material foundation; it is only after this has been done that he can help in movements for the general well-being. He must pull his own weight first, and only after this can his surplus strength be of use to the general public. It is not good to excite that bitter laughter which expresses contempt; and contempt is what we feel for the being whose enthusiasm to benefit mankind is such that he is a burden to those nearest him; who wishes to do great things for humanity in the abstract, but who cannot keep his wife in comfort or educate his children.

MERE WEALTH NOT AN ASSET OF VALUE.

"Nevertheless, while laying all stress on this point, while not merely acknowledging but insisting upon the fact that there must be a basis of material well-being for the individual as for the nation, let us with equal emphasis insist that this material well-being represents nothing but the foundation, and that the foundation, though indispensable, is worthless unless upon it is raised the superstructure of a higher life. That is why I decline to recognize the mere multi-millionaire, the man of mere wealth, as an asset of value to any country; and especially as not an asset to my own country. If he has earned or uses his wealth in a way that makes him of real benefit, of real use—and such is often the case—why, then he does become an asset of worth. But it is the way in which it has been earned or used, and not the mere fact of wealth, that entitles him to the credit. There is need in business, as in most other forms of human activity, of the great guiding intelligences. Their places cannot be supplied by any number of lesser intelligences. It is a good thing that they should have ample recognition, ample reward. But we must not transfer our admiration to the reward instead of to the deed rewarded; and if what should be the reward exists without the service having been rendered, then admiration will come only from those who are mean of soul. The truth is that, after a certain measure of tangible material success or reward has been achieved, the question of increasing it becomes of constantly less import-

ance compared to other things that can be done in life. It is a bad thing for a nation to raise and to admire a false standard of success; and there can be no falser standard than that set by the deification of material well-being in and for itself. The man who, for any cause for which he is himself accountable, has failed to support himself and those for whom he is responsible, ought to feel that he has fallen lamentably short in his prime duty. But the man who, having far surpassed the limit of providing for the wants, both of body and mind, of himself and of those depending upon him, then piles up a great fortune, for the acquisition or retention of which he returns no corresponding benefit to the nation as a whole, should himself be made to feel that, so far from being a desirable, he is an unworthy, citizen of the community; that he is to be neither admired nor envied; that his right-thinking fellow-countrymen put him low in the scale of citizenship, and leave him to be consoled by the admiration of those whose level of purpose is even lower than his own.

"My position as regards the moneyed interests can be put in a few words. In every civilized society property rights must be carefully safeguarded. Ordinarily and in the great majority of cases human rights and property rights are fundamentally and in the long run identical; but when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property.

MONEY MAKING AND ORATORY.

"It is essential to good citizenship clearly to understand that there are certain qualities which we in a democracy are prone to admire in and of themselves, which ought by rights to be judged admirable or the reverse solely from the standpoint of the use made of them. Foremost among these I should include two very distinct gifts—the gift of money making and the gift of oratory. Money making, the money touch, I have spoken of above. It is a quality which in a moderate degree is essential. It may be useful when developed to a very great degree, but only if accompanied and controlled by other qualities; and without such control the possessor tends to develop into one of the least attractive types produced by a modern industrial democracy. So it is with the orator. It is highly desirable that a leader of opinion in a democracy should be able to state his views clearly and convincingly. But all that the oratory can do of value to the community is to enable the man thus to explain himself; if it enables the orator to persuade his hearers to put false values on things, it merely makes him a power for mischief. Some excellent public servants have not the gift at all, and must rely upon their deeds to speak for them; and unless the oratory does represent genuine conviction, based on good common sense and able to be translated into efficient performance, then the better the oratory the greater the damage to the public it deceives. Indeed, it is a sign of marked political weakness in any commonwealth if the people tend to be carried away by mere oratory, if they tend to value words in and for themselves, as divorced from the deeds for which they are supposed to stand. The phrasemaker, the phrase-monger, the ready talker, however great his power, whose speech does not make for courage, sobriety and right understanding, is simply a noxious element in the body politic, and it speaks ill for the public if he has influence over them. To admire the gift of oratory without regard to the moral quality behind the gift is to do wrong to the republic.

POWER OF JOURNALISM.

"Of course all that I say of the orator applies with even greater force to the orator's latter-day and more influential brother, the journalist. The power of the journalist is great, but he is entitled neither to respect nor admiration because of that power unless it is used aright. He can do and he often does, great good. He can do, and he often does, infinite mischief. All journalists, all writers, for the very reason that they appreciate the vast possibilities of their profession, should bear testimony against those who deeply discredit it. Offenses against taste and morals, which are bad enough in a private citizen, are infinitely worse if made into instruments for debauching the community through a newspaper. Mendacity, slander, sensationalism, inanity, vapid triviality, all are potent factors for the debauchery of the public mind and conscience. The excuse advanced for vicious writing that the public demands it and that the demand must be supplied, can no more be admitted than if it were advanced by the purveyors of food who sell poisonous adulterations.

"In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency; and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good. He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done

with that type of citizen of whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robust virtues. The good citizen in a republic must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is an efficient citizen.

"But if a man's efficiency is not guided and regulated by a moral sense, then the more efficient he is the worse he is, the more dangerous to the body politic. Courage, intellect, all the masterful qualities, serve but to make a man more evil if they are used merely for that man's own advancement, with brutal indifference to the rights of others. It speaks ill for the community if the community worships these qualities and treats their possessors as heroes regardless of whether the qualities are used rightly or wrongly. It makes no difference whether such a man's force and ability betray themselves in the career of money-maker or politician, soldier or orator, journalist or popular leader. If the man works for evil, then the more successful he is the more he should be despised and condemned by all upright and far-seeing men. To judge a man merely by success is an abhorrent wrong; and if the people at large habitually so judge men, if they grow to condone wickedness because the wicked man triumphs, they show their inability to understand that in the last analysis free institutions rest upon the character of citizenship, and that by such admiration of evil they prove themselves unfit for liberty.

"The homely virtues of the household, the ordinary workaday virtues which make the woman a good housewife and housemother, which make the man a hard worker, a good husband and father, a good soldier at need, stand at the bottom of character. But of course many others must be added thereto if a State is to be not only free but great. Good citizenship is not good citizenship if exhibited only in the home. There remain the duties of the individual in relation to the State, and these duties are none too easy under the conditions which exist where the effort is made to carry on free government in a complex, industrial civilization.

LITTLE USE FOR THE MERE IDEALIST.

"The greatest thing the ordinary citizen, and, above all, the leader of ordinary citizens, has to remember in political life is that he must not be a sheer doctrinaire. The closet philosopher, the refined and cultured individual who from his library tells how men ought to be governed under ideal conditions, is of no use in actual governmental work; and the one-sided fanatic, and still more the mob leader, and the insincere man who to achieve power promises what by no possibility can be performed, are not merely useless but noxious.

"The citizen must have high ideals, and yet he must be able to achieve them in practical fashion. No permanent good comes from aspirations so lofty that they have grown fantastic and have become impossible and indeed undesirable to realize. The impracticable visionary is far less often the guide and precursor than he is the embittered foe of the real reformer, of the man who, with stumblings and shortcomings, yet does in some shape, in practical fashion, give effect to the hopes and desires of those who strive for better things. Woe to the empty phrase-maker, to the empty idealist, who, instead of making ready the ground for the man of action, turns against him when he appears and hampers him as he does the work! Moreover, the preacher of ideals must remember how sorry and contemptible is the figure which he will cut, how great the damage that he will do, if he does not himself, in his own life, strive measurably to realize the ideals that he preaches for others. Let him remember also that the worth of the ideal must be largely determined by the success with which it can in practice be realized. We should abhor the so-called "practical" men whose practicality assumes the shape of that peculiar baseness which finds its expression in disbelief in morality and decency, in disregard of high standards of living and conduct. Such a creature is the worst enemy of the body politic. But only less desirable as a citizen is his nominal opponent and real ally, the man of fantastic vision, who makes the impossible better forever the enemy of the possible good.

"We can just as little afford to follow the doctrinaires of an extreme individualism as the doctrinaires of an extreme socialism. Individual initiative, so far from being discouraged, should be stimulated; and yet we should remember that, as society develops and grows more complex, we continually find that things which once it was desirable to leave to individual initiative can, under the changed conditions, be performed with better results by common efforts. It is quite impossible, and equally undesirable, to draw in theory a hard and fast line which shall always divide the two sets of cases. This every one who is not cursed with

the pride of the closet philosopher will see, if he will only take the trouble to think about some of our commonest phenomena. For instance, when people live on isolated farms or in little hamlets, each house can be left to attend to its own drainage and water supply; but the mere multiplication of families in a given area produces new problems which, because they differ in size, are found to differ not only in degree, but in kind from the old, and the questions of drainage and water supply have to be considered from the common standpoint. It is not a matter for abstract dogmatizing to decide when this point is reached; it is a matter to be tested by practical experiment. Much of the discussion about socialism and individualism is entirely pointless because of failure to agree on terminology. It is not good to be the slave of names.

AN INDIVIDUALIST HIMSELF.

"I am a strong individualist by personal habit, inheritance and conviction, but it is a mere matter of common sense to recognize that the State, the community, the citizens acting together, can do a number of things better than if they were left to individual action. The individualism which finds its expression in the abuse of physical force is checked very early in the growth of civilization, and we of to-day should in our turn strive to shackle or destroy that individualism which triumphs by greed and cunning, which exploits the weak by craft instead of ruling them by brutality. We ought to go with any man in the effort to bring about justice and the equality of opportunity, to turn the tool user more and more into the tool owner, to shift burdens so that they can be more equitably borne. The deadening effect on any race of the adoption of a logical and extreme socialistic system could not be overstated; it would spell sheer destruction; it would produce grosser wrong and outrage, fouler immorality, than any existing system. But this does not mean that we may not with great advantage adopt certain of the principles professed by some given set of men who happen to call themselves Socialists; to be afraid to do so would be to make a mark of weakness on our part.

LINCOLN'S IDEA OF THE EQUALITY OF MEN.

"But we should not take part in acting a lie any more than in telling a lie. We should not say that men are equal where they are not equal, nor proceed upon the assumption that there is an equality where it does not exist; but we should strive to bring about a measurable equality, at least to the extent of preventing the inequality which is due to force or fraud. Abraham Lincoln, a man of the plain people, blood of their blood and bone of their bone, who all his life toiled and wrought and suffered for them, and at the end died for them, who always strove to represent them, who would never tell an untruth to or for them, spoke of the doctrine of equality with his usual mixture of idealism and sound common sense. He said (I omit what was of merely local significance): 'I think the authors of the Declaration of Independence intended to include all men, but that they did not mean to declare all men equal in all respects. They did not mean to say all men were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness in what they did consider all men created equal—equal in certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, or yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society which should be familiar to all—constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and, even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people, everywhere.'

"We are bound in honor to refuse to listen to those men who would make us desist from the effort to do away with the inequality which means injustice; the inequality of right, of opportunity, of privilege. We are bound in honor to strive to bring ever nearer the day when, as far as is humanly possible, we shall be able to realize the ideal that each man shall have an equal opportunity to show the stuff that is in him by the way in which he renders service. There should, so far as possible, be equality of opportunity to render service; but just so long as there is inequality of service there should and must be inequality of reward. We may be sorry for the general, the painter, the artist, the worker in any profession or of any kind, whose misfortune rather than whose fault it is that he does his work ill. But the reward must go to the man who does his work well; for any other course is to create a new kind of privilege, the privilege of folly and weakness; and special privilege is injustice, whatever form it takes.

LEVELING TO BE UPWARD.

"To say that the thriftless, the lazy, the vicious, the incapable, ought to have the reward given to those who are far-sighted, capable and upright is to say what is not true and cannot be true. Let us try to level up, but let us beware of the evil of leveling down. If a man stumbles, it is a good thing to help him to his feet. Every one of us needs a helping hand now and then. But if a man lies down, it is a waste of time to try to carry him; and it is a very bad thing for every one if we make men feel that the same reward will come to those who shirk their work and to those who do it.

"Let us, then, take into account the actual facts of life, and not be misled into following any proposal for achieving the millennium, for recreating the golden age, until we have subjected it to hard-headed examination. On the other hand, it is foolish to reject a proposal merely because it is advanced by visionaries. If a given scheme is proposed, look at it on its merits, and, in considering it, disregard formulas. It does not matter in the least who proposes it, or why. If it seems good, try it. If it proves good, accept it; otherwise, reject it. There are plenty of men calling themselves Socialists with whom, up to a certain point, it is quite possible to work. If the next step is one which both we and they wish to take, why of course take it, without any regard to the fact that our views as to the tenth step may differ. But, on the other hand, keep clearly in mind that, though it has been worth while to take one step, this does not in the least mean that it may not be highly disadvantageous to take the next. It is just as foolish to refuse all progress because people demanding it desire at some points to go to absurd extremes as it would be to go to these absurd extremes simply because some of the measures advocated by the extremists were wise.

LIBERTY AND ITS BEST FRUITS.

"The good citizen will demand liberty for himself, and as a matter of pride he will see to it that others receive the liberty which he thus claims as his own. Probably the best test of true love of liberty in any country is the way in which minorities are treated in that country. Not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but complete liberty for each man to lead his life as he desires, provided only that in so doing he does not wrong his neighbor. Persecution is bad because it is persecution, and without reference to which side happens at the moment to be the persecutor and which the persecuted. Class hatred is bad in just the same way, and without any regard to the individual who, at a given time, substitutes loyalty to a class for loyalty to the nation, or substitutes hatred of men because they happen to come in a certain social category, for judgment awarded them according to their conduct. Remember always that the same measure of condemnation should be extended to the arrogance which would look down upon or crush any man because he is poor, and to the envy and hatred which would destroy a man because he is wealthy. The over-bearing brutality of the man of wealth or power, and the envious and hateful malice directed against wealth or power, are really at root merely different manifestations of the same quality, merely the two sides of the same shield. The man who, if born to wealth and power, exploits and ruins his less fortunate brethren is at heart the same as the greedy and violent demagogue who excites those who have not property to plunder those who have. The gravest wrong upon his country is inflicted by that man, whatever his station, who seeks to make his countrymen divide primarily on the line that separates class from class, occupation from occupation, men of more wealth from men of less wealth, instead of remembering that the only safe standard is that which judges each man on his worth as a man, whether he be rich or poor, without regard to his profession or to his station in life. Such is the only true democratic test, the only test that can with propriety be applied in a republic. There have been many republics in the past, both in what we call antiquity and in what we call the Middle Ages. They fell, and the prime factor in their fall was the fact that the parties tended to divide along the line that separates wealth from poverty. It made no difference which side was successful; it made no difference whether the republic fell under the rule of an oligarchy or the rule of a mob. In either case, when once loyalty to a class had been substituted for loyalty to the republic, the end of the republic was at hand. There is no greater need to-day than the need to keep ever in mind the fact that the cleavage between right and wrong, between good citizenship and bad citizenship, runs at right angles to, and not parallel with, the lines of cleavage between class and class, between occupation and occupation. Ruin looks us in the face if we judge a man by his position instead of judging him by his conduct in that position.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE MASSED IN MADISON SQUARE TO WELCOME ROOSEVELT.

The line of march from the Battery was through a seething whirlpool of enthusiasm. Every window in the tall buildings was filled with faces eager to catch a glimpse of the foremost American citizen on his return from a year and a quarter's absence from his country.

Copyright 1910, by Paul Thompson.

THE ROUGH RIDERS HEADING THE ROOSEVELT PARADE OF WELCOME.

It seemed as if every one of New York's teeming millions turned out to witness the great ex-President's return to America from his hunting trip and whirlwind tour of European palaces. The route of the parade from the Battery to the Plaza at Fifty-ninth street was crowded with enthusiastic men, women and children, who cheered and yelled continuously as he passed.

Copyright 1910, by Paul Thompson.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, MAYOR GAYNOR AND CORNELIUS VANDERBILT DRIVING THROUGH FIVE MILES OF CHEERING CITIZENS.

With the Mayor of New York and the Chairman of the Reception Committee in his carriage the distinguished traveler drove from the Battery up to Fifty-ninth street and Fifth Avenue. He was standing, bowing, shaking hands and responding to the deafening din of cheers almost all the way.

Copyright 1910, by Paul Thompson.

"I CERTAINLY LOVE ALL MY BOYS!"

This was Colonel Roosevelt's greeting shouted to the Rough Riders who met him at the Battery to escort their former leader on his triumphal progress through his native city. Before the parade disbanded he jumped out of his carriage and shook hands with them.

TOLERANCE IN REPUBLICS.

"In a republic, to be successful we must learn to combine intensity of conviction with a broad tolerance of difference of conviction. Wide differences of opinion in matters of religious, political and social belief must exist if conscience and intellect alike are not to be stunted, if there is to be room for healthy growth. Bitter internecine hatreds, based on such differences, are signs, not of earnestness of belief, but of that fanaticism which, whether religious or anti-religious, democratic or anti-democratic, is itself but a manifestation of the gloomy bigotry which has been the chief factor in the downfall of so many, many nations.

"Of one man in especial, beyond any one else, the citizens of a republic should beware, and that is of the man who appeals to them to support him on the ground that he is hostile to other citizens of the republic; that he will secure for those who elect him, in one shape or another, profit at the expense of other citizens of the republic. It makes no difference whether he appeals to class hatred or class interest, to religious or anti-religious prejudice. The man who makes such an appeal should always be presumed to make it for the sake of furthering his own interest. The very last thing that an intelligent and self-respecting member of a democratic community should do is to reward any public man because that public man says he will get the private citizen something to which this private citizen is not entitled, or will gratify some emotion or animosity which this private citizen ought not to possess. Let me illustrate this by one anecdote from my own experience. A number of years ago I was engaged in cattle ranching on the great plains of the western United States. There were no fences. The cattle wandered free, the ownership of each being determined by the brand; the calves were branded with the brand of the cows they followed If on the round-up an animal was passed by, the following year it would appear as an unbranded yearling, and was then called a maverick. By the custom of the country these mavericks were branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found. One day I was riding the range with a newly hired cowboy, and we came upon a maverick. We roped and threw it; then we built a little fire, took out a cinch-ring, heated it at the fire, and the cowboy started to put on the brand. I said to him, 'It is So-and-So's brand,' naming the man on whose range we happened to be. He answered, 'That's all right, boss, I know my business.' In another moment I said to him, 'Hold on, you are putting on my brand!' To which he answered, 'That's all right; I always put on the boss' brand.' I answered, 'Oh, very well. Now you go straight back to the ranch and get what is owing to you; I don't need you any longer.' He jumped up and said, 'Why, what's the matter? I was putting on your brand.' And I answered, 'Yes, my friend, and if you will steal for me you will steal from me.'

MORALS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

"Now, the same principle which applies in private life applies also in public life. If a public man tries to get your vote by saying that he will do something wrong in your interest, you can be absolutely certain that if ever it becomes worth his while he will do something wrong against your interest.

"So much for the citizenship of the individual in his relations to his family, to his neighbor, to the State. There remain duties of citizenship which the State, the aggregation of all the individuals, owes in connection with other States, with other nations. Let me say at once that I am no advocate of a foolish cosmopolitanism. I believe that a man must be a good patriot before he can be, and as the only possible way of being, a good citizen of the world. Experience teaches us that the average man who protests that his international feeling swamps his national feeling, that he does not care for his country because he cares so much for mankind, in actual practice proves himself the foe of mankind; that the man who says that he does not care to be a citizen of any one country because he is a citizen of the world is in very fact usually an exceedingly undesirable citizen of whatever corner of the world he happens at the moment to be in. In the dim future all moral needs and moral standards may change; but at present, if a man can view his own country and all other countries from the same level with tepid indifference, it is wise to distrust him, just as it is wise to distrust the man who can take the same dispassionate view of his wife and his mother. However broad and deep a man's sympathies, however intense his activities, he need have no fear that they will be cramped by love of his native land.

"Now, this does not mean in the least that a man should not wish to do good outside of his native land. On the contrary, just as I think that the man who loves his family is more apt to be a good neighbor than the man who does not, so I think that the most useful member of the family of nations is normally a strongly patriotic nation. So far from patriotism being inconsistent with a proper regard for the rights of other nations, I hold

that the true patriot, who is as jealous of the national honor as a gentleman of his own honor, will be careful to see that the nation neither inflicts nor suffers wrong, just as a gentleman scorns equally to wrong others or to suffer others to wrong him. I do not for one moment admit that political morality is different from private morality, that a promise made on the stump differs from a promise made in private life. I do not for one moment admit that a man should act deceitfully as a public servant in his dealings with other nations, any more than that he should act deceitfully in his dealings as a private citizen with other private citizens. I do not for one moment admit that a nation should treat other nations in a different spirit from that in which an honorable man would treat other men.

"In practically applying this principle to the two sets of cases there is, of course, a great practical difference to be taken into account. We speak of international law; but international law is something wholly different from private or municipal law, and the capital difference is that there is a sanction for the one and no sanction for the other; that there is an outside force which compels individuals to obey the one, while there is no such outside force to compel obedience as regards the other. International law will, I believe, as the generations pass, grow stronger and stronger until in some way or other there develops the power to make it respected. But as yet it is only in the first formative period. As yet, as a rule, each nation is of necessity obliged to judge for itself in matters of vital importance between it and its neighbors, and actions must of necessity, where this is the case, be different from what they are where, as among private citizens, there is an outside force whose action is all-powerful and must be invoked in any crisis of importance. It is the duty of wise statesmen, gifted with the power of looking ahead, to try to encourage and build up every movement which will substitute or tend to substitute some other agency for force in the settlement of international disputes. It is the duty of every honest statesman to try to guide the nation so that it shall not wrong any other nation. But as yet the great civilized peoples, if they are to be true to themselves and to the cause of humanity and civilization, must keep ever in mind that in the last resort they must possess both the will and the power to resent wrongdoing from others. The men who sanely believe in a lofty morality preach righteousness; but they do not preach weakness, whether among private citizens or among nations. We believe that our ideals should be high, but not so high as to make it impossible measurably to realize them. We sincerely and earnestly believe in peace; but if peace and justice conflict, we scorn the man who would not stand for justice though the whole world came in arms against him.

"And now, my hosts, a word in parting. You and I belong to the only two republics among the great Powers of the world. The ancient friendship between France and the United States has been, on the whole, a sincere and disinterested friendship. A calamity to you would be a sorrow to us. But it would be more than that. In the seething turmoil of the history of humanity certain nations stand out as possessing a peculiar power or charm, some special gift of beauty or wisdom or strength, which puts them among the immortals, which makes them rank forever with the leaders of mankind. France is one of these nations. For her to sink would be a loss to all the world. There are certain lessons of brilliance and of generous gallantry that she can teach better than any of her sister nations. When the French peasantry sang of Malbrook, it was to tell how the soul of this warrior-foe took flight upward through the laurels he had won. Nearly seven centuries ago, Froissart, writing of a time of dire disaster, said that the realm of France was never so stricken that there were not left men who would valiantly fight for it. You have had a great past. I believe that you will have a great future. Long may you carry yourselves proudly as citizens of a nation which bears a leading part in the teaching and uplifting of mankind."

A WORLD LEAGUE OF PEACE.

ORATION DELIVERED AT CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY, MAY 5, 1910.

"It is with peculiar pleasure that I stand here to-day to express the deep appreciation I feel of the high honor conferred upon me by the presentation of the Nobel Peace Prize.

"The gold medal which formed part of the prize I shall always keep, and I shall hand it on to my children as a precious heirloom. The sum of money provided as part of the prize by the wise generosity of the illustrious founder of this world-famous prize system, I did not, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, feel at liberty to keep.

"I think it eminently just and proper that in most cases the recipient of the prize should keep for his own use the prize in its entirety. But in this case, while I did not act officially

as President of the United States, it was nevertheless only because I was President that I was enabled to act at all; and I felt that the money must be considered as having been given me in trust for the United States.

"I therefore used it as a nucleus for a foundation to forward the cause of industrial peace, as being well within the general purpose of your Committee; for in our complex industrial civilization of to-day the peace of righteousness and justice, the only kind of peace worth having, is at least as necessary in the industrial world as it is among nations.

"There is at least as much need to curb the cruel greed and arrogance of part of the world of capital, to curb the cruel greed and violence of part of the world of labor, as to check a cruel and unhealthy militarism in international relationships.

"We must ever bear in mind that the great end in view is righteousness, justice as between man and man, nation and nation, the chance to lead our lives on a somewhat higher level, with a broader spirit of brotherly good will one for another.

"Peace is generally good in itself, but it is never the highest good unless it comes as the handmaid of righteousness; and it becomes a very evil thing if it serves merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth, or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy. We despise and abhor the bully, the brawler, the oppressor, whether in private or public life; but we despise no less the coward and the voluptuary.

"No man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong. No nation deserves to exist if it permits itself to lose the stern and virile virtues; and this without regard to whether the loss is due to the growth of a heartless and all-absorbing commercialism, to prolong indulgence in luxury and soft effortless ease, or to the deification of a warped and twisted sentimentality.

"Moreover, and above all, let us remember that words count only when they give expression to deeds or are to be translated into them. The leaders of the Red Terror prattled of peace while they steeped their hands in the blood of the innocent; and many a tyrant has called it peace when he has scourged honest protest into silence.

"Our words must be judged by our deeds; and in striving for a lofty ideal we must use practical methods; and if we cannot attain all at one leap, we must advance toward it step by step, reasonably content so long as we do actually make some progress in the right direction.

"Now, having freely admitted the limitations to our work, and the qualifications to be borne in mind, I feel that I have the right to have my words taken seriously when I point out where, in my judgment, great advance can be made in the cause of international peace. I speak as a practical man, and whatever I now advocate I actually tried to do when I was, for the time being, the head of a great nation, and keenly jealous of its honor and interest. I ask other nations to do only what I should be glad to see my own nation do.

"The advance can be made along several lines. First of all there can be treaties of arbitration. There are, of course, States so backward that a civilized community ought not to enter into an arbitration treaty with them, at least until we have gone much further than at present in obtaining some kind of international police action.

"But all really civilized communities should have effective arbitration treaties among themselves. I believe that these treaties can cover almost all questions liable to arise between such nations, if they are drawn with the explicit agreement that each contracting party will respect the other's territory and its absolute sovereignty within that territory, and the equally explicit agreement that (aside from the very rare cases where the nation's honor is vitally concerned) all other possible subjects of controversy will be submitted to arbitration.

"Such a treaty would insure peace unless one party deliberately violated it. Of course, as yet there is no adequate safeguards against such deliberate violation, but the establishment of a sufficient number of these treaties would go a long way toward creating a world opinion which would finally find expression in the provision of methods to forbid or punish any such violation.

"Secondly, there is the further development of The Hague Tribunal, of the work of the conferences and courts at The Hague. It has been well said that the first Hague Conference framed a Magna Charta for the nations; it set before us an ideal which has already to some extent been realized, and toward the full realization of which we can all steadily strive. The second Conference made further progress; the third should do yet more.

"Meanwhile the American Government has more than once tentatively suggested methods for completing the Court of Arbitral Justice, constituted at the second Hague Conference, and for making it effective. It is earnestly to be hoped that the various Governments of Europe, working with those of America and of Asia, shall set themselves seriously to the task of devising some method which shall accomplish this result.

"If I may venture the suggestion, it would be well for the statesmen of the world, in plan-

ning for the erection of this world court, to study what has been done in the United States by the Supreme Court. I cannot help thinking that the Constitution of the United States, notably in the establishment of the Supreme Court and in the methods adopted for securing peace and good relations among and between the different States, offers certain valuable analogies to what should be striven for in order to obtain, through the Hague courts and conferences, a species of world federation for international peace and justice.

"There are, of course, fundamental differences between what the United States Constitution does and what we should even attempt at this time to obtain at The Hague; but the methods adopted in the American Constitution to prevent hostilities between the States, and to secure the supremacy of the Federal Court in certain classes of cases, are well worth the study of those who seek at The Hague to obtain the same results on a world scale.

"In the third place, something should be done as soon as possible to check the growth of armaments, especially naval armaments, by international agreement. No one power could or should act by itself; for it is eminently undesirable, from the standpoint of the peace of righteousness, that a power which really does believe in peace should place itself at the mercy of some rival which may at bottom have no such belief and no intention of acting on it.

"But, granted sincerity of purpose, the great Powers of the world should find no insurmountable difficulty in reaching an agreement which would put an end to the present costly and growing extravagance of expenditure on naval armaments. An agreement merely to limit the size of ships would have been very useful a few years ago, and would still be of use; but the agreement should go much further.

"Finally, it would be a master stroke if those great Powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others.

"The supreme difficulty in connection with developing the peace work of The Hague arises from the lack of any executive power, of any police power to enforce the decrees of the court. In any community of any size the authority of the courts rests upon actual or potential force; on the existence of a police, or on the knowledge that the able-bodied men of the country are both ready and willing to see that the decrees of judicial and legislative bodies are put into effect.

"In new and wild communities where there is violence, an honest man must protect himself; and until other means of securing his safety are devised, it is both foolish and wicked to persuade him to surrender his arms while the men who are dangerous to the community retain theirs. He should not renounce the right to protect himself by his own efforts until the community is so organized that it can effectively relieve the individual of the duty of putting down violence.

"So it is with nations. Each nation must keep well prepared to defend itself until the establishment of some form of international police power, competent and willing to prevent violence as between nations. As things are now, such power to command peace throughout the world could best be assured by some combination between those great nations which sincerely desire peace and have no thought themselves of committing aggressions. The combination might at first be only to secure peace within certain definite limits and certain definite conditions; but the ruler or statesman who should bring about such a combination would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind."

THE WORLD MOVEMENT.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, MAY 12, 1910.

"I very highly appreciate the chance to address the University of Berlin in the year that closes its first centenary of existence. It is difficult for you in the Old World fully to appreciate the feelings of a man who comes from a nation still in the making to a country with an immemorial historic past, and especially is this the case when that country, with its ancient past behind it, yet looks with proud confidence into the future, and in the present shows all the abounding vigor of lusty youth. Such is the case with Germany. More than a thousand years have passed since the Roman Empire of the West became in fact a German Empire. Throughout mediæval times the Empire and the Papacy were the two central features in the history of the Occident. With the Ottos and the Henrys began the slow rise of that Western life which has shaped modern Europe, and, therefore, ultimately the whole modern world. Their task was to organize society and to keep it from crumbling to pieces. They

were castle builders, city founders, road makers; they battled to bring order out of the seething turbulence around them, and at the same time they first beat back heathendom and then slowly wrested from it its possessions.

"After the downfall of Rome and the breaking in sunder of the Roman Empire the first real crystallization of the forces that were working for a new uplift of civilization in western Europe was round the Karling House, and, above all, round the great Emperor, Karl the Great, the seat of whose empire was at Aachen. Under the Karlings the Arab and the Moor were driven back beyond the Pyrenees, the last of the old heathen Germans were forced into Christianity and the Avars, wild horsemen from the Asian steppes, who had long held tented dominion in Middle Europe, were utterly destroyed. With the break-up of the Karling Empire came chaos once more, and a fresh inrush of savagery; Vikings from the frozen North, and new hordes of outlandish riders from Asia. It was the early emperors of Germany proper who quelled these barbarians; in their time Dane and Norseman and Magyar became Christians, and most of the Slav peoples as well, so that Europe began to take on a shape which we can recognize to-day. Since then the centuries have rolled by, with strange alternations of fortune, now well-nigh barren, and again great with German achievement in arms and in government, in science and the arts. The centre of power shifted hither and thither within German lands; the great house of Hohenzollern rose, the house which has at last seen Germany spring into a commanding position in the very forefront among the nations of mankind

GERMAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

"To this ancient land, with its glorious past and splendid present, to this land of many memories and of eager hopes, I come from a young nation, which is by blood akin to and yet different from each of the great nations of Middle and Western Europe; which has inherited or acquired much from each, but is changing and developing every inheritance and acquisition into something new and strange. The German strain in our blood is large, for almost from the beginning there has been a large German element among the successive waves of newcomers whose children's children have been and are being fused into the American nation, and I myself trace my origin to that branch of the Low Dutch stock which raised Holland out of the North Sea. Moreover, we have taken from you, not only much of the blood that runs through our veins, but much of the thought that shapes our minds. For generations American scholars have flocked to your universities, and, thanks to the wise foresight of his Imperial Majesty the present Emperor, the intimate and friendly connection between the two countries is now in every way closer than it has ever been before.

"Germany is pre-eminently a country in which the world movement of to-day in all of its multitudinous aspects is plainly visible. The life of this university covers the period during which that movement has spread until it is felt throughout every continent, while its velocity has been constantly accelerating, so that the face of the world has changed, and is now changing, as never before. It is, therefore, fit and appropriate here to speak on this subject.

"When, in the slow procession of the ages, man was developed on this planet, the change worked by his appearance was at first slight. Further ages passed, while he groped and struggled by infinitesimal degrees upward through the lower grades of savagery; for the general law is that life which is advanced and complex, whatever its nature, changes more quickly than simpler and less advanced forms. The life of savages changes and advances with extreme slowness, and groups of savages influence one another but little. The first rudimentary beginnings of that complex life of communities which we call civilization marked a period when man had already long been by far the most important creature on the planet. The history of the living world had become, in fact, the history of man, and therefore something totally different in kind as well as in degree from what it had been before. There are interesting analogies between what has gone on in the development of life generally and what has gone on in the development of human society, and these I shall discuss elsewhere. But the differences are profound and go to the root of things.

EARLY LOCAL MOVEMENTS.

"Throughout their early stages the movements of civilization—for, properly speaking, there was no one movement—were very slow, were local in space and were partial in the sense that each developed along but few lines. Of the numberless years that covered these early stages we have no record. They were the years that saw such extraordinary discoveries and inventions as fire, and the wheel, and the bow and the domestication of animals. So local were these inventions that at the present day there yet linger savage tribes, still fixed in the half bestial life of an infinitely remote past, who know none of them except fire—and

the discovery and use of fire may have marked, not the beginning of civilization, but the beginning of the savagery which separated man from brute.

"Even after civilization and culture had achieved a relatively high position they were still purely local, and from this fact subject to violent shocks. Modern research has shown the existence in prehistoric, or at least proto-historic, times of many peoples who, in given localities, achieved a high and peculiar culture, a culture that was later so completely destroyed that it is difficult to say what, if any, traces it left on the subsequent cultures out of which we have developed our own; while it is also difficult to say exactly how much any one of these cultures influenced any other. In many cases, as where invaders with weapons of bronze or iron conquered the neolithic peoples, the higher civilization completely destroyed the lower civilization, or barbarism, with which it came in contact. In other cases, while superiority in culture gave its possessors at the beginning a marked military and governmental superiority over the neighboring peoples, yet sooner or later there accompanied it a certain softness of enervating quality which left the cultured folk at the mercy of the stark and greedy neighboring tribes, in whose savage souls cupidity gradually overcame terror and awe. Then the people that had been struggling upward would be engulfed, and the leveling waves of barbarism wash over them. But we are not yet in position to speak definitely on these matters. It is only the researches of recent years that have enabled us so much as to guess at the course of events in prehistoric Greece; while as yet we can hardly even hazard a guess as to how, for instance, the Hallstadt culture rose and fell, or as to the history and fate of the builders or those strange ruins of which Stonehenge is the type.

MESOPOTAMIA AND EGYPT.

"The first civilization which left behind them clear records rose in that hoary historic past which geologically is part of the immediate present—and which is but a span's length from the present, even when compared only with the length of time that man has lived on this planet. These first civilizations were those which rose in Mesopotamia and the Nile valley some six or eight thousand years ago. As far as we can see, they were well-nigh independent centres of cultural development, and our knowledge is not such at present as to enable us to connect either with the early cultural movements in southwestern Europe on the one hand, or in India on the other, or with that Chinese civilization which has been so profoundly affected by Indian influences.

"Compared with the civilizations with which we are best acquainted, the striking feature in the Mesopotamian and Nilotic civilizations were the length of time they endured and their comparative changelessness. The kings, priests, and peoples who dwelt by the Nile or Euphrates are found thinking much the same thoughts, doing much the same deeds, leaving at least very similar records, while time passes in tens of centuries. Of course there was change; of course there was action and reaction in influence between them and their neighbors; and the movement of change, of development, material, mental, spiritual, was much faster than a thing that had occurred during the eons of mere savagery. But in contradistinction to modern times the movement was very slow indeed, and, moreover, in each case it was strongly localized; while the field of endeavor was narrow. There were certain conquests by man over nature; there were certain conquests in the domain of pure intellect; there were certain extensions which spread the area of civilized mankind. But it would be hard to speak of it as a "world movement' at all; for by far the greater part of the habitable globe was not only unknown, but its existence unguessed at, so far as peoples with any civilization whatsoever were concerned.

"With the downfall of these ancient civilizations there sprang into prominence those peoples with whom our own cultural history may be said to begin. Those ideas and influences in our lives which we can consciously trace back at all are in the great majority of instances to be traced to the Jew, the Greek, or the Roman; and the ordinary man, when he speaks of the nations of antiquity, has in mind specifically these three peoples—although, judged even by the history of which we have record, theirs is a very modern antiquity indeed.

"The case of the Jew was quite exceptional. He was a small nation, of little more conquence than the sister nations of Moab and Damascus, until all three, and the other petty states of the country, fell under the yoke of the alien. Then he survived, while all his fellows died. In the spiritual domain he contributed a religion which has been the most potent of all factors in its effect on the subsequent history of mankind; but none of his other contributions compare with the legacies left us by the Greek and the Roman.

GRÆCO-ROMAN CULTURE.

"The Greco-Roman world saw a civilization far more brilliant, far more varied and intense, than any that had gone before it, and one that affected a far larger share of the world's surface.

For the first time there began to be something which at least foreshadowed a 'world movement' in the sense that it affected a considerable portion of the world's surface, and that it represented what was incomparably the most important of all that was happening in world history at the time. In breadth and depth the field of intellectual interest had greatly broadened at the same time that the physical area affected by the civilization had similarly extended. Instead of a civilization affecting only one river valley or one nook of the Mediterranean, there was a civilization which directly or indirectly influenced mankind from the Desert of Sahara to the Baltic, from the Atlantic Ocean to the westernmost mountain chain that springs from the Himalayas. Throughout most of this region there began to work certain influences which, though with widely varying intensity, did nevertheless tend to affect a large portion of mankind. In many of the forms of science, in almost all the forms of art, there was great activity. In addition to great soldiers there were great administrators and statesmen whose concern was with the fundamental questions of social and civil life. Nothing like the width and variety of intellectual achievement and understanding had ever before been known; and for the first time we come across great intellectual leaders, great philosophers and writers, whose works are a part of all that is highest in modern thought, whose writings are as live to-day as when they were first issued; and there were others of even more daring and original temper, a philosopher like Democritus, a poet like Lucretius, whose minds leaped ahead through the centuries and saw what none of their contemporaries saw, but who were so hampered by their surroundings that it was physically impossible for them to leave to the later world much concrete addition to knowledge. The civilization was one of comparatively rapid change, viewed by the standard of Babylon and Memphis. There was incessant movement; and, moreover, the whole system went down with a crash to seeming destruction after a period short compared with that covered by the reigns of a score of Egyptian dynasties, or with the time that elapsed between a Babylonian defeat by Elam and a war sixteen centuries later which fully avenged it.

"This civilization flourished with brilliant splendor. Then it fell. In its northern seats it was overwhelmed by a wave of barbarism from among those half-savage peoples from whom you and I, my hearers, trace our descent. In the south and east it was destroyed later, but far more thoroughly by invaders of an utterly different type. Both conquests were of great importance; but it was the northern conquest which in its ultimate effects was of by far the greatest importance.

THE DARK AGES.

"With the advent of the Dark Ages the movement of course ceased, and it did not begin anew for many centuries; while a thousand years passed before it was once more in full swing so far as European civilization, so far as the world civilization of to-day, is concerned. During those centuries the civilized world, in our acceptation of the term, was occupied, as its chief task, in slowly climbing back to the position from which it had fallen after the age of the Antonines. Of course a general statement like this must be accepted with qualifications. There is no hard and fast line between one age or period and another, and in no age is either progress or retrogression universal in all things. There were many points in which the Middle Ages, because of the simple fact that they were Christian, surpassed the brilliant pagan civilization of the past; and there are some points in which the civilization that succeeded them has sunk below the level of the ages which saw such mighty masterpieces of poetry, of architecture—especially cathedral architecture—and of serene spiritual and forceful lay leadership. But they were centuries of violence, rapine and cruel injustice; and truth was so little heeded that the noble and daring spirits who sought it, especially in its scientific form, did so in deadly peril of the fagot and the halter.

RISE OF ISLAM.

"During this period there were several very important extra-European movements, one or two of which deeply affected Europe. Islam arose, and conquered far and wide, uniting fundamentally different races into a brotherhood of feeling which Christianity has never been able to rival, and at the time of the Crusades profoundly influencing European culture. It produced a civilization of its own, brilliant and here and there useful, but hopelessly limited when compared with the civilization of which we ourselves are the heirs. The great cultured peoples of southeastern and eastern Asia continued their checkered development totally unaffected by, and without knowledge of, any European influence.

"Throughout the whole period there came against Europe, out of the unknown wastes of central Asia, an endless succession of strange and terrible conqueror races whose mission was mere destruction—Hun and Avar, Mongol, Tartar and Turk. These fierce and squalid

tribes of warrior horsemen flailed mankind with red scourges, wasted and destroyed, and then vanished from the ground they had overrun. But in no way worth noting did they count in the advance of mankind.

PRINTING AND THE NEW WORLD.

"At last, a little over four hundred years ago, the movement toward a world civilization took up its interrupted march. The beginning of the modern movement may roughly be taken as synchronizing with the discovery of printing, and with that series of bold sea ventures which culminated in the discovery of America; and after these two epochal feats had begun to produce their full effects in material and intellectual life, it became inevitable that civilization should thereafter differ not only in degree, but even in kind from all that had gone before. Immediately after the voyage of Columbus and Vasco da Gama there began a tremendous religious ferment; the awakening of intellect went hand in hand with the moral uprising; the great names of Copernicus, Bruno, Kepler and Galileo show that the mind of man was breaking the fetters that had cramped it; and for the first time experimentation was used as a check upon observation and theorization. Since then, century by century, the changes have increased in rapidity and complexity, and have attained their maximum in both respects during the century just past. Instead of being directed by one or two dominant peoples, as was the case with all similar movements of the past, the new movement was shared by many different nations. From every standpoint it has been of infinitely greater moment than anything hitherto seen. Not in one but in many different peoples there has been extraordinary growth in wealth, in population, in power of organization, and in mastery over mechanical activity and natural resources. All of this has been accompanied and signalized by an immense outburst of energy and restless initiative. The result is as varied as it is striking.

FIRST REAL WORLD MOVEMENT.

"In the first place, representatives of this civilization, by their conquest of space, were enabled to spread into all the practically vacant continents, while at the same time, by their triumphs in organization and mechanical invention, they acquired an unheard-of military superiority as compared with their former rivals. To these two facts is primarily due the further fact that for the first time there is really something that approaches a world civilization, a world movement. The spread of the European peoples since the days of Ferdinand the Catholic and Ivan the Terrible has been across every sea and over every continent. In places the conquests have been ethnic; that is, there has been a new wandering of the peoples, and new commonwealths have sprung up in which the people are entirely or mainly of European blood. This is what happened in the temperate and sub-tropical regions of the Western Hemisphere, in Australia, in portions of northern Asia and southern Africa. In other places the conquest has been purely political, the Europeans representing for the most part merely a small caste of soldiers and administrators, as in most of tropical Asia and Africa, and in much of tropical America. Finally, here and there instances occur where there has been no conquest at all, but where an alien people is profoundly and radically changed by the mere impact of Western civilization. The most extraordinary instance of this, of course, is Japan, for Japan's growth and change during the last half-century has been in many ways the most striking phenomenon of all history. Intensely proud of her past history, intensely loyal to certain of her past traditions, she has yet with a single effort wrenched herself free from all hampering ancient ties, and with a bound has taken her place among the leading civilized nations of mankind.

"There are, of course, many grades between these different types of influence, but the net outcome of what has occurred during the last four centuries is that civilization of the European type now exercises a more or less profound effect over practically the entire world. There are nooks and corners to which it has not yet penetrated, but there is at present no large space of territory in which the general movement of civilized activity does not make itself more or less felt. This represents something wholly different from what has ever hitherto been seen. In the greatest days of Roman dominion the influence of Rome was felt over only a relatively small portion of the world's surface. Over much the larger part of the world the process of change and development was absolutely unaffected by anything that occurred in the Roman Empire, and those communities the play of whose influence was felt in action and reaction and in interaction among themselves were grouped immediately around the Mediterranean. Now, however, the whole world is bound together as never before; the bonds are sometimes those of hatred rather than love, but they are bonds nevertheless.

PEOPLES IN CLOSER BONDS.

"Frowning or hopeful, every man of leadership in any line of thought or effort must now look beyond the limits of his own country. The student of sociology may live in Berlin or St. Petersburg, Rome or London, or he may live in Melbourne or San Francisco or Buenos Ayres; but in whatever city he lives, he must pay heed to the studies of men who live in each of the other cities. When in America we study labor problems and attempt to deal with subjects such as life insurance for wage-workers, we turn to see what you do here in Germany, and we also turn to see what the far-off Commonwealth of New Zealand is doing. When a great German scientist is warring against the most dreaded enemies of mankind, creatures of infinitesimal size which the microscope reveals in his blood, he may spend his holidays of study in Central Africa or in Eastern Asia; and he must know what is accomplished in the laboratories of Tokio, just as he must know the details of that practical application of science which has changed the Isthmus of Panama from a death-trap into what is almost a health resort. Every progressive in China is striving to introduce Western methods of education and administration, and hundreds of European and American books are now translated into Chinese. The influence of European governmental principles is strikingly illustrated by the fact that admiration for them has broken down the iron barriers of Moslem conservatism, so that their introduction has become a burning question in Turkey and Persia; while the very unrest, the impatience of European or American control, in India, Egypt or the Philippines takes the form of demanding that the government be assimilated more closely to what it is in England or the United States. The deeds and works of any great statesman, the preachings of any great ethical, social or political teacher now find echoes in both hemispheres and in every continent. From a new discovery in science to a new method of combating or applying socialism, there is no movement of note which can take place in any part of the globe without powerfully affecting masses of people in Europe, America and Australia, in Asia and Africa. For weal or for woe, the peoples of mankind are knit together far closer than ever before.

CONQUEST OF NATURAL FORCES.

"So much for the geographical side of the expansion of modern civilization. But only a few of the many and intense activities of modern civilization have found their expression on this side. The movement has been just as striking in its conquest over natural forces, in its searching inquiry into and about the soul of things.

"The conquest over Nature has included an extraordinary increase in every form of knowledge of the world we live in, and also an extraordinary increase in the power of utilizing the forces of Nature. In both directions the advance has been very great during the past four or five centuries, and in both directions it has gone on with ever increasing rapidity during the last century. After the great age of Rome had passed, the boundaries of knowledge shrank, and in many cases it was not until well-nigh our own times that her domain was once again pushed beyond the ancient landmarks. About the year 150 A. D., Ptolemy, the geographer, published his map of central Africa and the sources of the Nile, and this map was more accurate than any which we had as late as 1850 A. D. More was known of physical science, and more of the truth about the physical world was guesssed at, in the days of Pliny, than was known or guessed until the modern movement began. The case was the same as regards military science. At the close of the Middle Ages the weapons were what they had always been—sword, shield, bow and spear; and any improvement in them was more than offset by the loss in knowledge of military organization, in the science of war, and in military leadership since the days of Hannibal and Cæsar. A hundred years ago, when this University was founded, the methods of transporation did not differ in the essentials from what they had been among the highly civilized nations of antiquity. Travelers and merchandise went by land in wheeled vehicles or on beasts of burden, and by sea in boats propelled by sails or by oars; and news was conveyed as it always had been conveyed. What improvements there had been had been in degree only and not in kind; and in some respects there had been retrogression rather than advance. There were many parts of Europe where the roads were certainly worse than the old Roman postroads; and the Mediterranean Sea, for instance, was by no means as well policed as in the days of Trajan. Now steam and electricity have worked a complete revolution; and the resulting immensely increased ease of communication has in its turn completely changed all the physical questions of human life. A voyage from Egypt to England was nearly as serious an affair in the eighteenth century as in the second; and the news communications between the two lands were not materially improved. A graduate of your University to-day can go to mid-Asia of mid-Africa with far less consciousness of performing a feat of note than would have been the case a hundred

years ago with a student who visited Sicily and Andalusia. Moreover, the invention and use of machinery run by steam or electricity have worked a revolution in industry as great as the revolution in transportation; so that here again the difference between ancient and modern civilization is one not merely of degree, but of kind. In many vital respects the huge modern city differs more from all preceding cities than any of these differed one from the other; and the giant factory town is of and by itself one of the most formidable problems of modern life.

REGARD FOR USE AND WASTE.

"Steam and electricity, have given the race dominion over land and water such as it never had before; and now the conquest of the air is directly impending. As books preserve thought through time, so the telegraph and the telephone transmit it through the space they annihilate, and therefore minds are swayed one by another without regard to the limitations of space and time which formerly forced each community to work in comparative isolation. It is the same with the body as with the brain. The machinery of the factory and the farm enormouly multiplies bodily skill and vigor. Countless trained intelligences are at work to teach us how to avoid or counteract the effects of waste. Of course some of the agents in the modern scientific development of natural resources deal with resources of such a kind that their development means their destruction, so that exploitation on a grand scale means an intense rapidity of development purchased at the cost of a speedy exhaustion. The enormous and constantly increasing output of coal and iron necessarily means the approach of the day when our children's children, or their children's children, shall dwell in an ironless age—and, later on, in an age without coal—and will have to try to invent or develop new sources for the production of heat and use of energy. But as regards many another natural resource, scientific civilization teaches us how to preserve it through use. The best use of field and forest will leave them decade by decade, century by century, more fruitful; and we have barely begun to use the indestructible power that comes from harnessed water. The conquests of surgery, of medicine, the conquests in the entire field of hygiene and sanitation, have been literally marvelous; the advances in the past century or two have been over more ground than was covered during the entire previous history of the human race.

"The advances in the realm or pure intellect have been of equal note, and they have been both intensive and extensive. Great virgin fields of learning and wisdom have been discovered by the few, and at the same time knowledge has spread among the many to as degree never dreamed of before. Old men among us have seen in their own generation the rise of the first rational science of the evolution of life. The astronomer and the chemist, the psychologist and the historian, and all their brethren in many different fields of wide endeavor, work with a training and knowledge and method which are in effect instruments of precision, differentiating their labors from the labors of their predecessors as the rifle is differentiated from the bow.

"The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and the body. Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousand fold the intensity with which it acted in former ages. Over the whole earth the swing of the pendulum grows more and more rapid, the mainspring coils and spreads at a rate constantly quickening, the whole world movement is of constantly accelerating velocity.

MODERN DANGERS.

"In this movement there are signs of much that bodes ill. The machinery is so highly geared, the tension and strain are so great, the effort and the output have alike so increased, that there is cause to dread the ruin that would come from any great accident, from any breakdown, and also the ruin that may come from the mere wearing out of the machine itself. The only previous civilization with which our modern civilization can be in any way compared is that period of Græco-Roman civilization extending, say, from the Athens of Themistocles to the Rome of Marcus Aurelius. Many of the forces and tendencies which were then at work are at work now. Knowledge, luxury and refinement, wide material conquests, territorial administration on a vast scale, an increase in the mastery of mechanical appliances and in applied science—all these mark our civilization as they marked the wonderful civilization that flourished in the Mediterranean lands 20 centuries ago; and they preceded the downfall of the older civilization. Yet the differences are many and some of them are quite as striking as the similarities. The single fact that the old civilization was based upon slavery shows the chasm that separates the two. Let me point out one further and very significant difference in the development of the two civilizations, a difference so obvious that it is astonishing that it has not been dwelt upon by men of letters.

MUST KEEP "FIGHTING EDGE."

"One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into their manliness of fibre. The barbarian, because of the very conditions of his life, is forced to keep and develop certain hardy qualities which the man of civilization tends to lose, whether he be clerk, factory hand, merchant or even a certain type of farmer. Now, I will not assert that in modern civilized society these tendencies have been wholly overcome, but there has been a much more successful effort to overcome them than was the case in the early civilizations. This is curiously shown by the military history of the Græco-Roman period as compared with the history of the last four or five centuries here in Europe and among nations of European descent. In the Grecian and Roman military history the change was steadily from a citizen army to an army of mercenaries. In the days of the early greatness of Athens, Thebes and Sparta, in the days when the Roman republic conquered what world it knew, the armies were filled with citizen soldiers. But gradually the citizens refused to serve in the armies or became unable to render good service. The Greek states described by Polybius, with but few exceptions, hired others to do their fighting for them. The Romans of the days of Augustus had utterly ceased to furnish any cavalry, and were rapidly ceasing to furnish any infantry, to the legions and cohorts. When the civilization came to an end, there were no longer citizens in the ranks of the soldiers. The change from the citizen army to the army of mercenaries had been completed.

OURS CITIZEN ARMIES.

"Now, the exact reverse has been the case with us in modern times. A few centuries ago the mercenary soldier was the principal figure in most armies, and in great numbers of cases the mercenary soldier was an alien. In the wars of religion in France, in the Thirty Years' War in Germany, in the wars that immediately thereafter marked the beginning of the break-up of the great Polish Kingdom, the regiments and brigades of foreign soldiers formed a striking and leading feature in every army. Too often the men of the country in which the fighting took place played merely the ignoble part of victims, the burghers and peasants appearing in but limited numbers in the mercenary armies by which they were plundered. Gradually this has all changed until now practically every army is a citizen army, and the mercenary has almost disappeared, while the army exists on a vaster scale than ever before in history. This is so among the military monarchies of Europe. In our own Civil War of the United States the same thing occurred, peaceful people as we are. At that time more than two generations had passed since the War of Independence. During the whole of that period the people had been engaged in no life and death struggle; and yet, when the Civil War broke out, and after some costly and bitter lessons at the beginning, the fighting spirit of the people was shown to better advantage than ever before. The war was peculiarly a war for a principle, a war waged by each side for an ideal, and while faults and shortcomings were plentiful among the combatants, there was comparatively little sordidness of motive or conduct. In such a giant struggle, where across the warp of so many interests is shot the woof of so many purposes, dark strands and bright, strands sombre and brilliant, are always intertwined; inevitably there was corruption here and there in the Civil War; but all the leaders on both sides, and the great majority of the enormous masses of fighting men wholly disregarded and were wholly uninfluenced by pecuniary considerations, There were, of course, foreigners who came over to serve as soldiers of fortune for money or for love of adventure; but the foreign-born citizens served in much the same proportion as and from the same motives as the native-born. Taken as a whole, it was, even more than the Revolutionary War, a true citizen fight, and the armies of Grant and Lee were as emphatically citizen armies as Athenian, Theban or Spartan armies in the great age of Greece, or as a Roman army in the days of the Republic.

POLITICS PURER.

"Another striking contrast in the course of modern civilization as compared with the later stages of the Græco-Roman or classic civilization is to be found in the relations of wealth and politics. In classic times, as the civilization advanced toward its zenith, politics became a recognized means of accumulating great wealth. Cæsar was again and again on the verge of bankruptcy; he spent an enormous fortune; and he recouped himself by the money which he made out of his political-military career. Augustus established Imperial Rome on firm foundations by the use he made of the huge fortune he had acquired by plunder. What a

contrast is offered by the careers of Washington and Lincoln! There were a few exceptions in ancient days; but the immense majority of the Greeks and the Romans, as their civilization culminated, accepted money-making on a large scale as one of the incidents of a successful public career. Now all of this is in sharp contrast to what has happened within the last two or three centuries. During this time there has been a steady growth away from the theory that money-making is permissible in an honorable public career. In this respect the standard has been constantly elevated, and things which statesmen had no hesitation in doing three centuries or two centuries ago, and which did not seriously hurt a public career even a century ago, are now utterly impossible. Wealthy men still exercise a large, and sometimes an improper, influence in politics, but it is apt to be an indirect influence; and in the advanced states the mere suspicion that the wealth of public men is obtained or added to as an incident of their public careers will bar them from public life. Speaking generally, wealth may very greatly influence modern political life, but it is not acquired in political life. The colonial administrators, German or American, French or English, of this generation lead careers which as compared with the careers of other men of like ability, show too little rather than too much regard for money-making; and literally a world scandal would be caused by conduct which a Roman proconsul would have regarded as moderate, and which would not have been especially uncommon even in the administration of England a century and a half ago. On the whole the great statesmen of the last few generations have been either men of moderate means, or, if men of wealth, men whose wealth was diminished rather than increased by their public services.

"I have dwelt on these points merely because it is well to emphasize in the most emphatic fashion the fact that in many respects there is a complete lack of analogy between the civilization of to-day and the only other civilization in any way comparable to it, that of the ancient Græco-Roman lands. There are, of course, many points in which the analogy is close, and in some of these points the resemblances are as ominous as they are striking. But most striking of all is the fact that in point of physical extent, of wide diversity of interest, and of extreme velocity of movement, the present civilization can be compared to nothing that has ever gone before. It is now literally a world movement, and the movement is growing ever more rapid and is ever reaching into new fields. Any considerable influence exerted at one point is certain to be felt with greater or less effect at almost every other point. Every path of activity open to the human intellect is followed with an eagerness and success never hitherto dreamed of. We have established complete liberty of conscience, and, in consequence, a complete liberty for mental activity. All free and daring souls have before them a well-nigh limitless opening for endeavor of any kind.

PERIL OF ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT.

"Hitherto every civilization that has arisen has been able to develop only a comparatively few activities; that is, its field of endeavor has been limited in kind as well as in locality. There have, of course, been great movements, but they were of practically only one form of activity; and although usually this set in motion other kinds of activities, such was not always the case. The great religious movements have been the pre-eminent examples of this type. But they are not the only ones. Such peoples as the Mongols and the Phœnicians, at almost opposite poles of cultivation, have represented movements in which one element, military or commercial, so overshadowed all other elements that the movement died out chiefly because it was one-sided. The extraordinary outburst of activity among the Mongols of the thirteenth century was almost purely a military movement, without even any great administrative side; and it was therefore well-nigh purely a movement of destruction. The individual prowess and hardihood of the Mongols, and the perfection of their military organization, rendered their armies incomparably superior to those of any European, or any other Asiatic, power of that day. They conquered from the Yellow Sea to the Persian Gulf and the Adriatic; they seized the Imperial throne of China; they slew the Caliph in Bagdad; they founded dynasties in India. The fanaticism of Christianity and the fanaticism of Mohammedanism were alike powerless against them. The valor of the bravest fighting men in Europe was impotent to check them. They trampled Russia into bloody mire beneath the hoofs of their horses; they drew red furrows of destruction across Poland and Hungary; they overthrew with ease any force from western Europe that dared encounter them. Yet they had no root of permanence; their work was mere evil while it lasted, and it did not last long; and when they vanished they left hardly a trace behind them. So the extraordinary Phœnician civilization was almost purely a mercantile, a business civilization, and though it left an impress on the life that came after, this impress was faint indeed compared to that left, for instance, by the Greeks with their many-sided development. Yet the Greek civiliza-

tion itself fell, because this many-sided development became too exclusively one of intellect, at the expense of character, at the expense of the fundamental qualities which fit men to govern both themselves and others. When the Greek lost the sterner virtues, when his soldiers lost the fighting edge, and his statesmen grew corrupt, while the people became a faction-torn and pleasure-loving rabble, then the doom of Greece was at hand, and not all their cultivation, their intellectual brilliancy, their artistic development, their adroitness in speculative science, could save the Hellenic peoples as they bowed before the sword of the iron Roman.

OPTIMISTIC OF FUTURE.

"What is the lesson to us to-day? Are we to go the way of the older civilizations? The immense increase in the area of civilized activity to-day, so that it is nearly coterminous with the world's surface; the immense increase in the multitudinous variety of its activities; the immense increase in the velocity of the world movement—are all these to mean merely that the crash will be all the more complete and terrible when it comes? We cannot be certain that the answer will be in the negative; but of this we can be certain, that we shall not go down in ruin unless we deserve and earn our end. There is no necessity for us to fall; we can hew out our destiny for ourselves, if only we have the wit and the courage and the honesty.

"Personally, I do not believe that our civilization will fall. I think that on the whole we have grown better and not worse. I think that on the whole the future holds more for us than even the great past has held. But, assuredly, the dreams of golden glory in the future will not come true unless, high of heart and strong of hand, by our own mighty deeds we make them come true. We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary, atrophied. Neither the military efficiency of the Mongol, the extraordinary business ability of the Phœnician nor the subtle and polished intellect of the Greek availed to avert destruction.

NEED OF HOMELY VIRTUES.

"We, the men of to-day and of the future, need many qualities if we are to do our work well. We need, first of all and most important of all, the qualities which stand at the base of individual, of family life, the fundamental and essential qualities—the homely, everyday, all-important virtues. If the average man will not work, if he has not in him the will and the power to be a good husband and father; if the average woman is not a good housewife, a good mother of many healthy children, then the State will topple, will go down, no matter what may be its brilliance of artistic development or material achievement. But these homely qualities are not enough. There must, in addition be that power of organization, that power of working in common for a common end which the German people have shown in such signal fashion during the last half century. Moreover, the things of the spirit are even more important than the things of the body. We can well do without the hard intolerance and arid intellectual barrenness of what was worst in the theological systems of the past, but there has never been greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time. So, while we can laugh good-humoredly at some of the pretensions of modern philosophy in its various branches, it would be worse than folly on our part to ignore our need of intellectual leadership. Your own great Frederick once said that if he wished to punish a province he would leave it to be governed by philosophers; the sneer had in it an element of justice; and yet no one better than the great Frederick knew the value of philosophers, the value of men of science, men of letters, men of art. It would be a bad thing indeed to accept Tolstoy as a guide in social and moral matters; but it would also be a bad thing not to have Tolstoy, not to profit by the lofty side of his teachings. There are plenty of scientific men whose hard arrogance, whose cynical materialism, whose dogmatic intolerance put them on a level with the bigoted mediæval ecclesiasticism which they denounce. Yet our debt to scientific men in incalculable, and our civilization of to-day would have reft from it all that which most highly distinguishes it if the work of the great masters of science during the past four centuries were now undone or forgotten. Never has philanthropy, humanitarianism, seen such development as now; and though we must all beware of the folly, and the viciousness no worse than folly, which marks the believer in the perfectibility of man when his heart runs away with his head, or when vanity usurps the place of conscience, yet we must remember also that it is only by working along the lines laid down by the philanthropists, by the lovers of mankind, that we can be sure of lifting our civilization to a higher and more permanent plane of well being than was ever attained by any preceding civilization. Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need

against all who would harm it; and woe thrice over to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge, loses the power to serve as a soldier if the day of need should arise.

THE IDEAL CIVILIZATION.

"It is no impossible dream to build up a civilization in which morality, ethical development and a true feeling of brotherhood shall all alike be divorced from false sentimentality, and from the rancorous and evil passions which, curiously enough, so often accompany professions of sentimental attachment to the rights of man; in which a high material development in the things of the body shall be achieved without subordination of the things of the soul; in which there shall be a genuine desire for peace and justice without loss of those virile qualities without which no love of peace or justice shall avail any race; in which the fullest development of scientific research, the great distinguishing feature of our present civilization, shall yet not imply a belief that intellect can ever take the place of character, for, from the standpoint of the nation as of the individual, it is character that is the one vital possession.

"Finally, this world movement of civilization, this movement which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which in the present stage of the world's progress is essential to the world's well-being. You, my hearers, and I who speak to you, belong to different nations. Under modern conditions the books we read, the news sent by telegraph to our newspapers, the strangers we meet, half of the things we hear and do each day, all tend to bring us into touch with other peoples. Each people can do justice to itself only if it does justice to others; but each people can do its part in the world movement for all only if it first does its duty within its own household. The good citizen must be a good citizen of his own country first before he can with advantage be a citizen of the world at large. I wish you well. I believe in you and your future. I admire and wonder at the extraordinary greatness and variety of your achievements in so many and such widely different fields, and my admiration and regard are all the greater, and not the less, because I am so profound a believer in the institutions and the people of my own land."

BIOLOGICAL ANALOGIES IN HISTORY.

ROMANES LECTURE AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY, JUNE 7, 1910.

"More than ever before in the world's history we of to-day seek to penetrate the causes of the mysteries that surround not only mankind, but all life, both in the present and the past; and, studying, we see strange analogies in the phenomena of life and death, of birth, growth and change between those physical groups of animal life which we designate as species, forms, races and the highly complex and composite entities which rise before our minds when we speak of nations and civilizations.

"He who would fully treat of man must know at least something of biology, of the science that treats of living, breathing things, and especially of that science of evolution which is inseparably connected with the great name of Darwin. Of course, there is no exact parallelism between the birth, growth and death of species in the animal world and the birth, growth and death of societies in the world of man. Yet there is a certain parallelism. There are strange analogies; it may be that there are homologies.

"When dealing with the changes, cataclysmic or otherwise, which divide one period of palæontological history from another, we can sometimes assign causes, and again we cannot even guess at them. In the case of single species or of faunas of very restricted localities the explanation is often self-evident. A comparatively slight change in the amount of moisture in the climate, with the attendant change in vegetation, might readily mean the destruction of a group of huge herbivores with a bodily size such that they need a vast quantity of food and with teeth so weak or so peculiar that but one or two kinds of plants could furnish this food. Again, we now know that the most deadly foes of the higher forms of life are various lower forms of life, such as insects or microscopic creatures conveyed into the blood by insects.

"When the faunal groups die out, over large areas, the question is different. One of the most striking instances of inexplicable changes is that afforded by the history of South America toward the close of the tertiary period.

"For ages South America had been an island by itself, cut off from North America, near what is now the isthmus of Panama. During this time a very peculiar fauna grew up in South America, some of the types resembling nothing now existing, while others are recogniz-

able as ancestral forms of the ant-eaters, sloths and armadillos of to-day. It was a peculiar and diversified mammalian fauna of, on the whole, rather small species.

"Toward the end of the tertiary there was an upheaval of land between this old South American island and North America, near what is now the Isthmus of Panama, thereby making a bridge across which the teeming animal life of the northern continent had access to this queer southern continent. There followed an inrush of huge, or swift, or formidable creatures which had attained their development in the fierce competition of the arctogeal realm. Elephants, camels, horses, tapirs, swine, saber-toothed tigers, big cats, wolves, bears, deer, crowded into South America, warring each against the other incomers and against the old long-existing forms.

"A riot of life followed. Not only was the character of the South American fauna totally changed by the invasion of these creatures from the North, which soon swarmed over the continent, but it was also changed through the development wrought in the old inhabitants by the severe competition to which they were exposed. Many of the smaller or less capable types died out. Others developed enormous bulk or complete armor protection and thereby saved themselves from the new beasts.

"In consequence, South America soon became populated with various new species of mastodons, saber-toothed tigers, camels, horses, deer, cats, wolves, hoofed creatures of strange shapes, and some of them of giant size, all of these being descended from the immigrant types; and side by side with them there grew up large autochthonous ungulates, giant ground sloths well-nigh as large as elephants, and armored creatures as bulky as an ox but structurally of the armadillo or ant-eater type; and some of these latter not only held their own, but actually in their turn wandered north over the isthmus and invaded North America.

"A fauna as varied as that of Africa to-day, as abundant in species and individuals, even more noteworthy, because of its huge size or odd type and because of the terrific prowess of the more formidable flesh-eater, was thus developed in South America, and flourished for a period which human history would call very long indeed, but which geologically was short.

"Then, for no reason that we can assign, detruction fell on this fauna. All the great and terrible creatures died out, the same fate befalling the changed representatives of the old autochthonous fauna and the descendants of the migrants that had come down from the north. Ground sloth and glyptodon, saber-tooth, horse and mastodon and all the associated animals of large size vanished, and South America, though still retaining its connection with North America, once again became a land with a mammalian life small and weak compared with that of North America and the Old World.

"Now, as to all of these phenomena in the evolution of species, there are, if not homologies at least certain analogies, in the history of human societies, in the history of the rise to prominence, of the development and change, of the temporary dominance and death or transformation of the groups of varying kind which form races or nations. Here as in biology, it is necessary to keep in mind that we use each of the words 'birth' and 'death,' 'youth' and 'age' often very loosely, and sometimes as denoting either one or two totally different conceptions. Of course, in one sense there is no such thing as an 'old' or a 'young' nation, any more than there is an 'old' or 'young' family. All that can properly be meant by the terms 'new' and 'young' is that in a given line of descent there has suddenly come a period of rapid change.

"As in biology, so in human history, a new form may result from the specialization of a long-existing and hitherto very slowly changing generalized or non-specialized form; as, for instance, when a barbaric race from a variety of causes suddenly develops a more complex cultivation and civilization. This is what occurred, for instance, in western Europe during the centuries of the Teutonic and later the Scandinavian ethnic overflows from the north.

"All the modern countries of western Europe are descended from the states created by these northern invaders. When first created, they could be called 'new' or 'young' states in the sense that part or all of the people composing them were descended from races that hitherto had not been civilized at all, and that therefore, for the first time, entered on the career of civilized communities.

"Again, the new form may represent merely a splitting off from a long-established, highly developed and specialized nation.

WHEN NATIONS 'DIE.'

"So, when we speak of the 'death' of a tribe, a nation, or a civilization, the term may be used for either one or two totally different processes, the analogy with what occurs in biological history being complete. Certain tribes of savages, the Tasmanians, for instance, and various little clans of American Indians have within the last century or two completely died out; all of the individuals have perished, leaving no descendants, and the blood has disappeared.

Certain other tribes of Indians have as tribes disappeared or are now disappearing, but their blood remains, being absorbed into the veins of the white intruders, or of the black men introduced by these white intruders; so that in reality they are merely being transformed into something absolutely different from what they were.

"A like wide diversity, in fact, may be covered in the statement that a civilization has 'died out.' The nationality and culture of the wonderful city-builders of the lower Mesopotamian plain have disappeared, and though doubtless certain influences dating therefrom are still at work, they are in such changed and hidden form as to be unrecognizable. But the disappearance of the Roman empire was of no such character. There was complete change, far-reaching transformation, and at one period a violent dislocation; but it would not be correct to speak of the blood or the culture of old Rome as extinct.

GREAT NATIONS RARELY OF ONE RACE.

"Most of the great societies which have developed a high civilization and have played a dominant part in the world have been—and are—artificial, not merely in social structure, but in the sense of including totally different race types. A great nation rarely belongs to any one race, though its citizens generally have one essentially national speech. Yet the curious fact remains that these great artificial societies acquire such unity that in each one all the parts feel a subtle sympathy, and move or cease to move, go forward or go back all together, in response to some stir or throbbing, very powerful and yet not to be discerned by our senses. National unity is far more apt than race unity to be a fact to reckon with; until indeed we come to race differences as fundamental as those which divide from one another the half-dozen great ethnic divisions of mankind, when they become so important that differences of nationality, speech and creed sink into littleness.

"An ethnological map of Europe in which the peoples were divided according to their physical and racial characteristics, such as stature, coloration and shape of head, would bear no resemblance whatever to a map giving the political divisions, the nationalities, of Europe; while, on the contrary, a linguistic map would show a general correspondence between speech and nationality. The northern Frenchman is in blood and physical type more nearly allied to his German-speaking neighbor than to the Frenchman of the Mediterranean seaboard; and the latter, in his turn, is nearer to the Catalan than to the man who dwells beside the channel or along the tributaries of the Rhine.

"But in essential characteristics, in the qualities that tell in the make-up of a nationality, all these kinds of Frenchmen feel keenly that they are one and are different from all outsiders, their differences dwindling into insignificance compared with the extraordinary, artificially produced resemblances which bring them together and wall them off from the outside world.

MYSTERIES IN DEVELOPMENT.

"In dealing, not with groups of human beings in simple and primitive relations, but with highly complex, highly specialized, civilized or semi-civilized societies, there is need of great caution in drawing analogies with what has occurred in the development of the animal world. Yet even in these cases it is curious to see how some of the phenomena in the growth and disappearance of these complex, artificial groups of human beings resemble what has happened in myriads of instances in the history of life on this planet.

"Why do great artificial empires, whose citizens are knit by a bond of speech and culture much more than by a bond of blood, show periods of extraordinary growth, and again of sudden or lingering decay? In some cases we can answer readily enough; in other cases we cannot as yet even guess what the proper answer should be. If in any such case the centrifugal forces overcome the centripetal, the nation will of course fly to pieces. The reason for its failure to become a dominant force is patent to every one. The minute that the spirit which finds its healthy development in local self-government, and is the antidote to the dangers of an extreme centralization, develops into mere particularism, into inability to combine effectively for achievement of a common end, then it is hopeless to expect great results.

"Poland and certain republics of the western hemisphere are the standard examples of failure of this kind, and the United States would have ranked with them and its name would have become a byword of derision if the forces of union had not triumphed in the Civil War. So the growth of soft luxury after it has reached a certain point becomes a national danger patent to all.

"Again, it needs but little of the vision of a seer to foretell what must happen in any community if the average woman ceases to become the mother of a family of healthy children, if the average man loses the will and the power to work up to old age and to fight whenever

the need arises. If the homely, commonplace virtues die out, if strength of character vanishes in graceless self-indulgence, if the virile qualities atrophy, then the nation has lost what no material prosperity can offset.

"But there are plenty of other phenomena wholly or partially inexplicable. It is easy to see why Rome trended downward when great slave-tilled farms spread over what had once been a countryside of peasant proprietors, when greed and luxury and sensuality ate like acids into the fiber of the upper classes, while the mass of these citizens grew to depend, not upon their own exertions, but upon the state, for their pleasures and their very livelihood. But this does not explain why the forward movement stopped at different times, so far as different matters were concerned; at one time as regards literature, at another time as regards architecture, at another time as regards city building.

"There is nothing mysterious about Rome's dissolution at the time of the barbarian invasions; apart from the impoverishment and depopulation of the empire, its fall would be quite sufficiently explained by the mere fact that the average citizen had lost the fighting edge—an essential, even under a despotism, and therefore far more essential in free, self-governing communities such as those of the English-speaking peoples of to-day. The mystery is rather that out of the chaos and corruption of Roman society during the last days of the oligarchic republic there should have sprung an empire able to hold things with reasonable steadiness for three or four centuries.

"But why, for instance, should the higher kinds of literary productiveness have ceased about the beginning of the second century, whereas the following centuries witnessed a great outbreak of energy in the shape of city-building in the provinces, not only in western Europe, but in Africa? We cannot even guess why the springs of one kind of energy dried up while there was yet no cessation of another kind.

"Take another and smaller instance, that of Holland. For a period covering a little more than the seventeenth century, Holland, like some of the Italian city states at an earlier period, stood on the dangerous heights of greatness beside nations so vastly her superior in territory and population as to make it inevitable that sooner or later she must fall from the glorious and perilous eminence to which she had been raised by her own indomitable soul. Her fall came; it could not have been indefinitely postponed; but it came far quicker than it needed to come, because of shortcomings on her part to which both Great Britain and the United States would be wise to pay heed.

A LESSON FROM HOLLAND.

"Her government was singularly ineffective, the decentralization being such as often to permit the separatist, the particularist, spirit of the provinces to rob the central authority of all efficiency. This was bad enough. But the fatal weakness was that so common in rich, peace-loving societies, where men hate to think of war as possible, and try to justify their own reluctance to face it either by high-sounding moral platitudes or else by a philosophy of short-sighted materialism. The Dutch were very wealthy. They grew to believe that they could hire others to do their fighting for them on land; and on sea, where they did their own fighting, and fought very well, they refused in time of peace to make ready fleets so efficient as either to insure the Dutch against the peace being broken or else to give them the victory when war came. To be opulent and unarmed is to secure ease in the present at the almost certain cost of disaster in the future.

"It is therefore easy to see why Holland lost when she did her position among the powers; but it is far more difficult to explain why at the same time there should have come at least a partial loss of position in the world of art and letters.

"In the little republic of Holland, as in the great empire of Rome, it was not death which came, but transformation. Both Holland and Italy teach us that races that fall may rise again. In Holland, as in the Scandinavian kingdoms of Norway and Sweden, there was, in a sense, no decadence at all. There was nothing analogous to what has befallen so many countries; no lowering of the general standard of well-being, no general loss of vitality, no depopulation. What happened was, first, a flowering time, in which the country's men of action and men of thought gave it a commanding position among the nations of the day; then this period of command passed, and the state revolved in an eddy, aside from the sweep of the mighty current of world life; and yet the people themselves in their internal relations remained substantially unchanged, and in many fields of endeavor have now recovered themselves and play again a leading part.

"In Italy, where history is recorded for a far longer time, the course of affairs was different. When the Roman Empire, that was really Roman, went down in ruin, there followed an interval of centuries when the gloom was almost unrelieved. Every form of luxury and frivolity, of contemptuous repugnance for serious work, of enervating self-indulgence,

every form of vice and weakness which we regard as most ominous in the civilization of to-day, had been at work throughout Italy for generations. The nation had lost all patriotism. It had ceased to bring forth fighters or workers, had ceased to bring forth men of mark of any kind, and the remnant of the Italian people cowered in helpless misery among the horse-hoofs of the barbarians as the wild northern bands rode in to take the land for a prey and the cities for a spoil.

"It was one of the great cataclysms of history, but in the end it was seen that what came had been in part change and growth. It was not all mere destruction. No only did Rome leave a vast heritage of language, culture, law, ideas to all the modern world, but the people of Italy kept the old blood as the chief strain in their veins. In a few centuries came a wonderful new birth of Italy. Then for 400 or 500 years there was a growth of many little city states which in their energy both in peace and war, in their fierce, fervent life, in the high quality of their men of arts and letters and in their utter inability to combine so as to preserve order among themselves or to repel outside invasion can not unfairly be compared with classic Greece. Again Italy fell, and the land was ruled by Spaniard or Frenchman or Austrian; and again, in the nineteenth century, there came for the third time a wonderful new birth.

ITALY'S VARIED HISTORY.

"Contrast this persistence of the old type in its old home and in certain lands which it had conquered with its utter disappearance in certain other lands where it was intrusive, but where it at one time seemed as firmly established as in Italy—certainly as in Spain or Gaul. No more curious example of the growth and disappearance of a national type can be found than in the case of the Græco-Roman dominion in western Asia and northern Africa. All told, it extended over nearly a thousand years, from the days of Alexander till after the time of Heraclius. Throughout these lands there yet remains the ruins of innumerable cities which tell how firmly rooted that dominion must once have been.

"The overshadowing and far-reaching importance of what occurred is sufficiently shown by the familiar fact that the New Testament was written in Greek, while to the early Christians North Africa seemed as much a Latin land as Sicily or the valley of the Po. The intrusive peoples and their culture flourished in the lands for a period twice as long as that which has elapsed since modern history, with the voyage of Columbus, may fairly be said to have begun; and then they withered like dry grass before the flame of the Arab invasion and their place knew them no more. They overshadowed the ground; they vanished, and the old types reappeared in their old homes, with beside them a new type, the Arab.

"Now, as to all these changes, we can at least be sure of the main facts. We know that the Hollander remains in Holland, though the greatness of Holland has passed; we know that the Latin blood remains in Italy, whether to a greater or less extent; and that the Latin culture has died out in the African realm it once won, while it has lasted in Spain and France, and thence has extended itself to continents beyond the ocean. We may not know the causes of the facts save partially; but the facts themselves we do know.

"But there are other cases in which we are at present ignorant even of the facts; we do not know what the changes really were, still less the hidden causes and meaning of those changes. Much remains to be found out before we can speak with any certainty as to whether some changes mean the actual dying out or the mere transformation of types. It is, for instance, astonishing how little permanent change in the physical make-up to the people seems to have been worked in Europe by the migrations of the races in historic times. A tall, fair-haired, long-skulled race penetrates to some southern country and establishes a commonwealth. The generations pass. There is no violent revolution, no break in continuity of history, nothing in the written records to indicate an epoch-making change at any given moment; and yet, after a time, we find that the old type has reappeared, and that people of the locality do not substantially differ in physical form from the people of other localities that did not suffer such an invasion.

SUPREMACY OF THE WHITES.

"The phenomena of national growth and decay, both those which can and those which cannot be explained, have been peculiarly in evidence during the four centuries that have gone by since the discovery of America and the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope. These have been the four centuries of by far the most intense and constantly accelerating rapidity of movement and development that the world has yet seen. The movement has covered all the fields of human activity. It has witnessed an altogether unexampled spread of civilized mankind over the world, as well as an altogether unexampled advance in man's dominion

over nature, and this together with a literary activity to be matched in but one previous epoch.

"This period of extension and development has been that of one race, the so-called white race, or, to speak more accurately, the group of peoples living in Europe who undoubtedly have a certain kinship of blood, who profess the Christian religion and trace back their culture to Greece and Rome.

"The memories of men are short, and it is easy to forget how brief is this period of unquestioned supremacy of the so-called white race. It is but a thing of yesterday. During the thousand years which went before the opening of this era of European supremacy, the attitude of Asia and Africa, of Hun and Mongol, Turk and Tartar, Arab and Moor, had on the whole been that of successful aggression against Europe. More than a century passed after the voyage of Columbus before the mastery in war began to pass from the Asiatic to the European. Much of this world conquest is merely political, and such a conquest is always likely in the long run to vanish. But very much of it represents not a merely political but an ethnic conquest. During this period substantially all of the world achievements worth remembering are to be credited to the people of European descent.

"The first exception of any consequence is the wonderful rise of Japan within the last generation—a phenomenon unexampled in history, for both in blood and in culture the Japanese line of ancestral descent is as remote as possible from ours, and yet Japan, while hitherto keeping most of what was strongest in her ancient character and traditions, has assimilated with curious completeness most of the characteristics that have given power and leadership to the West.

"During this period of intense and feverish activity among the peoples of European stock, first one and then another has taken the lead.

"Comparison is often made between the empire of Britain and the empire of Rome. When judged relatively to the effect on all modern civilization, the empire of Rome is of course the more important, simply because the nations of Europe and their offshoots in other continents trace back their culture either to the earlier Rome by Tiber or the later Rome by the Bosporus. The empire of Rome is the most stupendous fact in lay history; no empire later in time can be compared with it.

"But this is merely another way of saying that the nearer the source the more important becomes any deflection of the stream's current. Absolutely, comparing the two empires one with the other in point of actual achievement, and disregarding the immensely increased effect on other civilizations which inhered in the older empire because it antedated the younger by a couple of thousand years, there is little to choose between them as regards the wide and abandoning interest and importance of their careers.

"The empire of Britain is vaster in space, in population, in wealth, in wide variety of possession, in a history of multiplied and manifold achievements of every kind than even the glorious empire of Rome. Yet, unlike Rome, Britain has won domination in every clime, has carried her flag by conquest and settlement to the uttermost ends of the earth at the very time that haughty and powerful rivals, in their abounding youth or strong maturity, were eager to set bounds to her greatness and to tear from her what she had won afar. England has peopled continents with her children, has swayed the destinies of teeming myriads of alien races, has ruled ancient monarchies and wrested from all comers the right to the world's waste spaces, while at home she has held her own before nations each of military power comparable to Rome's at her zenith.

"Rome fell by attack from without only because the ills within her own borders had grown incurable. What is true of your country, my hearers, is true of my own; while we should be vigilant against foes from without, yet we need never really fear them so long as we safeguard ourselves against the enemies within our own households, and these enemies are our own passions and follies. Free peoples can escape being mastered by others only by being able to master themselves.

"We Americans and you people of the British isles alike need ever to keep in mind that among the many qualities indispensable to the success of a great democracy, and second only to a high and stern sense of duty, of moral obligation, are self-knowledge and self-mastery.

"You, my hosts, and I, may not agree in all our views; some of you would think me a very radical democrat—as, for the matter of that, I am; and my theory of imperialism would probably suit the anti-imperialists as little as it would suit a certain type of forcible-feeble imperialist. But there are some points on which we must all agree, if we think soundly. The precise form of government, democratic or otherwise, is the instrument, the tool, with which we work. It is important to have a good tool. But, even if it is the best possible, it is only a tool. No implement can ever take the place of the guiding intelligence

that wields it. A very bad tool will ruin the work of the best craftsman; but a good tool in bad hands is no better. In the last analysis the all-important factor in national greatness is national character.

"There are questions which we of the civilized nations are even tempted to ask of the future. Is our time of growth drawing to an end? Are we as nations soon to come under the rule of that great law of death which is itself but part of the great law of life? None can tell. Forces that we can see and other forces that are hidden or that can but dimly be apprehended are at work all around us, both for good and for evil.

"The growth in luxury, in love of ease, in taste for vapid and frivolous excitement is both evident and unhealthy. The most ominous sign is the diminution in the birth rate, in the rate of natural increase, now to a larger or lesser degree shared by most of the civilized nations of central and western Europe, of America and Australia, a diminution so great that if it continues for the next century at the rate which has obtained for the last twenty-five years all the more highly civilized peoples will be stationary or else have begun to go backward in population, while many of them will have already gone very far backward.

"There is much that should give us concern for the future. But there is much also which should give us hope. I believe with all my heart that a great future remains for us; but whether it does or does not, our duty is not altered. However the battle may go, the soldier worthy of the name will with utmost vigor do his alloted task and bear himself as valiantly in defeat as in victory.

NATIONS BORN AGAIN.

"Come what will, we belong to peoples who have not yielded to the craven fear of being great. In the ages that have gone by, the great nations, the nations that have expanded and that have played a mighty part in the world, have in the end grown old and weakened and vanished; but so have the nations whose only thought was to avoid danger, all effort, who would risk nothing and who therefore gained nothing.

"A nation that seemingly dies may be born again; and even though in the physical sense it die utterly, it may yet hand down a history of heroic achievement and for all time to come may profoundly influence the nations that arise in its place by the impress of what it has done. Best of all is it to do our part well, and at the same time to see our blood live young and vital in men and women fit to take up the task as we lay it down; for so shall our seed inherit the earth. But if this, which is best, is denied us, then at least it is ours to remember that if we choose we can be torch-bearers, as our fathers were before us. The torch has been handed on from nation to nation, from civilization to civilization throughout all recorded time, from the dim years before history dawned, down to the blazing splendor of this teeming century of ours.

"While freely admitting all of our follies and weaknesses of to-day, it is yet mere perversity to refuse to realize the incredible advance that has been made in ethical standards. I do not believe that there is the slightest necessary connection between any weakening of virile force and this advance in the moral standard, this growth of the sense of obligation to one's neighbor and of reluctance to do that neighbor wrong.

"Every modern civilized nation has many and terrible problems to solve within its own borders, problems that arise not merely from juxtaposition of poverty and riches, but especially from the self-consciouness of both poverty and riches. Each nation must deal with these matters in its own fashion, and yet the spirit in which the problem is approached must ever be fundamentally the same. It must be a spirit of broad humanity; of brotherly kindness; of acceptance of responsibility, one for each and each for all; and at the same time a spirit as remote as the poles from every form of weakness and sentimentality.

"As in war to pardon the coward is to do cruel wrong to the brave man whose life his cowardice jeopards, so in civil affairs it is revolting to every principle of justice to give to the lazy, the vicious, or even the feeble and dull witted, a reward which is really the robbery of what braver, wiser, abler men have earned. The only effective way to help any man is to help him to help himself; and the worst lesson to teach him is that he can be permanently helped at the expense of some one else.

MUST CUT OUT ABUSES.

"Privilege should not be tolerated because it is to the avdantage of a minority, nor yet because it is to the advantage of a majority. No doctrinaire theories of vested rights or freedom of contract can stand in the way of our cutting out abuses from the body politic. Just as little can we afford to follow the doctrinaire of an impossible—and incidently of a highly

undesirable—social revolution which, in destroying individual rights (including property right and the family, would destroy the two chief agents in the advance of mankind, and the two chief reasons why either the advance or the preservation of mankind is worth while.

"It is an evil and a dreadful thing to be callous to sorrow and suffering, and blind to our duty to do all things possible for the betterment of social conditions. But it is an unspeakably foolish thing to strive for this betterment by means so destructive that they would leave no social condition to better. In dealing with all these social problems, with the intimate relations of the family, with wealth in private use and business use, with labor, with poverty, the one prime necessity is to remember that, though hardness of heart is a great evil, it is no greater an evil than softness of head.

"But in addition to these problems, the most intimate and important of all which to a larger or less degree affect all the modern nations somewhat alike, we of the great nations that have expanded, that are now in complicated relations with one another and with alien races, have special problems and special duties of our own. You belong to a nation which possesses the greatest empire upon which the sun has shone. I belong to a nation which is trying on a scale hitherto unexampled, to work out the problems of government for, of, and by the people, while at the same time doing the international duty of a great power.

"But there are certain problems which both of us have to solve, and as to which our standards should be the same. The Englishman, the man of the British isles, in his various homes across the seas, and the American, both at home and abroad, are brought into contact with utterly alien peoples, some with a civilization more ancient than our own, others still in, or having but recently arisen from, the barbarism our people left behind ages ago. The problems that arise are of well-nigh inconceivable difficulty.

"They cannot be solved by the foolish sentimentality of stay-at-home people, with little patent recipes, and those cut-and-dried theories of the political nursery which have such limited applicability amid the crash of elemental forces. Neither can they be solved by the raw brutality of the men who, whether at home or on the rough frontier of civilization, adopt might as the only standard of right in dealing with other men, and treat alien races only as subjects for exploitation.

BURDEN OF THE WHITE MAN.

"No hard and fast rule can be drawn as applying to all alien races, because they differ from one another far more widely than some of them differ from us. But there are one or two rules which must not be forgotten. In the long run, there can be no justification for one race managing or controlling another unless the management and control are exercised in the interest and for the benefit of that other race. This is what our peoples have, in the main done, and must continue in the future in even greater degree to do, in India, Egypt and the Philippines alike.

"In the next place, as regards every race, everywhere, at home or abroad, we cannot afford to deviate from the great rule of righteousness which bids us treat each man on his worth as a man. This has nothing to do with social intermingling, with what is called social equality. It has to do merely with the question of doing to each man and each woman that elementary justice which will permit him or her to gain from life the reward which should always accompany thrift, sobriety, self-control, respect for the rights of others, and hard and intelligent work to a given end.

"The other type of duty is the international duty, the duty owed by one nation to another. I hold that the laws of morality which should govern individuals in their dealings one with the other are just as binding concerning nations in their dealings one with the other. The application of the moral law must be different in the two cases, because in one case it has and in the other it has not the sanction of a civil law with force behind it. The individual can depend for his rights upon the courts, which themselves derive their force from the police power of the state. The nation can depend upon nothing of the kind; and therefore, as things are now, it is the highest duty of the most advanced and freest peoples to keep themselves in such a state of readiness as to forbid to any barbarism or despotism the hope of arresting the progress of the world by striking down the nations that lead in that progress.

"It would be foolish indeed to pay heed to the unwise persons who desire disarmament to be begun by the very peoples who, of all others, should not be left helpless before any possible foe. But we must reprobate quite as strongly both the leaders and the peoples who practice or encourage or condone aggression and iniquity of the strong at the expense of the weak. We should tolerate lawlessness and wickedness neither by the weak nor by the strong, and both weak and strong we should in return treat with scrupulous fairness.

"The foreign policy of a great and self-respecting country should be conducted on

exactly the same plane of honor, of insistence upon one's own rights and of respect for the rights of others, as when a brave and honorable man is dealing with his fellows.

"Permit me to support this statement out of my own experience. For nearly eight years I was the head of a great nation and charged especially with the conduct of its foreign policy; and during those years I took no action with reference to any other people on the face of the earth that I would not have felt justified in taking as an individual in dealing with other individuals.

"I believe that we of the great civilized nations of to-day have a right to feel that long careers of achievement lie before our several countries. To each of us is vouchsafed the honorable privilege of doing his part, however small, in that work. Let us strive hardily for success even if by so doing we risk failure, spurning the poorer souls of small endeavor who know neither failure nor success. Let us hope that our own blood shall continue in the land, that our children and children's children to endless generations shall arise to take our places and play a mighty and dominant part in the world.

"But whether this be denied or granted by the years we shall not see, let at least the satisfaction be ours that we have carried onward the lighted torch in our own day and generation. If we do this, then, as our eyes close, and we go out into the darkness, and other hands grasp the torch, at least we can say that our part has been borne well and valiantly.

Duke University Libraries
D00990950W